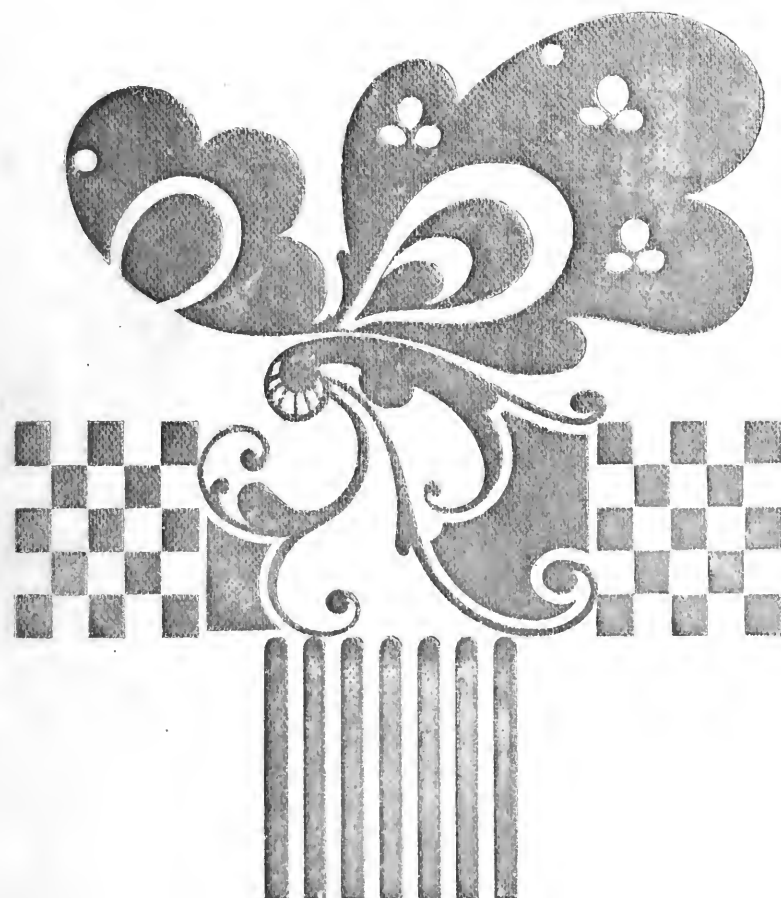




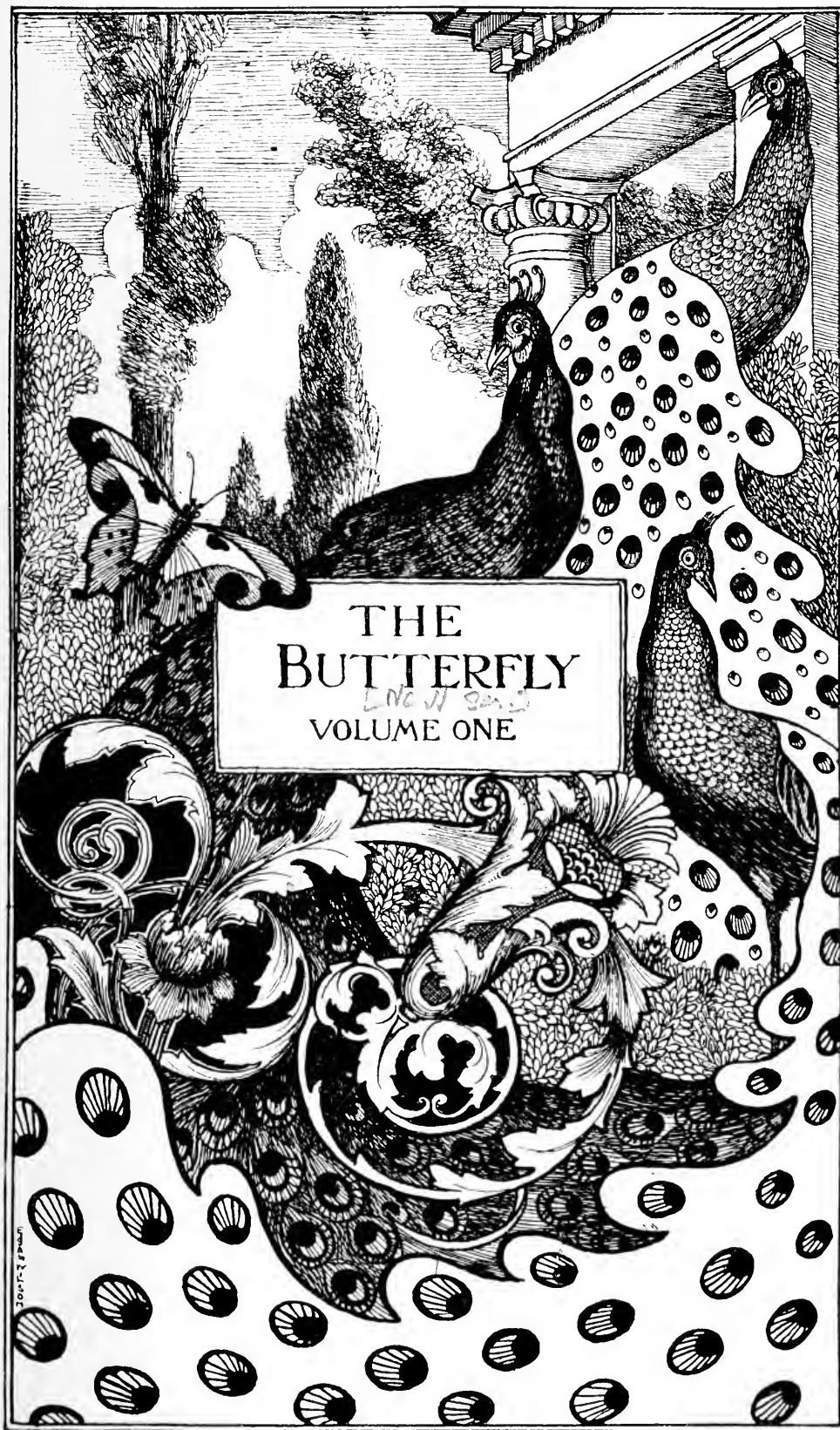
The Butterfly



Butterfly



New series, Vol. 1 [Mr. - Aug 1899]



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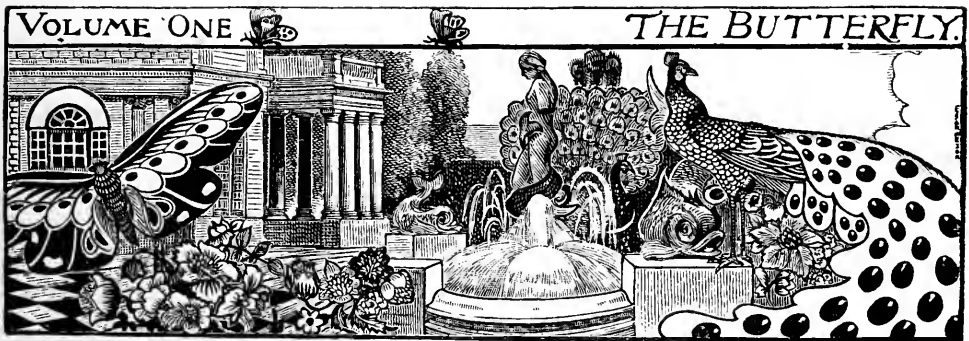
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An Idyll.
By Maurice Greiffenhagen.



LOVE IS DEAD.



THINK no more of love at all,
 Dream no dreams of yesterday;
 Fairest roses bloom to fall:
 All things good must pass away.

Dear, I bring you violets,
 Roses, too, and lilies white:
 Let us bury all regrets,
 All our hopes, before the night.

Love is dead, and for the dead
 Waits no refuge but the grave.
 Let his requiem be said,
 Whom we had no power to save.

*Love lies here, that long ago
 Dwelt with us a little while.
 This is writ that ye may know,
 When they compass you with guile—*

*Telling you he liveth yet—
 Love is dead, and buried here.
 Rose and fragrant violet
 Have we plucked to hide his bier.*

Take we then our separate ways,
 Parting ere the sun be set,
 Lest, throughout the coming days,
 We not wholly should forget.

H. D. LOWRY.

THE BUTTERFLY.



A Blot on St. Basil.

IN the parish of St. Basil-in-the-East there is like to be a vacancy for a male Bible-reader, for committees are aflare at the scandalous misuse of some part of Mr. Albert Murch's last week's pay. It was not extravagant pay for a week, being, in fact, a good way short of a sovereign. But it was explained to him at his appointment that the consciousness of doing good would support him — not to mention his old mother. And many people — the committees, for instance — worked zealously for no other reward whatever: as was notorious everywhere; and if it were not, truly it was by no neglect of the committees.

Nor is this the first complaint against Mr. Murch, though

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certainly it is the most shocking. He was a promising young man in the beginning, becomingly docile and obedient, and with some enthusiasm for his work, as was shown by his renunciation of his situation and prospects, in order to devote himself thereunto. But as time went, and his clothes grew seedier, it became vaguely suspected that he had begun to hold secret opinions of his own in the matters of visits and relief of the poor: an ineffable presumption. For the committees, and the associations, and the rest, did they not know all about it? They gave their whole energies (for several hours a week) to the business, and their names were known far and wide as Authorities on the Lives of the Poor; while he, of whom nobody out of the parish had ever heard, was little more than one of the poor himself, groping about underground among them. Now and again he had an irritating trick of being right; and if he had been less insignificant, and if the committees and associations had not needed most of their jealousy and spite for use among themselves, he would have run into trouble sooner.

It seemed plain that constant contact with the lower orders had blunted all his finer feelings. He would recommend the most sullen and unrepentant for relief—people so wholly conscious of their lack of claim that they never asked for themselves; people altogether unconverted; while others, fervidly converted a dozen times over, and ever ready to be converted again, he reported “undeserving.” Fortunately there were those who could check his discreditable partialities; as in a flagrant case, but a little before his final lapse, when a member of a committee, minded to make personal visits in Randall’s Rents, found two very respectful and plainly deserving families wholly destitute of bedding, coals, and provisions—a state of affairs that Mr. Murch had never even reported. The deficiencies were supplied on the spot. And the Bible-reader’s explanations, when he was called to account, were far-fetched and ludicrous. He tried to convince the committee that the two families, the Jepps and the Blandys, having word of the nearing visitor, passed their portable property through their windows, which stood frame to frame in a wall-angle; first, all the Jepp bedclothes into the Blandys’ room, and then, as soon as the visitor was engaged on other floors, all the Blandy property, with the Jepps’ own, in the opposite direction, so that both rooms should seem equally necessitous. To

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offer such a story was a mere trifling with the committee, and Mr. Murch was told so, with asperity. It was also an insult to the intelligence of the exploring committee-member, and an evidence of an unworthy attitude of mind toward the suffering poor.

Mr. Murch, for his part, went his way hopelessly enough. He was not a strong man, either in body or in spirit; and such strength as he possessed grew from fervour of conviction and knowledge of his work. Still, he was ever at odds with himself, and the prey of doubts. *Was* he right, after all, in his treatment of the Hanks, and should he have said what he did to the Poysers or not? Such questions kept him awake at night. Again, should he have given the man Briggs those few coppers from his own pocket (for the committee would give nothing), when his mother was old and ailing, and really needed beef-tea? Which way lay his duty?

His offence, which surprised even the Randall's Renters, and for that was noised abroad, was committed on a dank, wet day, when the world bore a more than commonly hopeless aspect in his eyes. His umbrella had grown so bad of late, had gone at so many joints, that he left it at home. He buttoned his coat about him—though he was loth to put strain on the worn button-holes—turned down his hat-brim, and dodged the puddles as best he might.

Randall's Rents was to be the scene of his morning's work, and thither he took his way, through streets growing narrower and fouler as he went. Mrs. Bauman's was the case he had most in mind, and he doubted much if he should find her alive. A long course of drinking, and insufficient eating with it, had laid her low with a hopeless hobnailed liver, and now hyperstatic pneumonia had come in to cut the struggle shorter. As a hard drinker she was no rarity in Randall's Rents, but she had been also a hard worker, which was in no way so common. She had sworn at a lady visitor, who had pushed into her room without knocking or asking leave, and so was cut off from the aid of committees; and she had loudly proclaimed that she could work for her own blankets, coals, and groceries, and would neither beg, nor go to church, nor be converted, in order to get them free. She had been the chief support of a very large son of about thirty, who did not consider his constitution fitted to any exertion beyond that involved in leaning against the doorpost of the "Three Bells," and punching his mother



*"At the window the woman jammed her eye closer,
for the fray was drifting up the street."*

Drawn by L. Raren Hill.



THE BUTTERFLY.

when supplies ran short. So that now her destitute child had taken himself off, and neighbours tended her.

As Mr. Murch, already half wet through, turned the corner into Randall's Rents, harsh yells met his ears, and an occasional shout, as of encouragement. The yells were the yells of Mrs. Blandy, who danced about the gutter, and screamed defiance at the Jepps, one and all. For the Jepps had turned out unsportsmanlike in regard to the spoil of the committee-member, and this was the third day of the consequent row. The fortune of sport had so laid it that the Jepps had received the larger dole, and while the Blandys very properly held that the whole bag, as product of their joint operations, should be put to fair division, the Jepps held fast to all they had got, and kept in the family all the liquor it produced.

"Call yerself a man!" shrieked Mrs. Blandy, who was menacing each member of the opposing family in turn, and now came to its head. "Call yerself a man! Why, look there! There goes the bloomin' Bible-reader. Blimy if 'e ain't a better man than you! 'E don't 'ide away from a woman, any'ow! An' you're a ——"

Mr. Murch hurried on, and entered an open door. Mrs. Bannam's room was on the second floor, but he stopped at a door just within the passage to ask for news. He knocked, but got no answer. Then again, and called, "Mrs. Tapner!" Whereat came a sound from within, between a grunt and a wail, and Murch pushed open the door.

Mrs. Tapner was very fat, very dirty, very much unhooked about the bodice, greatly bedraggled about the hair, and not at all sober. She sat on a stool, and her head lay back against the wall.

"Giddy young kipper!" she gurgled, with a leer. "Giddy young kipper, comin' into a lady's room when she's drunk! 'Ave a lil drop yerself!" And she pointed to a small, flat bottle on the floor beside her.

It was a safe offer, for everybody knew Mr. Murch for a teetotaler. "I came to ask about Mrs. Bannam," he said, "before I go up. I suppose you've not been up there this morning?"

"Mish' Bannam's wuss off 'n me," the woman answered, with a hiccup and a giggle. "I'm in 'eaven; presen'ly she'll be in 'ell, with no 'eaven fust, like what I've got. Doctor's up there now."

THE BUTTERFLY.

Murch thought he would wait, and see the doctor as he came out. He turned slowly toward the door, and the woman behind him chuckled again.

"What's good o' you?" she said. "You bring pore people 'ell out o' the Bible; others brings us 'eaven—in a quatern bottle."

"If you was sober you'd be ashamed to know you said such things," said Mr. Murch. "There's no 'eaven in the gin-bottle, but bitter repentance. Any one that brings you that's no friend."

"Ain't they? Not when they brings it in a ticket, or a pair o' boots, or a petticoat? Oh, there's ways! *You* know."

Truly he knew, and knew the regular tariff in gin for charity-given shirts and boots and groceries. But the doctor's step was on the stairs.

"Ah!" said the doctor on the landing; "I won't be back again unless I'm called, and I know I shan't be. Two or three hours is about her time—more or less. I suppose you must say something, but I wouldn't worry her."

The air of the room was faint and fetid. A rag of old skirt half obscured the grimy window, against which a bare-armed slattern pressed her face, to catch what view she might of the row outside Jepps'. She turned her head at Murch's entrance, but, seeing who it was, she addressed her eyes again to the window.

The bed was a low one, indefinite as to shape and supports, and covered with the dying woman's skirts and under-clothes, as suppletory to the insufficient bed-linen. A chair had been planted at the upper end, supported in which she half sat, half lay. Her face was gross and puffy, slaty in hue, and blue about the mouth, and she breathed lightly and quickly, eyes fixed on the wall before her, for to take breath was now conscious and incessant work. Murch stepped quietly across the floor, and knelt beside her.

"Don't—read," she said, presently, with a breath between the words.

He had not intended to read, for he remembered the doctor's caution. Without, the row waxed amain, and it was plain that one Jepp, at least, had sallied from the stronghold. Feet pattered on the pavement, and boys yelled delight. At the window the woman jammed her eye closer, for the fray was drifting up the street.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Murch bent his head for a few seconds. When he looked up the dying woman was regarding him—a little curiously, he thought.

“I’m—goin’—’ard—crool ’ard,” she gasped.

He offered comforting words—though he had said them so often in such cases that they had become a formula, and he felt them a mockery. The row in the street quieted suddenly, and then revived in a new key. No doubt a policeman had arrived.

“Can I do anything to make you comfortable?” Murch asked, softly.

“Ever—know—me—beg?”

“Never once.”

Again her eyes were turned on him with an odd, questing look. “Then—gimme—sixpence—now,” she said.

He wondered. “What is it you want?” he asked.

She made as though to shake her head. “No—gimme—the—sixpence.”

Too well he knew what any bye-chance sixpence went to buy in Randall’s Rents. “But,” he murmured, “I—I’m afraid you’d buy gin with it.”

At the words the slaty mask lit up, and the eyes turned skyward. “Wouldn’t—I—just!” quoth Mrs. Bamam.

He stood, conscious of a strange shock. Well indeed his creed taught him—the hard creed he learned at his mother’s knees—the fate of that lost soul in two hours’ time. And the words were fresh in his ears—the words of the obscene creature leering and rolling below. “No ’eaven fust, like what I’ve got!”

He turned toward the door, his hand to his head. Then he looked, as for help, to the slattern at the window; but though she heard all, she looked without, where two policemen were hauling off her neighbours. His gaze fell last on the bed, and there was a blue, appealing face that looked already from another world.

Two pennies and a sixpence was all left of last week’s pay. He scarce knew his hand had gone to his pocket ere the sixpence was lying on the bed, and he was stumbling blindly on the stairs.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.



THE Caliph, as the bards report,
Convened the beauties of his Court,
To choose a bride of empire brief
By the emerald green silk handkerchief.
The handkerchief! the handkerchief!
Ephemeral, emerald, handkerchief!

His royal harem's pride and pearl,
It was a Persian dancing-girl;
And towards her fluttered like a leaf,
That emerald green silk handkerchief!
The handkerchief! the handkerchief!
The flimsical, whimsical, handkerchief!

She caught the kerchief as it fell,
And danced and sang so wildly well,
She held his fickle heart in fief
By the emerald green silk handkerchief!
The handkerchief! the handkerchief!
The vapoury, drapery, handkerchief!

But all too soon, unhappy maid!
The Caliph's passion cooled and strayed;
She wept her salt and scalding grief
On the emerald green silk handkerchief!
The handkerchief! the handkerchief!
The magical, tragical, handkerchief!

The Caliph, by her weeping bored,
Twisted the kerchief to a cord,
And round her neck he took a reef
In the emerald green silk handkerchief!
The handkerchief! the handkerchief!
The frightening, tightening, handkerchief!

So dancing-girls, and other such,
Beware of loving kings too much,
Or you or they may find relief
In an emerald green silk handkerchief!
A handkerchief! a handkerchief!
Quadrangular, strangular, handkerchief!

ADRIAN ROSS.



Monte Carlo.

Drawn by J. W. T. Manuel—"Messieurs, faites vos jeux."

THE BUTTERFLY.

MONTE CARLO AND ITS PRINCE.



MONTE CARLO is the place where people go with systems, and come back with them ruined.

It is sometimes called a hell, and bad men who have heard this brighten up wonderfully when they are in the place. They look forward with pleasure to their hereafter.

Gambling is said to go on there. This, however, is denied by the Prince of Monaco, who owns the town and all that in it is. He declares that there is not the slightest element of chance in anything that takes place there. The Bank is bound to win.

And I think the Prince must be right, for the place has never been raided.

He is such a nice man, by-the-bye, is the Monarch of Monaco. He is a person of culture, and has really high-class tastes. He has a Royal Aquarium of his own. His hobby is deep-sea research, and there is nothing he enjoys so much as to get a great big telescope and watch even the little fishes gambolling. At times he feels quite jealous of the deepness of the waters. Moreover, he takes a very active interest in Literature, and subsidises most of the Continental newspapers. Yet, would you believe it, the ingrates, despite this, persist in publishing, every now and again, lying reports of the breaking of the Bank at Monte Carlo? What his Highness thinks of such lowness may be imagined.

He is, in truth, a wise Prince. He never gambles himself. Therein you see his wisdom. And, wise as he is, he is not less good. Although, as has been said before, he will always deny that there is any gambling in his dominion, yet he recently attempted to put down the mere semblance of the thing that is in vogue there. He tried, by raising his terms, to render it impossible for the syndicate, that had hitherto rented the saloons, to run them at a profit. But, at the last moment, the syndicate produced the sum that had been thought prohibitive, and the baffled Prince found himself forced to pocket the insult.

Yet the syndicate would have us believe that it is more syndicate than sinning!

The Prince, however, is not the man to know when he is beaten, and when the time comes round once more for the

THE BUTTERFLY.

renewal of the contract, he intends to resume the fight by raising the price still higher.

Yes, the Prince has his worries, no less than vile fellows like me and you. Perhaps the greatest of his worries—I have never met his wife—is the natural scenery at Monte Carlo, which is really exquisite. This is a white elephant to the Prince. No one looks at the stuff, and it is pitiful how the man frets over it. He would so much like some one to have it who would appreciate it. He is ready to part with it to any one who would show his appreciation in a practical way—yet he knows not how. For hours together this unhappy Prince will pace the shore, gazing reproachfully at his scenery, striving his hardest to solve the problem. But few persons have looked on the Prince, for he chooses that time for his walks abroad when every one else is abed—the morning and the afternoon. The rest of Monte Carlo, less experienced than the Prince, and unable to sleep at night owing to the constant ping-ping of the revolver-shots of the suicides, turn in during the daytime, and then it is, so soon as the suicides have been swept up (*“Défense de se suicider après 7 a.m.”*) that the lonely pathetic figure of the Prince is to be met with. And at times an agonised wail will ascend to Heaven—“Yes, yes, there must be money in it! But how?”

To write about Monte Carlo and to leave the gaming-tables undescribed is to make Monte Carlo a hamlet without the ghosts. Yet I am tempted to venture on the innovation, for I care not to deal in old news. All of us know full well that scene of squalid splendour—the great masquerade where crowned heads pass themselves off as plain Esquires (easily), and absconding bank-clerks travel incognito as Dukes, and where the Thundering Bad Man poses as an Innocent, and the Innocent brags that he is a Thundering Bad Man. And the ladies in inverted commas—they too we know. The fun begins when they tell each other that they are Another. But that were all better left unsaid. Suffice it that all that is most worthless in Europe may be seen gathered round the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. The artist who did these drawings has been there.

Well, I thank Heaven we have no such plague-spot in this fair England of ours.

Yet it is a nuisance to have to go all that distance.

WALTER EMANUEL.



Monte Carlo—"Rien ne va plus."
Drawn by J. W. T. Manuel.

THE BUTTERFLY.

PHILIPPICS.

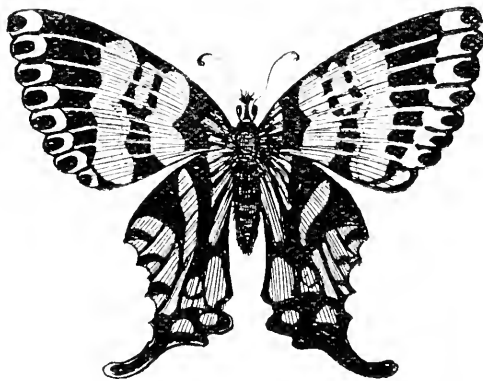
*“Take up the White Man’s
Burden”—*

*The Yankee, with a frozen,
Took up the Filipinos,
But promptly shot them
down.*

*Said Aguinaldo to Agoncillo,
“We’ll drive the Yankees
into the billow!”*

Said Agoncillo to Aguinaldo,

“It’s what we should, but not what we shall do!”



A TRAGEDY IN ARCADIA.

THE nations had, with much difficulty and at considerable expense, beaten their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks; and Agriculture looked that its depression should be relieved.

The harvest came—a plenteous one—and the peoples of the earth went forth fraternally to the reaping. Under the regenerated implements the yellow ears fell fast.

But towards evening a dispute arose concerning the boundary line between two rich fields of grain; and the reapers rested from their labours to consider the matter.

A sword that has been beaten into a plough-share has drawbacks as a weapon of offence; a pruning-hook that was once a spear is a poor thing to break the Sixth Commandment with. Yet, both can be used to purpose in lusty hands—such as those of argumentative reapers.

So it fell that when the moon arose it shone on ears that were no longer yellow.

THE BUTTERFLY.



GUIDE TO PARNASSUS.

THE remarkable popularity which this mountain enjoys is of comparatively recent growth. At one time, indeed, the ascent was considered almost impossible. The steepness of the declivities combined with the asperity of the climate to discourage casual mountaineers, and no one undertook

the ascent for the pleasure of the thing. Nevertheless, records from the earliest times tell of successful achievements of the peak, as well as of calamitous accidents; so that it will be seen the hill has always presented attractions to some minds.

The progress of science and the increased facilities for travel have so altered the conditions that what was formerly an arduous undertaking is now a mere holiday trip. Of old, the pilgrim would start with a staff in his hand and a prayer on his lip. To-day—well, it is only necessary to say that the road over the Right Spur is included in Dr. Blether's No. 1 Bicycle Tour for Christian Young Men and Women, and that the new Funicular Railway to the summit is expected to be completed within the next few years. Several of the more dangerous crevasses have been bridged, and the Roads are the especial care of several European governments. The once-dreaded ascent can now be negotiated with ease and dignity, and has, indeed, been honoured with the most illustrious patronages, though these have always stopped somewhat short of the summit.

Of all the ways up Parnassus—and there are several—by far the most popular is the Road of the Novelists. This, which is a comparatively recent one, is a well-beaten track, to which the chief drawback, as is the case of all the paths up Parnassus, is the deep ruts in which it abounds. On the other hand, the scenery is very picturesque, the slope is fairly easy, and, as one ascends, the wayside vegetation is found to yield a species of large plum which is very refreshing to the weary traveller. It is in these groves, too, that the oof-bird warbles his most cheerful notes. Altogether, the road is a safe and pleasant one, and those especially who are uncertain of their climbing powers can hardly do better than choose it. To ladies it can be confidently recommended.



J. W. T. Manuel
Monte Carlo

*Monte Carlo—Towards Closing Time.
Drawn by J. W. T. Manuel.*

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Poet's Walk is also well patronised, but here the climber must pick his steps carefully, for the way underfoot is treacherous and difficult. Then there is the Philosopher's Gully, likewise bleak and precipitous, and overhung by cliffs, which have a dangerous way of crumbling; and so on. All the roads meet at the top.

A prominent object near the foot of the mountain is a large cave, inhabited by persons of somewhat savage habits, supposed to be the aborigines of the place. At all events, the tradition is cherished there that the mountain belongs to them; and they bear themselves churlishly towards climbers, standing at the mouth of the cave, and criticising the manner of their ascent—nor do they stint their laughter when the wayfarer slips or stumbles. These—a thing frequent among natives of hilly countries—are not climbers themselves; and hip-disease is said to be common among them.

Strange stories are told of some who have ascended the mountain. The record climb of recent years has been that of one Rudyard, from India, whose way with precipices is still the talk of the country-side. Another, called Thomas, of Chelsea, always spoke of climbing as a detestable exercise; and though he got well above the clouds, it is certain it did not agree with his liver. Being a frequent cause of avalanches, he was not popular on the hill. The mountaineer Browning was also heavy-footed, and there was some talk at one time of charging him with repairs to the Poet's Walk. There was another—he came from the Land of the Tailless Cats—who climbed a knoll a little way up, and, being short-sighted, thought he had reached the top. A certain pilgrim—with a Scrip—had a clear eye and a sure foot; but he was always, like the thief in the parable, trying to climb up some other way. If he came across a rut, he would start off at right-angles to it; if there was a brier-bush, he would walk through it. Alfred—called the Less—had some bad falls, but that was partly owing to his mantle—a heavy one, not made for him. Besides, he always said he loved gardens rather than glaciers. The ascent of Sir Richard of the Quest gave rise to much remark. It was no doubt his misfortune that when in happy homes he saw the light, it was generally the bedroom candle.

A distressing incident befell a lady who had made good progress up the Road of the Novelists. She ate too freely of the plums aforementioned, and was prostrated with a severe

THE BUTTERFLY.

attack of what is known to the faculty as *cacoethes scribendi* (sometimes called *diarrhœa verborum*). It may be mentioned that this is a not uncommon effect of over-indulgence in that particular fruit.

One of the most interesting sights at the present time is that of an eminent and highly-respected editor leading up his Band of Hope by the hand. Most of these speak in strange dialects, and they can with difficulty be restrained from cutting their names on the trees and seats.

It may be mentioned that Parnassus is the mountain which, on a celebrated occasion, brought forth a mouse. There are some who say that its capacities in the way of infinitesimal parturition are in danger of being overtaxed.

ROBERT BELL.



MY LADY.

WHEN I am gay,
My lady is a careless, dainty sprite,
Fulfilled of laughter, life, and merriment—
A butterfly, a sunbeam, a delight—
In love with all God's Universe. Content
To laugh all thought of future pain away,
When I am gay.

When I am sad,
My lady is a sweet and tender maid,
Gentle and watchful as the stars above,
Seeing the pain and striving, unafraid
To stanch the inward bleeding with her love.
Elysium's self no sweeter solace had,
When I am sad.

A. H. WIMPERIS.



H.R.H. The Duke of York

H.R.H. The Duke of York.
Drawn by Max Beerbohm.

THE BUTTERFLY.

APOCRYPHAL CONVERSATIONS.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

In the Stalls.

FIRST DRAMATIC CRITIC: Really, this is a lovely production!

SECOND DITTO: In such good taste!

FIRST: I do not know whether I prefer the words or the music.

SECOND: The words are witty, brilliant; but, then, you see, the music is so bright, so sparkling, so refined.

FIRST: In point of fact, the artistic merit of the piece is so enthralling, that one almost loses sight of the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*.

SECOND: Still, after all, that should occupy but a secondary place. And I think the management is entirely to be commended for paying attention first to the book.

In the Wings.

FIRST PRINCIPAL GIRL: How delightfully she acts, that dear (principal boy). I am sure it is a privilege to be in the same cast as such a charming artist.

LOW COMEDIAN: How true that is. I was only saying the same thing to myself. I am sure that every time I hear her, I think it is a shame I have so much "fat." I must really ask the stage-manager to cut down my part, so as to give her a better chance.

FIRST GIRL: In that love duet, for instance, how well she carries it through! I am certain that if it wasn't for her exquisite voice and delightful declamation, it would fall as flat as a pancake. I can't sing a bit, you know; any success we make is entirely due to her. I really think she ought to have more money, and I less.

LOW COMEDIAN: Go on!

(It being her cue, she goes on.)

In the Manager's Office.

THE PROPRIETOR: Manager, I congratulate you. You have engineered this pantomime to a decided triumph. I am heartily grateful to you.

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE MANAGER: Thank you. But I don't deserve your thanks; I have really done nothing. The credit is properly due to the author and composer.

PROPRIETOR: I know, of course, how valuable they are, this dear author and composer, and I propose to make them each a present of a hundred or so pounds, in addition to their ordinary fees—which, by-the-bye, I have already doubled. But still, dear manager, you must not underrate your own value, you know.

MANAGER: But I don't, I assure you, my dear proprietor. For, after all, I am truly of very little importance. The actors really stage-manage themselves; and if there is any point in dispute, the author is always there to settle it. I often feel that I am hugely overpaid, that I am absolutely taking your money on false pretences.

PROPRIETOR: Let us send out for some champagne!

MANAGER: Oh no, I never drink. But, if you like, we will go to the A. B. C., to take a cup of tea together.

A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

A gentleman approaches the enquiry office.

THE GENTLEMAN: Can I see the editor, if you please?

THE ENQUIRY OFFICER: Certainly. Step this way, please: there is no waiting.

The gentleman enters the sanctum sanctorum. The editor rises at once, shakes hands with him effusively, begs him to take his own chair.

THE GENTLEMAN: I have brought you some poetry.

THE EDITOR: Some poetry! How glad I am to see you! Poetry is just what we are wanting.

THE GENTLEMAN: It is an epic in blank verse.

THE EDITOR: Better, and better still. I hope it is long enough.

THE GENTLEMAN: I think, if I expanded it a little more, it would just fill one issue of your paper.

THE EDITOR: That will do beautifully. Expand it by all means. I have one or two other things here that I was intending to print; but they can wait—they can wait.

THE GENTLEMAN: And now as to price; I do not wish to ask too much, you know.

THE EDITOR: You could not ask too much. Poetry is the highest form of art, and so, of course, is always paid for at the



"Over There."

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid I can't—. Would you mind giving me—er—something with a handle—to turn, you know?"

Drawn by S. H. Sime.



THE BUTTERFLY.

very highest rates. So do not let us argue as to terms; ask whatever you like, as much as you like, and it is yours.

(Then the poet probably wakes up.)

AT THE TELEPHONE.

A City merchant rings.

The young lady at the Exchange answers: Yes, sir; what can I do for you, please?

MERCHANT: I am sorry to trouble you, but if you will allow me, I should like to communicate with No. 0000.

YOUNG LADY: It is no trouble at all, I assure you, sir. If you will wait only half-a-minute, I will ring up the gentleman in question, and connect you at once.

Young lady rings up No. 0000.

No. 0000: Yes?

YOUNG LADY: Is it Mr. 0000, please?

No. 0000: Yes, thank you; how can I be of service to you?

YOUNG LADY: There is a gentleman on the telephone wishes to speak to you; I will connect you at once, so as not to waste our valuable time.

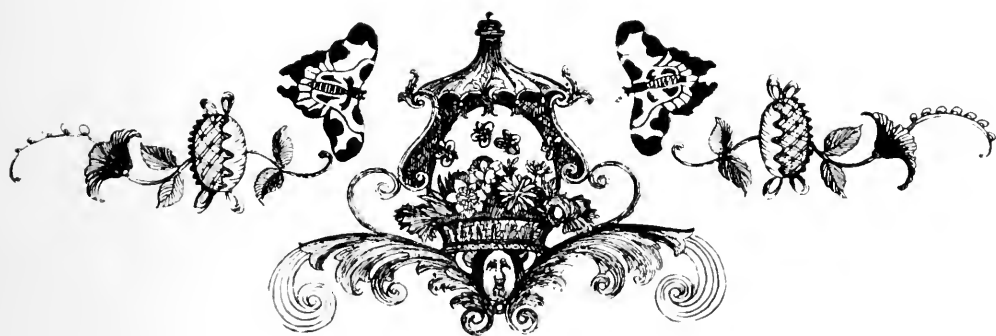
No. 0000: Thank you, it is very prompt and civil of you; although I must say that I have always found you and your service all that is to be desired.

YOUNG LADY: I thank you, sir, on my side. Of course, we always do our very best to please—if only from an innate sense of duty—a duty which is rendered all the more pleasurable by the kindness and politeness of our subscribers. Sir, I am yours to command.

No. 0000: Madam, I am your most obedient.

(Switches.)

ALFRED SLADE.



THE BUTTERFLY.

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Twelve years ago! How well he seems to wear!
And there's his wife (his flames were mostly tall)—
No chicken, but a pleasing soul; and there
His dear mamma, imperial and all.
She smiles upon me now because I cram
His youngest hope with sweets upon my knee:
But once upon a time, my little lamb,
Your grandmamma was none too fond of me.

And, now I think of it, it's very touching;
He's playing blind-man's-buff with all his might.
My infants in the crowd about him clutching
His coat-tails in a fever of delight.
I'm glad they're prettier than all the others;
His children make one's very blood run cold,
With just those scowling eyebrows of his mother's—
He's grown more like her than he was of old.

I wonder, has he ever told his wife?
Our people wouldn't hear of it, and so
We parted. Oh! the weariness of life
All that long year, so many years ago!

* * * *

I should be vexed about it if I were
Made of regrets, as lots of women are.
They say he's scraped together, here and there,
The neatest practice at the Junior Bar.

Ah, no! I am content. Life's not romantic!
We're crossed in love, and that's the common lot:
We waste a year in lamentations frantic,
And then we suit ourselves with what we've got.
We dry our eyes, and, last of all, we build a
New little castle somewhere out of Spain,
To live, fear God, and prosper in—oh, Hilda!
That dreadful child has tripped him up again.

K. H.



Drawn by L. Raven-Hill.

WILLUM: "You've got a terrible bad cough, Jarge."

JARGE: "Racken some o' THEY 'ud be glad to hacc it."



FAUNTLEROY.

A STUDY IN PARENTS.

HE was the child of his parents' old age. Than this no child can be more precious.

He came to them in the midst of the furore created by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's book, and so they christened him Fauntleroy.

He was reared with difficulty.

A week ago he had been promoted to a Fauntleroy suit. He had, by nature, the most darling long curls, and the whole appearance of the boy was exquisitely cherubic.

Not less dear were the parents. The father of Fauntleroy was spectacled, and had a great white beard: he wore queer collars—above which, at the back, his tie would always rise—and a frock coat, and he thought there was nothing half so comfortable as carpet slippers. The mother was a prim little body with ringlets, and she invariably affected a white cap. The key-note of the parents' character was mildness. They were an old-fashioned couple—and there was the pity of it. At times it would break in on Fauntleroy, with startling clearness, that these good people were quite out of touch with him. Fauntleroy was not always patient with them.

The parents, on the other hand, were ever painfully anxious not to offend their son. He was such a little wonder. Often, in the twilight, they would look at him and ask one another

THE BUTTERFLY.

how they came to be his parents. The child was of superior clay to themselves.

But to-day there was sadness in their hearts, for it had been decided—not without much earnest discussion—that they must really talk seriously to Fauntleroy on a certain subject. He was to be chidden. It would pain them—Fauntleroy, too, would think it rude of them—but duty was duty.

Nothing is ever gained by hiding the truth, so it may as well be said at once: Fauntleroy was cherubic only in appearance.

To-day, for the fifth time that week, the nurse had complained to the old people of Fauntleroy's latest hobby. The boy occupied himself all day in pulling flies to pieces. The nurse would leave if Fauntleroy's parents did not punish Master Fauntleroy. The nurse-maid was refusing to sweep up after him.

So Fauntleroy was summoned to his parents' gentle presence.

He had kept them waiting half an hour when he strolled in, but that they overlooked: they must not be unreasonable.

The father was standing with his back to the fire, newspaper in hand. The mother was in the big arm-chair, knitting. Fauntleroy seated himself on a three-legged stool, and pouted. The mother, without more ado, shyly opened the ball: it had been arranged that she should do the speaking.

"Fauntle, darling, do you want to go to Heaven?" she asked.

"No."

Now, this wrong answer of Fauntleroy's quite disconcerted his poor mother. It upset her plans; she lost her cue. Two minutes passed in silence, for she did not know what next to say. Fauntleroy followed up his advantage. He got down from his stool. "Is that all?" he asked, obviously annoyed.

Water was in the mother's eyes. "My dear," said her husband encouragingly. At that she burst into tears.

Oh, it was most perfidious of her, after she had promised to be firm.

"No, Fauntle, that is not all," said the father, looking nervously at the hearth-rug. There was a quaver in his voice at first, but he gathered courage as he went along. "That is not all. It's about the flies."

"Pooff!" said Fauntleroy, placing his hands in his pockets.

"Dear—haven't we said—enough?" pleaded the mother,



*Lion Brewery, Lombeth.
From an Aquatint by Joseph Pennell.*

THE BUTTERFLY.

who, while admiring her husband's pluck, could see plainly that Fauntleroy did not like it.

"No, it is not enough," said the father stoutly.

"It's all right: I don't mind him, Ma," said Fauntleroy, putting out his tongue in the rudest manner.

"No, it is not enough," repeated the father, ignoring the interruption, and stopping for a moment to marvel at his own severity. The Majesty of Man in him was aroused at last. He was becoming conscious of his own strength, and he rather liked the feeling. There was no quaver in his voice now. "You are a very naughty boy, sir," he said, looking Fauntleroy square in the face.

"Pooff!" retorted Fauntleroy again. But Fauntleroy was none the less surprised. It was the first time his father had been impertinent to him.

"Your conduct has caused your mother and me great pain. We would have you know that you must be kind to flies. How would *you* like to be pulled to pieces, sir?"

The mother wept worse than ever at this picture of her darling child in little bits. She placed her hand on her husband's arm; he was really going too far.

Fauntleroy merely laughed.

"You are an exceedingly naughty boy," continued the father relentlessly, "*and you are to have no jam with your tea to-day.*"

The father had spoken.

The son's mouth twitched involuntarily at the sentence, which was more severe than he had expected. Then, his hands still in his pockets, he strolled out at the door, slamming it with all his might. And a few seconds later they heard the nursery door slam noisily.

"A dreadful temper!" commented the father, looking, in his old way, at the hearth-rug: "A dreadful temper!"

"I am sure I don't know where he should get it from," whimpered the mother.

"Not from my side, most certainly, my dear."

"And most certainly not from mine."

"Your father, my dear——."

"Thank you. That is brave, to insult the dead."

It was most sad. Before the coming of Fauntleroy they had never had words.

Then the mother resumed her knitting and pretended to knit, and the father resumed his paper and pretended to read.

THE BUTTERFLY.

But, after a time, it became intolerable.

Their consciences smote them too hard.

“Oh, Abel, how could you dragoon him so?”

The father fidgeted with his paper. He knew full well how thoroughly he merited the reproach. He had allowed himself to be carried away, and had acted the part of the bravo and the bully towards his own flesh and blood. Had his been a really strong character, he would have gone up long before now to apologise to Fauntleroy. But as it was—“My dear,” he said lamely, “you know what the Book says—‘Spare the rod and spoil the child.’”

The little lady drew herself up, and looked quite big. “Listen, Abel,” she said, “I am in earnest. The first day you dare to lay hands on my darling child, I leave you.”

Then, in a few minutes, “Abel, I have made up my mind. He is to have his jam. I shall ring for Nurse to run up and tell him so.”

To this the father answered nothing.

So the bell was rung, and Nurse appeared.

“Nurse, will you please go up to Master Fauntleroy, and tell him that he may have his jam as usual.”

“If you wish it, Mum,” said Nurse with undisguised disapproval.

“We wish it,” said the father.

Nurse was absent for about five minutes.

She looked grave when she appeared again in the parlour. “I can’t get no answer from Master Fauntle, and the door’s locked inside, and it’s quite quiet there,” she said.

“Good God!” cried both the parents jumping to their feet. The same thought struck the two of them together. Fauntleroy had——

“I’ll go up,” cried the father. “We’ll both go up,” cried the mother.

“Fauntle! Fauntle!” they screamed outside his door. “Fauntle, we are sorry. Fauntle, forgive us. You are to have your jam. Jam! Answer us!”

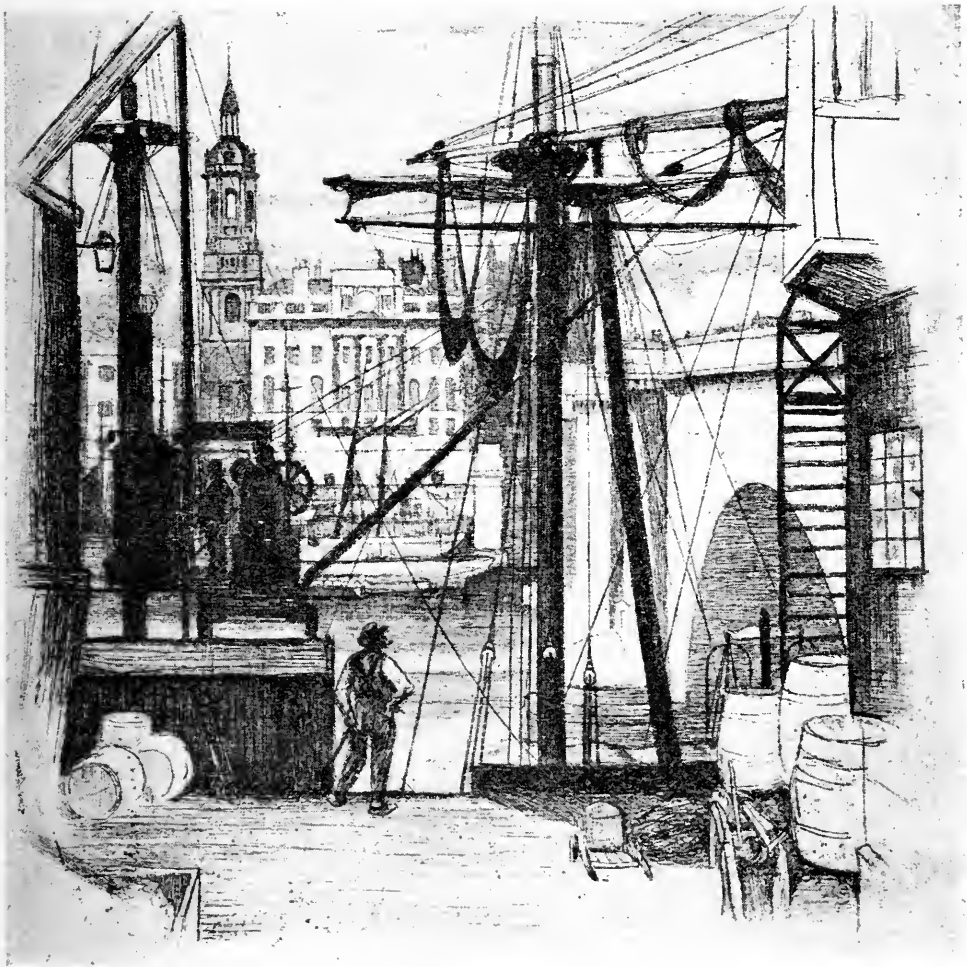
But there was no answer.

They rattled the door frantically.

But inside there was silence.

They tried to break open the door.

But the door would not give way.



St. Magnus, London Bridge.

From an Etching by Edgar Wilson.



THE BUTTERFLY.

Then they looked the one at the other: each saw a face blanched with fear. "Abel," whispered the mother, "the locksmith!"

At that, the father, just as he was, without hat, in carpet slippers, rushed off to the little locksmith's shop at the end of the street. He passed, on the way, a youth selling newspapers, and he saw, in his imagination, the placard of to-morrow. Big and red the words stood out:—"An *Unnatural Father Kills His Son.*" Beads of perspiration appeared on the man's brow, and he dashed on faster.

Meanwhile the mother, poor lady, was clinging to the handle of the door, and crying "Fauntle! Fauntle! My darling pet, answer!" And she thought of his career that they had so often mapped out, so often discussed. First he was to have gone to Eton, and then he was to have passed on to Cambridge. His father had wished it to be Oxford, but she had insisted on Cambridge, as the light-blue colour suited him so well. Then, after Cambridge, he was to have entered Parliament, and to have become a Premier, and now and then he would have asked them to stay at his great house in Downing Street.

And now. . . .

She sobbed pitifully.

Ah, he was too good for them: that was how it was. She had often thought so. She had often said so. For what had they done to deserve him? They ought to have foreseen that he would be taken from them. He was not for this earth—not for this earth.

She rocked herself to and fro in her agony.

If he were given back to her this once by Providence she would never, never blame him for anything again. . . .

Then the husband returned, followed by the locksmith with his bag of tools.

The man began gingerly to play about with the lock, but they could not stand the suspense. "Break open the door!" cried both the parents.

The locksmith was big and strong. He put his shoulder to the door, and, with a crash, it gave way.

The parents peered in.

"My angel!" cried the mother, as she swooned.

Fauntleroy was there. Picking flies to pieces.

WALTER EMANUEL.



The Conquerors.
Drawn by J. W. T. Manuel.

THE BUTTERFLY.

“‘WHAT IS TRUTH?’ SAID JESTING PILATE.”

“You will be true?” she said.

For he was going away. Going away for three years (which seemed half life to her), and because she loved him much instinct told her that for that man closeness of touch was everything. It might be so with other men or it might not, what did she care? But because she loved this one it made her fear.

“You are everything to me,” he answered, holding her to him. “The only woman in the world. Please God, you never know what it is to love one human being as I do you.”

Her face, with its hauntingly pathetic little smile, looked up into his. Perhaps she did not know: there was so much women were supposed, and for her part she was content, not to know. “Only promise not to forget me, only that!” she pleaded. And he swore, God do so to him, and more also, if he forgot his love.

He went to Africa; she stayed behind in London, where the foresight of parents prevailed to withhold any announcement of their engagement. The days slid by on painted wheels, as they do for such as she, those who though not very beautiful have the happier gift of drawing near to it, and the grace of charming many. Thus she lived her life, one of secret waiting, with an exquisite sense of full love to come, approaching ever nearer. There were other men who loved her, and to those she was gently kind, with a finality that left no revocation possible. Some surmises there might be, but to none was the whole matter vouchsafed.

They wrote much at first, even he, for an ocean correspondence tends to many epistles or to none at all; but when he had to go inland, communications were necessarily checked, though the next letter, written in pencil on paper torn from his pocket-book, was full of accounts of perils, discomforts, escapes, and jokes about “the niggers.” She cried over that, as foolish women will, and prayed that for the next expedition they might choose some other man than hers, but without avail, for he was again specially selected. Then she was proud, too, to think they “could not do without him,” for so she fondly assured her anxious self.

In the ghastly book of the law of averages write, that

THE BUTTERFLY.

every year so many Britons will be cut off through trusting themselves and those under them to the chivalrous respect of savages in whose code of warfare treacherous surprise counts honourably. Thus, towards the end of the second year of his absence, five Englishmen and seventy natives trusting to them were butchered under circumstances of unusual atrocity; so the papers wrote, and so their vendors yelled, and so the posters reiterated, till women, who had never seen the victims, passed by shudderingly, and those who loved them turned their faces to the wall refusing to be comforted.

Alas, how short a time is vouchsafed to Sorrow by those who stand around! Friends count the hours that knock one by one on the door of her chamber, till they draw her forth to live the double life of life in death, or death in life. So this woman came forth, as it were, widowed, with the smile flickering more brilliantly but quicker vanishing. He had died, and though none knew even of the link that bound them, in his death her heart became his bride for ever.

Then came a telegram. One of those Englishmen, having been detached with five natives the night before the massacre, had by some almost miraculous means received warning, and escaped through wanderings, hardships, and incessant perils, into another territory, whither the news had just filtered down. The name was given, but it was not his, and she sobbed that night over her hard heart that could not rejoice with those women's gladness who would welcome their own one back thus from the dead.

The Press seldom errs, though correspondents may; and the very man she believed dead for ever, having at last worked down to the sea through lands of another Power, was presently transferred almost more dead than alive, first to a little tramping steamer and then to one of the great liners; becoming immediately the hero of the hour, so that two heiresses vied for his attentions. Perils, fame, and proximity all combined, will magnetise all women not defended by a prior love — wealth and proximity have their hypnotism over most men at any time: one heiress presently was preferred above her rival. Going up to town in the train from Southampton, that heiress so nearly proposed to him that on parting at the station he requested permission to call at her hotel next morning.

But on the steamer's arrival, the Press discovered its cor-



*"Now, Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside, and gripped him by the hair—
A Spirit gripped him by the hair, and carried him far away,
Till he heard, as the roar of a rain-fed ford, the roar of the Milky Way."*

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE BUTTERFLY.

respondent's most inexcusable mistake. That night the papers rang with this rising from the dead, and while in other streets some there were that grieved over their twofold repeated loss, one woman in London lay again on her bed and the air was filled with the clouds of incense of joy and gratitude in that her own was given to her again and would be with her on the morrow.

So, though no word came to her—and at that she wondered—very early after breakfast, as it seemed to her, leaving word that she would be back at once, she went out to the flower-shop that she might deck those rooms where she would welcome him directly. Iceland poppies in high glasses, pale pink roses in low bowls, so she chose, they would look so home-like to the wanderer; Iceland poppies must surely be unknown to Africa.

Formerly Hoteldom clustered in its chosen haunts, now its outposts stand at many a gate, and millionaires soon apprehend the latest moves of custom. He, going half reluctantly, yet as duty bound, to speak those last fateful words of final capitulation to the heiress, found himself suddenly confronted by his eager love, poppies in the hand and her heart in her lovely eyes, saying, "You were coming to me! Thank God, thank God, I have you back!" And they walked on together.

As her little fingers, shaking still with happiness, strove to fit the latchkey in, he with full memory rushing back, pausing turned upon the doorstep to mutter in his teeth, "Damn it all, I *will* be true to her."

BEATRICE CHAMBERS.



THE BUTTERFLY.



ON THE EMBANKMENT.

SING a song of twopence,
A pocket full of sprats;
Four and forty gentlemen
In overcoats and hats!
When they threw the sprats up,
The gulls began to feed;
Wasn't it a noble sport?
Oh! very nice indeed!

The clerk from the counting-
house

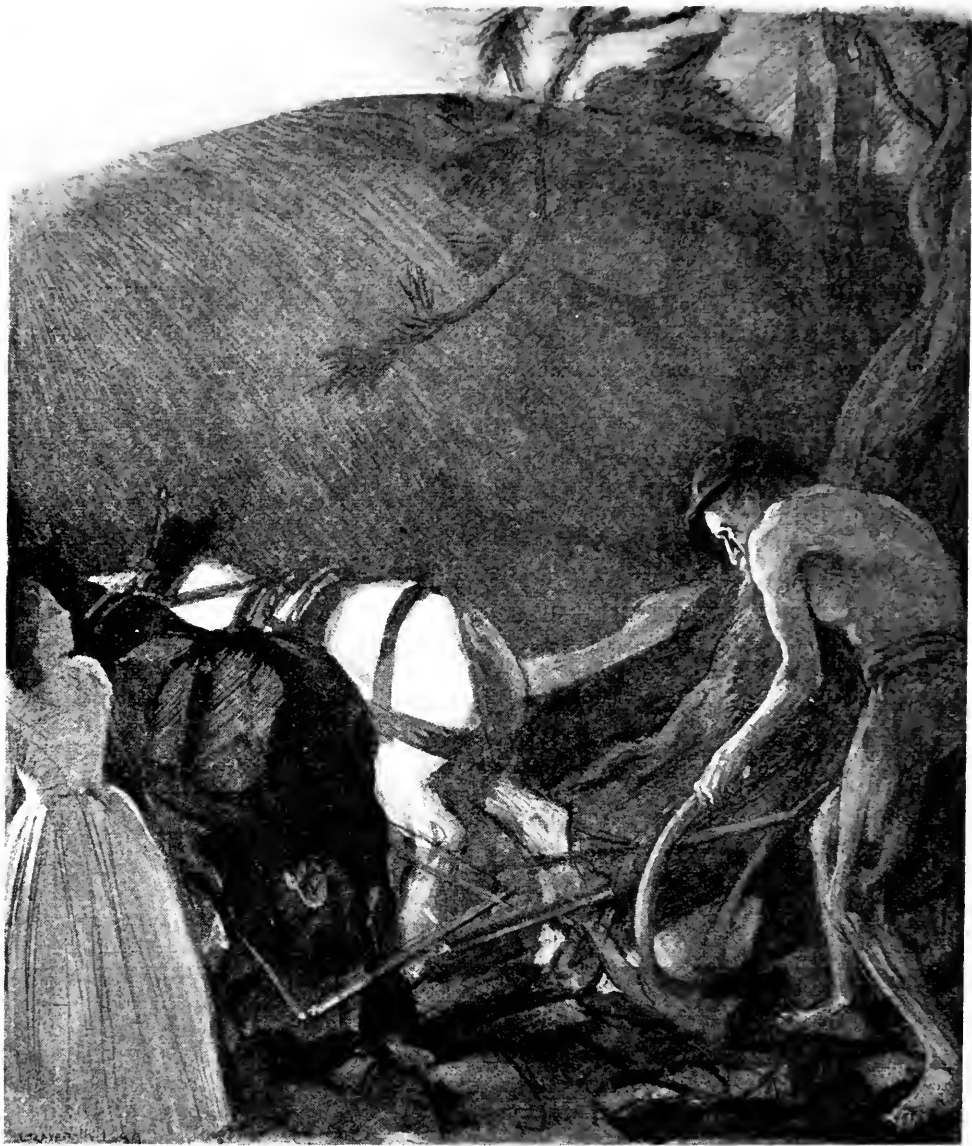
Wasted half his money;

The party at the fish-stall
Thought it very funny.

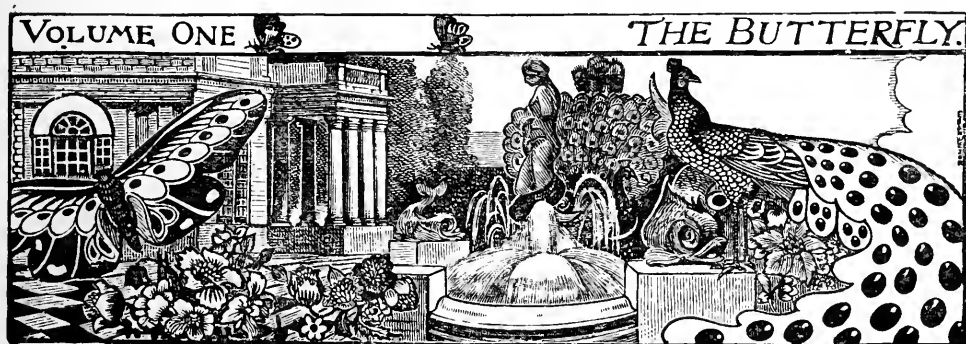
The gossiping reporter
Was taking note of that—

Down swooped a sea-gull
And gulped him for a sprat!





The White Horse.
By L. Raven Hill.



THE TROUBLE ABOUT THE CHAIRMAN.

*The Trouble
about the
Chairman.*

IT was by accident that I became acquainted with the trouble about the chairman. There were in the railway carriage, when I entered it, three men—a man who had taken offence and the corner seat facing the engine, a peacemaker and compromiser, and a tall thin youth with spectacles, who acted as cigar-provider and appeared to be otherwise *de trop*. They wore evening clothes, for they were going up to town to attend a function to which they referred mysteriously as “the Ann^yal”; to the evening clothes were added morning boots, with a view to the walk home from the station on their return. I gathered that the function partook of the nature of a dinner and some difficulties.

“No, thanks,” said the man who had taken offence. “Don’t care about it.” He was elderly; he had white whiskers and a protuberant “tummy.” His manner indicated blind fury, dignity, and sarcasm. His name, as I learned almost immediately, was Ashton.

The peacemaker looked troubled. He had black, straight hair, parted in the middle, a nervous eye, a habit of sucking his teeth, and quite new dogskin gloves. One hand held a pencilled memorandum; the other at intervals captured a vagrom made-up white bow, and slewed it round again to its rightful home by the front collar-stud.

“Can’t you reconsider that, Misterrash^hton?” he said plaintively. “I see some of ’em last night, and they were asking for the list, and more than one spoke about your being put down to propose the ladies, and said how glad they were there’d be one good speech, anyhow, with something to make you laugh in it.

THE BUTTERFLY.

*The Trouble
about the
Chairman.*

There's no doubt that many of those who put in Goosedge for the chairman see now that they've made a mistake. Change for the sake of change—that's all it was. So I can keep your name down for the ladies, can't I, Misterrashton?"

"No, you can't."

"They keep us waiting at this station a goodish time," said the superfluous young man. Neither of the others took the least notice of him. Mr. Ashton continued his reply to the peacemaker.

"I'd oblige you if I could, Misterrawlings, but these things with me is a matter o' principle. When I was chairman—as I was for six years—I proposed the ladies. Now Goosedge is chairman he can propose them himself. We know how he got the c'mitty to elect him to the chair. It was a dirty business. It was an underhand business."

"I'm afraid there was private influence used," confessed the peacemaking Mr. Rawlings with a sigh.

"That's only a name—you calls it private, and I calls it underhand. But it don't follow, because he goes behind my back, that I'm going behind his. Let him take the chair and all that belongs to it."

"I saw old Mrs. Evans as I came down to the station," said the superfluous young man.

"And," continued Mr. Ashton to Mr. Rawlings, neither having appeared to hear the young man's remark, "I dare say Goosedge will make a very good chairman. He's had no experience, of course, but he may think it wants none. I'm sure I hope it don't want tact, either, for he's got little enough. Remember the little countrytom at our last annyals, when the waiters started to remove the jint afore some had been helped twice, and remember how I dealt with it? If there's no countrytoms this time, he'll get through all right. Of course he can't string two words together unless he's got it written down before him, but I don't doubt he'll have it written, and read it off, like a schoolboy saying the collect. Oh yes, anybody can be a chairman! There's nothing in it!" He flung himself back in his seat, and looked like a sick dog.

The young man, who had been watching Mr. Ashton's rapidly diminishing cigar, now saw his opportunity. He opened his cigar-case, and handed it, saying:

"Don't go on with that old stump, Misterrashton. Have another."



On Desperate Seas.
By S. H. Sims.

THE BUTTERFLY.

There were two cigars in the case. Mr. Ashton took one, and Mr. Rawlings took the other. I do not think that Mr. Rawlings had been meant to take the other; yet the young man appeared pleased, for Ashton had grunted at him, and Rawlings had nodded, and the young man was therefore by no means entirely out of it.

*The Trouble
about the
Chairman.*

Mr. Ashton was observing darkly that he hoped Mr. Goosedge would enjoy himself—since it was a pity to have your dirty acts wasted—when the train decided that it might be getting on. The noise of the train drowned the conversation for a few minutes. I could see Mr. Ashton furious, Mr. Rawlings conciliatory, the young man persevering and unnoticed. However, the train stopped for a long rest before its final sprint into Waterloo, and the talk of my fellow-passengers once more came up to the surface.

“This is the first time I’ve been to the Annal,” said the young man, with modest cheerfulness; “I’m afraid I shan’t know anybody there, except present company.”

Present company did not find that this observation required comment or reply. Mr. Rawlings pursued his efforts:

“I dare say that no objection would be raised to two chairmen, one each end, if that’d get over the difficulty.”

“Don’t make me tell you things three times over, Mister-rawlings. I won’t propose that toast. That’s enough.”

“This makes it very uncomfortable for me. I’d promised I’d get you for one toast, and the ladies has been the subject where you excelled before. I said they could take it as pretty well certain; but if there’s any other subject you’d like better, you’ve only to say so.”

The young man was just enquiring what it was usual to give the waiter, when he was interrupted by a burst of sudden and savage glee.

“Appy thought!” exclaimed Mr. Ashton. “That’s all right. I’ll propose the health of the chairman. I’ll propose Goosedge’s health, and he’ll remember it, too. Oh, good! Oh, very good!”

Mr. Rawlings looked a little nervous. “I’ll put you down for that with pleasure, Misterrashton. Of course, you wouldn’t say anything to break the ’armony.”

“I know how to be’ave myself, thank you. There’s two ways o’ making yourself nasty. When I make myself nasty, I make myself nasty like a gentleman. Don’t you be afraid. I shan’t

THE BUTTERFLY.

*The Trouble
about the
Chairman.*

actually say anything. It's done in the way of sarcastic elusions—that's my style. Now don't speak to me, because I've got to think out my speech."

He closed his eyes in thought, opening them at intervals to make a note on his cuff. Once he asked if the Goosedge of Flinders and Goosedge that went bankrupt wasn't the chairman's uncle. He made a note of that. He asked one or two questions with reference to the curate and Mrs. Goosedge, and made more notes.

Mr. Rawlings looked more and more uncomfortable. He was pleading and Mr. Ashton was reassuring him when the train entered Waterloo.

* * * *

They left me alone on the platform, racking my brains to find some means by which I might be present at "the Amnyal." I gave up the attempt with real regret. I think I should have enjoyed myself.

BARRY PAIN.



THE BUTTERFLY.



HEART'S CHRONICLE.

*A Heart's
Chronicle.*

LONG ago, when fond relations
Patted oft my infant pate,
And when party invitations
Bore the legend "Four till eight";
Then, at small and early dances,
Horrid little girls in blue
Made bewildering advances—
Often made grimaces, too.

And they used to call me "Fatty,"
And they giggled when I fed,
Till I turned from puff and *pâté*,
And was bawling borne to bed.
So, while yet my hair was curly,
Sorrow came my soul to vex,
And, with wisdom sad and early,
Much I feared the fairer sex.

But of all the kinds of knowledge
I -- what time my years were ten—
Woored at Dr. Wackem's College
For the Sons of Gentlemen.
Love—a subject ne'er intended—
Proved, alas! my special bent.
She, ah! *she*, bespangled, splendid,
Queened it in a circus tent.

And a tuneful hurdy-gurdy
Timed her feet with dulcet drone;
And she sang—she was a birdie,
Oh! she was!—and sixteen stone.
And a passion wild and stormy
In my infant bosom burned,
Which—perhaps 'twas better for me—
I believe was not returned.

THE BUTTERFLY.

*A Heart's
Chronicle.*

Next, I lost my heart completely,
 Passing by a "crocodile,"
When—Ah! still her name sounds sweetly—
 Laura won me with a smile.
White her brow, like alabaster,
 And she went with queenly tread:
And the insensate under-master
 Asked me why I blushed so red.

Soon, grown bold, I tossed a letter
 O'er her seminary walls,
And, that it might travel better,
 Weighted it with brandy-balls.
And—Oh! bliss beyond all telling—
 Answers reached me, sweet, if short.
(But I'm bound to say that spelling
 Wasn't pretty Laura's *forte*.)

Well-a-day! One awful morning
 Came a sad and inky scrawl,
Full of dire and dreadful warning,
 "Miss Priscilla"—blot—"knows all."
And I think to Miss Priscilla
 It was very likely due
'That—*Eheu! infunda illa!*—
 Dr. Wackem knew it too.

*

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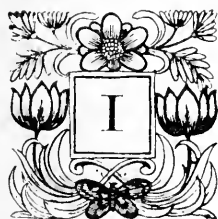
*

Oft-times since I've learnt full sadly
 He who serves the archer god
Has to suffer pretty badly
 Under Fate's relentless rod:
So I think—perhaps in error—
 I was never half so wise
As when I, with infant terror,
 Shunned the spell of sparkling eyes.

DERWENT MIALL.



Mr. Lecky.
By Max Beerbohm.



GALENZI'S REVENGE.

*Galenzi's
Revenge.*

HAD not seen old Galenzi since that sad and terrible affair of his daughter until the day I chanced on the two men together. I had known the girl; I had liked, and even admired her. She appeared to support an equivocal position with address and, one might almost say, with dignity. As the saying is, she held her own; and to do this pleasantly was, in that society, no easy matter. For certainly they were a dubious set who attended Galenzi's rooms, whether for fencing or boxing. She was greatly interested in all that went on there; but I think that her frequent visits, it must be said both in and out of season, were due, in the main, to an affectionate regard for her father—to the desire to accompany, to befriend, even to protect him. Doubtless she suffered from a too abundant leisure; her little paltry occupations, somewhere on the borderland of art, and hardly effective in commerce, were insufficient for that bright spirit, and she lived in a pitiful isolation from her own sex. I had liked her, and I reproach myself that I did so little for her—nothing, indeed, beyond a few friendly words, a bearing which I trust and believe served as an example, for I was older than the others. Her death was a great shock to me, though I had not been to Galenzi's for months.

As for Damant, I knew him for the common brute he was beneath his specious disguises. His elaborate manners were without real graciousness; his affected culture had little of sympathy or insight. I believe he took a more than ordinarily good degree at Oxford, and he had gained some little reputation of a kind at the bar. Among the small fry of callow youths and seedy "professionals" who frequented the rooms, he stood

THE BUTTERFLY.

*Galenzi's
Revenge.*

a prominent figure. The story is known. It was, so far, the common story of seduction and desertion. Even the girl's suicide hardly differentiated it from others of its kind. Damant had a bad half-hour before the coroner's jury; but, even here, it must be admitted that if tact could save a desperate situation he had done it. He lied, of course; but he lied carefully, and with a nice sense of what it was possible to concede, provoking sympathy, and almost admiration, in some liberal-minded auditors. The effect was spoilt by that terrible outburst of the unfortunate father, whose neglect and indiscretion were so much deplored.

And here I found them both in the little Italian restaurant, at opposite ends of the long narrow room. I saw Damant as I entered, and after I was seated I followed the direction of his eyes to where Galenzi sat. Damant lunched deliberately, with an affectation of unconcern, but they watched one another all the time. Neither seemed to observe me. Presently, Damant, who had finished his lunch, went out and, contrary to my vague expectation, the old man made no attempt to follow him. I crossed to the table at which Galenzi sat, and greeted him. He responded eagerly, nervously, with no warmth, and little attention.

"Come, old friend," I said, "let us have a bottle of wine together." I turned for the waiter, but he seized my arm.

"No, no," he muttered angrily, "it is impossible—my head—and the chance might come, and I drunk!"

He left me to speculate on his meaning, falling into a thoughtful silence. I tried to gain his interest, even his attention. I spoke of current events, of the great fight in America, of an ingenious point in a recent book on fencing. He did not appear to hear me.

The room emptied, and the waiter eyed us curiously. I ordered cigars, and he lit one at my invitation, only to let it go out. I hesitated, glancing towards the door. He touched my arm:

"You knew her. She loved to speak of you."

Then I felt the desolation of it. My eyes filled as I spoke of her, groping vainly for some form of consolation. He shook his hand towards the door—"That dog lives yet."

I waited for him to continue.

"You are her friend. You wonder when you see me sitting here quietly within reach of him. Do not mistake. It is not



In "lager" at Levi Villa.
"Keep him there, Levi; keep him there till morning—and then (sotto voce) we'll charge him
board and lodging."

By J. W. T. Manuel.



THE BUTTERFLY.

the consequences that I fear. They held me back from him once. Since then I have reflected. It is easy to fail. I might fail. He's a strong man—a clever man; he's awake and prepared. One day he will be off his guard. Presently, presently.”

“My friend,” I said, “you are speaking wildly.”

“Not wildly,” he said, “not wildly. Foolishly, perhaps; I betray myself to you. But you are safe; you are secret. You knew her.”

Indeed, the calmness of his manner belied his words. He hardly listened to my remonstrances and appeals. Finally I said, “I go to the police.”

“You'll not do that.”

“To tell him, then.”

“He knows.”

“What?”

“He knows my desire. He's a fool. He begins to think that I dare not. I watch him; I study his habits. He's too proud to hide. The chance will come.”

I rose. “It's madness and wickedness. Your daughter is dead. Let her memory rest.”

We parted at the door.

That afternoon I called on Damant at his chambers. It was a hateful task, but good citizenship seemed to demand it. I think he was surprised to see me, and, though his bearing was insolent as ever, I fancied I saw in his eye a half-appeal for some concession—an entreaty for a human relation. But the sight of him brought back the past and the image of the girl. We stood stiffly. I said, “I think it right to warn you. You may be in some danger.”

“You are interested in my welfare?”

“Not at all—a mere matter of police.”

“Then I needn't thank you.”

I detested his parade of coolness; but the man was not without courage. He continued—

“If you would shut up your friend in Bedlam, I should be obliged, of course. Otherwise, perhaps, the danger is not so very great. I even promise myself a curious psychological study. Understand, however, that I am not to be coerced. All the madmen in creation will not move me a hair's breadth. Pray pardon this unnecessary emphasis. The thing's a bore. So good of you to come.”

THE BUTTERFLY.

*Galenzi's
Revenge.*

He ended on a false note, and its trivial insolence repelled me, or I might have begun to pity him. Galenzi was right—he knew.

My call to India was sudden and peremptory. I did indeed seek out Galenzi, but our interview was brief and futile. I could do nothing; and though at first I was haunted by the dread of some frightful catastrophe, the matter soon ceased to occupy my mind. During my absence of something over two years, I heard no news of either Damant or Galenzi.

Yesterday I passed the little restaurant, associated always now with those two figures. An impulse of insatiable curiosity turned me back, and I entered. My eyes dazzled and my brain reeled when I saw them there, each in his old place. I approached Galenzi, and sat down beside him. He spoke in a whisper: “You’ve been away. It’s a long time. You wonder to see him here. Nothing done—no attempt. Delays and delays. And there are a thousand ways—none certain. The bullet might miss—the knife might slip; they would arrest me—imprison me. A madhouse for life, and then?—the opportunity gone for ever—I must make it sure—guard against all possible failure. I follow him. I study his habits. I’m preparing. I know his anatomy. I know where to strike. The time approaches. He cannot—he shall not escape me. Ah! but my chance came—more than once—I had him, but I hesitated. I was not sure. If I were sure! But I’m old—my hand shakes. I’ve thought of other ways. I’m studying now—I have ideas—the time approaches.”

I turned to look at the other, and stared at him openly. It was brutal, indefensible; but my curiosity was overpowering. The fellow had a kind of strength—he would not budge. He might choose a hundred places to lunch, where Galenzi could not follow him. He would not make a concession even to himself, and he needed it. He was aged, wasted—terribly alert. He met my gaze calmly; but I saw that, did the old fool but know it, he had chanced on his revenge.

ALLAN MONKHOUSE.

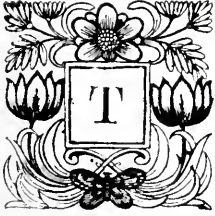




Lager Beer.
By S. H. Sims.



THE BUTTERFLY.



MY FAMILIAR DREAM.

*My Familiar
Dream*

HIS dream I often dream, perturbing,
 strange,
Of one I love, yet cannot give a name,
Not all at all times, nor in all the same,
Who, yet in difference, loves me without change.

Clear is my heart to read, but only she,
 Alas! is she that ever found it so;
And only she is able, weeping low,
To cool a weary brow that wearies me.

Dark is she, fair, or ruddy? I never knew.
Her name? I know her name falls sweet and true
 As those of those beloved from Life exiled.

And hers the glance of many a sculptured head,
 And hers for voice, grave and remote and mild,
The voice of all dear women that are dead.

A. BERNARD MALL.
(after Verlaine.)



THE BUTTERFLY.

Little Tragedies.



LITTLE TRAGEDIES.

BUSINESS FIRST.

THE popular journalist looked into his glass.

Yes—No—By Heavens—Yes! . . . He was getting bald.

Pale as a sheet, he went to a drawer, took out a pistol, and shot himself dead.

It would never have done.

He was the proprietor of a hair-restorer that had been named after him.

PRESUMPTION.

Liberia, Antigua, Abyssinia, Iceland, and Monte Carlo had each obtained a little piece of China, though not without much grumbling on the part of some of the Powers.

But now at last there was absolute unanimity. Against this latest request the Powers presented a united front.

They had never heard such a gross piece of impertinence.

Here was China asking for a bit !

THE TOO-MODEST EDITOR.

“One must move with the times,” said an editor. “My journal tells cyclists every day at what hour they have to light up.”

“You do more than that,” said a reader. “You supply the paper with which to do it.”

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY ARTIST, THE SUSCEPTIBLE PROPRIETOR, AND THE RUDE EDITOR.

The lady artist was beautiful, and the proprietor of the paper was susceptible, and the editor was a brute.

The lady artist (who could not draw) asked the proprietor to be a dear, and publish her important drawing, “The Triumph of Love,” in his paper. The proprietor (who was being smiled on all the while) replied that his paper would feel honoured.

So the proprietor took the drawing to the editor, and the editor (who had never seen the lady artist) said rude things about the drawing. He even declared he could not publish it.



Blackfriars Bridge.

From an Aquatint by Joseph Pennell.

THE BUTTERFLY.

But the proprietor, who owned the editor and all that on him *Little Tragedies* was, insisted—until the editor finally said “All right, Proprietor, I will find a place for it.”

So next week the drawing appeared.

Now there was a department in the paper called “The Comic Side of Things.”

THE LATEST.

“It is to be a guinea a number,” explained the Duchess, proudly. “It is to be the very antithesis of the ‘Sixpenny Magazine for Threepence.’”

“Ah!—a Threepenny Magazine for a Guinea, I suppose,” said the young man naïvely.

A SUGGESTION.

“Why not,” asked the man, as he came out, “call it ‘The Nudoscope’?”

A SPOILT LIFE.

A great American artist lay a-dying.

“There is one thing,” he sighed, “which I would have liked to happen that has not happened.”

“What is it?” asked his friend.

“I would have liked to have been elected a member of the Royal Academy.”

“But you would never have accepted the office?” said the friend, surprised beyond measure.

“No,” groaned the artist, “but I had prepared a smart answer.”

Then he turned on his side, and passed.

MATERNAL PRIDE.

Two Empresses were having tea at Buckingham Palace.

“And *my* eldest son,” said one, beaming, “sets all the gentlemen’s fashions, you know.”

MURDER WILL OUT.

A distinguished French author was exiled in England.

Capable of anything, he had mastered our language. He now read our papers. To-day he was composing a eulogy on himself. His face glowed with pleasure to see how the great English

THE BUTTERFLY.

Little Tragedies. Nation had changed in their attitude towards him. There was a time when his name might not have been mentioned in polite society. Now, it seemed, the writer of certain books was forgotten in the lover of Justice.

Then he uttered a cry as though he had been stabbed.

"For many years," said the careless printer-man, "the sole ambition of Monsieur Zola was to become one of the Forty Immorals."

GIRLISH ENTHUSIASM.

It was at a high school for Jewish young ladies.

A deputation of them was in the head-mistress's study.

"If Dreyfus be saved, it will be Monsieur Zola who made it possible?" said the deputation.

"That will be so," said the head-mistress.

"He is a man, then, whom we all ought to honour?" said the deputation.

"That is so," said the head-mistress, severely.

"We would beg, then, that his works be no longer excluded from our library," said the deputation.

EXPLAINED.

"I wish," said the Colossus, "to carry my telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo. But your territory blocks the way."

"I will, of course, help you in anything," replied the Emperor, "that will facilitate the sending of telegrams."

THE BLIND MEN.

"We do not want the Jews in our country. What we want is '*La France aux Français*,'" said the Frenchman.

"'Pon my word, you deserve it," said the Englishman.

LE MISERABLE.

At last! At last it was proved beyond a doubt that Bacon had written Shakespeare's plays.

A confession by William Shakespeare himself had been discovered.

Stratford-on-Avon had offered a thousand pounds for it, but the offer had been refused, and the confession had been published.

Stratford, ruined, was in an agony of despair, but, compared to a certain popular novelist, Stratford was gay. Utterly and



GUNNERY INSTRUCTOR (to sub-lieutenant at funeral drill): "How soon so ever as you perceives the corpse emerging from the mortu-ary, dead-house, or wat-not, you will reverse harms, gentlemen, sink the 'ead on the chest, an' assoon a mournful aspec'. Now I am the corpse—(they smile)—your 'ands is right an' your feet is right, but your faces hain't got that look of melan-choly the corpse's friends 'ut look for, an' the corpse 'isself 'ave a right to expect."

Drawn by L. Raven Hill.



THE BUTTERFLY.

hopelessly cast down was this Popular Novelist. He refused food, and was sick unto death. *Little Tragedies.*

Shakespeare, after all, nothing but a drunken, dissolute play-actor!

The Popular Novelist groaned, and groaned, and groaned, for, time in, time out, the Popular Novelist had been wont to brag of his likeness to Shakespeare, until the Public had come to see it.

A CORRECTION.

"Still, none of your Presidents have been distinguished men," said the Englishman.

"*Pardon, Monsieur,*" said the Frenchman: "the late President Faure used to take a bath each morning."

SUCH THINGS DON'T HAPPEN.

An Emperor was on his great big yacht.

Suddenly he ran to the side, and his heart, or something, jumped out of his mouth.

"Who saw it?" asked the Emperor when he was himself again.

A list was handed to him.

"Fling them all into prison for *lèse majesté*," said the Emperor.

AN UNBELIEVER.

"What do you think of my Peace Conference?" asked a Czar.

"Sire," came the answer, "*C'est magnifique—mais c'est la guerre.*"

EARNESTNESS.

"What!" cried the Foreign Minister. "You doubt whether my Master is in earnest with his Peace Proposals?"

There was a shrug of the shoulders.

"Why, look here," said the Foreign Minister. "Here is a Treaty of Peace he has just concluded with the most likely successor to the present Ameer of Afghanistan."

WALTER EMANUEL.

THE BUTTERFLY.

*The Fortune
Teller.*

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

THE son of Enoch, as he went forth one morning, met by the wayside a Wise Woman. And he stretched forth his hand and said, "Tell me, I pray thee, the things that shall happen unto me, whether they be for good or for evil."

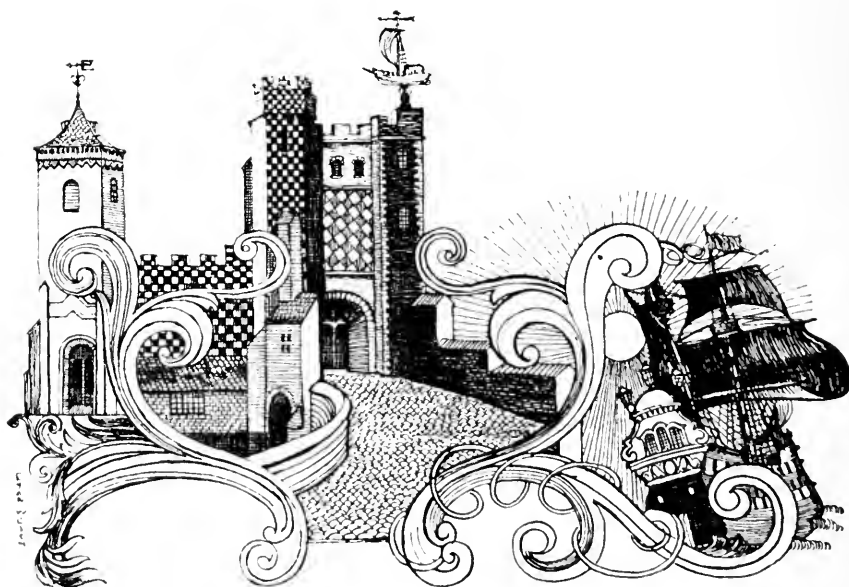
And the Wise Woman looked upon his hand, and spake many marvellous things, as, that his fame should be known throughout the generations, that he should be the father of many sons and daughters, and that he had excellent Abilities, but hardly sufficient Application.

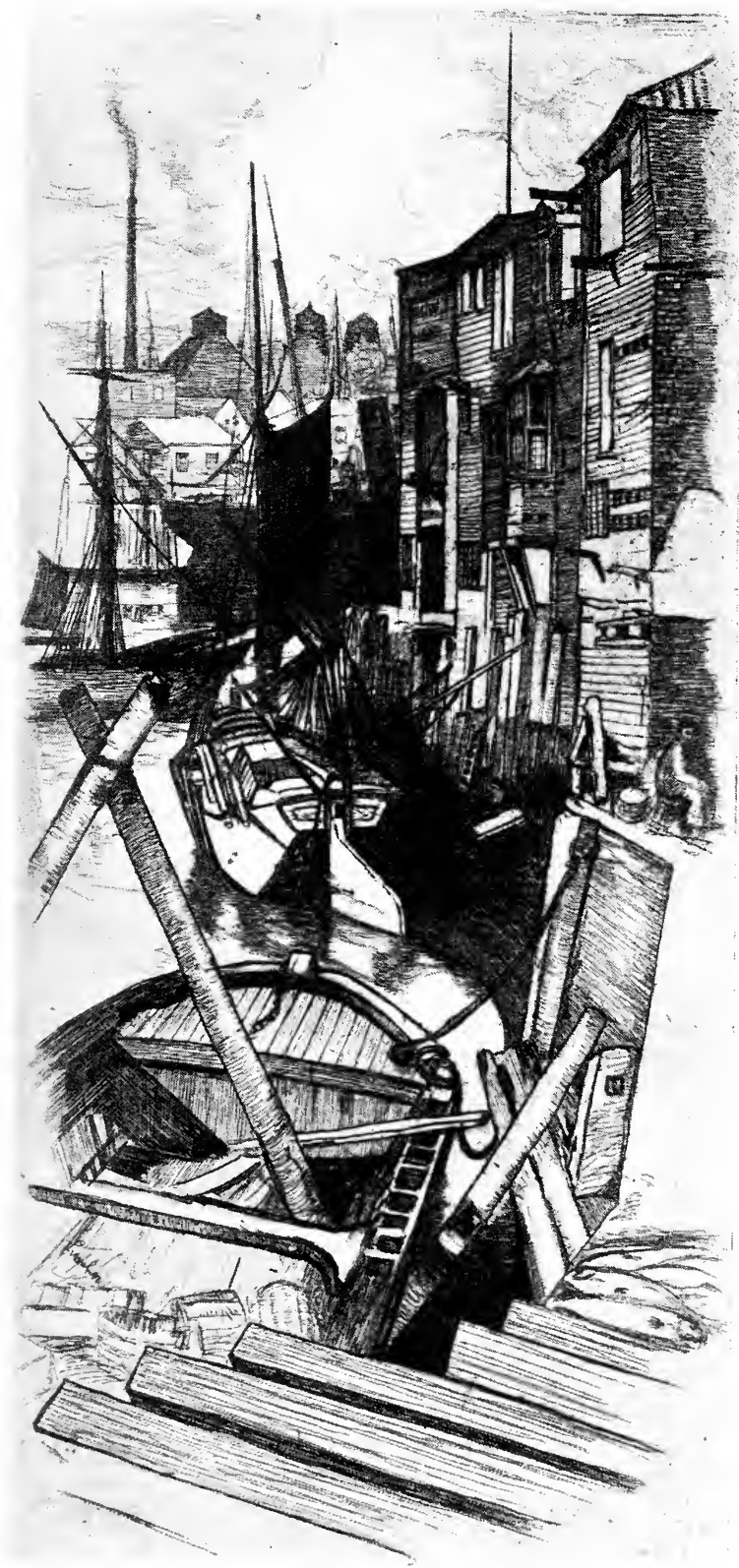
Then he said, "Woman, there is yet one thing. I would know if Happiness is in store for me."

And the Woman was silent for a while. And she said, "When thou art perfectly happy, then tremble, for in that same night thou shalt die."

So was the fate foretold to Methuselah, the son of Enoch.

F. H.





Lamhouse.

From an Etching by Edgar Wilson.



THE BUTTERFLY.



THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE VIRTUES.

*Distribution of
the Virtues.*

I.—GEOGRAPHICAL.

A CENSUS of Morality, such as we may presume the Recording Angel to keep, would be interesting above the majority of official documents. Not the least piquant part of it would be the barometric curve with which, of course, it would be fitted, showing the vicissitudes of the Virtues at different temperatures and under varying pressures. There is a popular idea that those estimable abstractions are independent of time and place. One finds small ground for the belief. On the contrary, a little observation shows that a virtue has a surprising resemblance to a vegetable. There are some virtues that bloom, like the chrysanthemum, in November, and you will look for them in vain in May. Saturday night has its peculiar set of virtues; so has Tuesday morning. The atmosphere in which one virtue thrives will stifle another; neither are all soils equally favourable. There is a vast difference between the moral ideals of Paisley and of Paris.

It is, indeed, matter of common experience that, as other times bring other manners, so do different virtues favour different localities. For equanimity of temper, for example, and an impartial judgment, you do not go to the Boulevards of Paris; and Continental politicians have not learned, like us, to beat their rapiers into "J" pens and write to the papers. By so much we are the more peaceable nation. Spain has not yet acquired the elements of Humility, though the United States has done its best to inculcate them; but the Armenian is understood to possess a large share of that most Christian virtue. Obedience is found in fine condition in Russia. The proper Prudence (which, as a virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the vice Worldly-mindedness) flourishes in Aberdeen; and Glasgow used to be a model of Propriety, till it took over its trams, and became puffed up with Spiritual Pride.

THE BUTTERFLY.

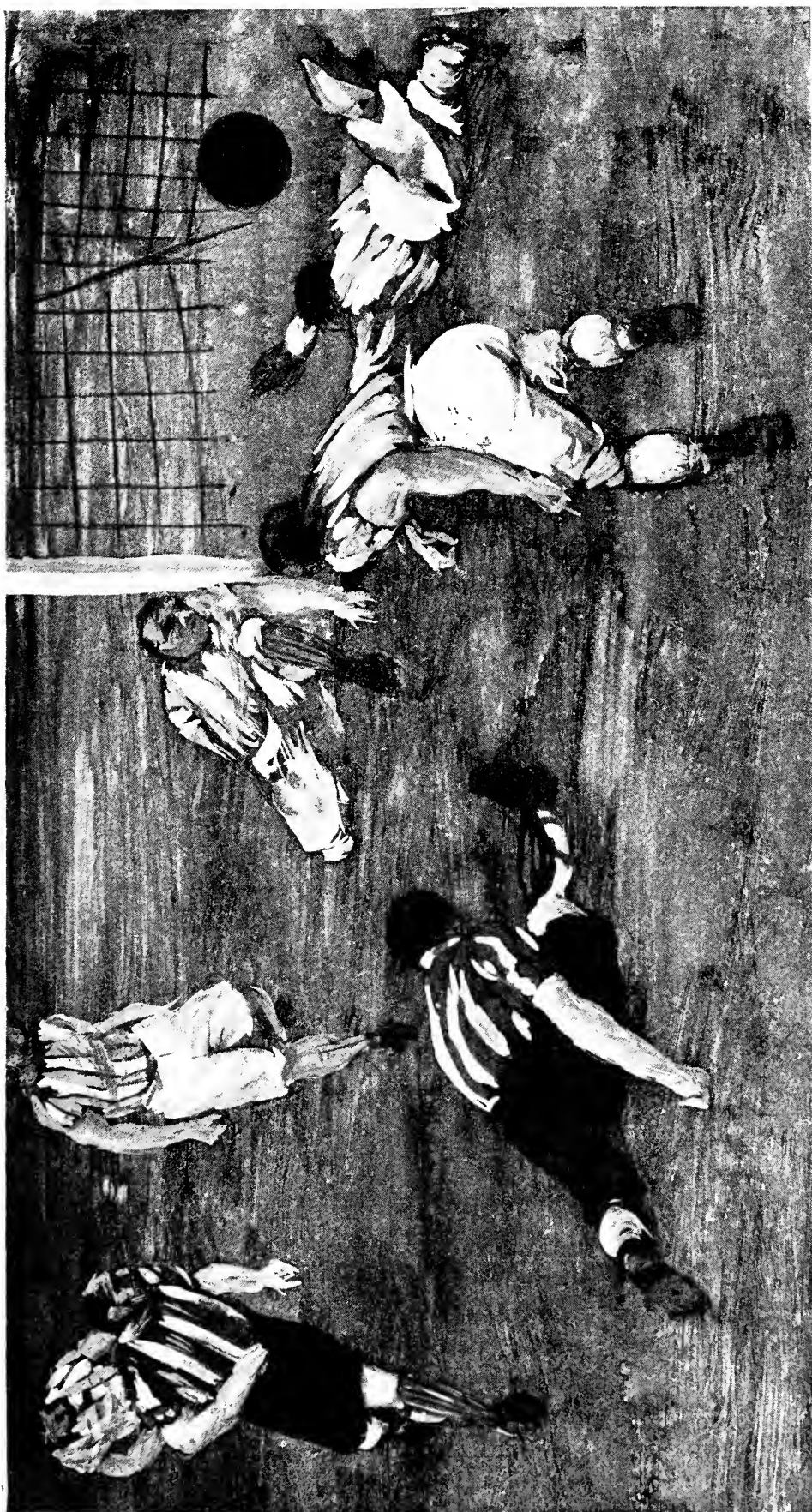
*Distribution of
the Virtues.*

Brotherly Love is a somewhat rare virtue; but, according to the latest observations, it will be found brooding in larger quantities over the Atlantic than over the English Channel.

Most interesting of all to contemplate, however, is the relation of London to the Virtues. "The Provinces" are fond of calling the metropolis names, and there is no denying that a certain amount of iniquity hangs about its masonry. True, it is not the Cockney to whom is imputed a double dose of Original Sin; but the manufactured article, with all the latest improvements, is not to be too lightly esteemed. There is quite a long list of virtues to which the London atmosphere is detrimental. The effect on the temper, for example, is seldom good. The City abounds in facilities for exasperation. There are so many more trains to lose, so many more cabmen to cheat you, so many more fogs to choke you, so many more people you don't want to see, so many more comic operas you *must* see, than in any other spot known to the Solar System. I suppose that a man in London loses his temper twice as often as a man in Bristol or Newcastle, and four times as often as the denizen of Clovelly or Wibsey Slack. Some day it will be possible to draw up a formula showing the proportion of ill-nature to population—say, one slam of the door to every 10,000 inhabitants, one big, big D to every 100,000, one brutal assault for every 1,000,000. And all that means doleful havoc to the Meekness, and the Patience, and the Long-suffering, and the whole pale circle of the Virtues whose eyes are ever cast down, and whose fingers are readily in their ears.

Punctuality is another virtue with which it goes hard in London. The whole system of the place frowns on it. Why strive to be in time when your best efforts may be neutralised by a late train, by an adverse signal, by a gang of those industrious men who are always digging for pipes in the middle of main thoroughfares? Punctuality ceases to be a virtue when it becomes a thing of cranks and fog-signals. Departure is a risk; arrival a speculation. And if the appointment is very important, and you start to keep it at such an hour as to be practically certain of being in time, you will probably arrive so soon that you find yourself with a long while to spare; and Idleness, be it remembered, is at least as grievous a vice as Punctuality is admirable a virtue.

Nor is London any place for the man who esteems Prudence before the softer virtues. The sage who talked about taking



Gods.
By J. W. T. Manuel.

THE BUTTERFLY.

care of the pence was, without any manner of doubt, that Scotsman whose saxpence went bang on a memorable occasion. Take care of the pence? Who *can* take care of the pence when the cheapest of the 'buses will not bring you from Putney to the Bank for less than fourpence, and a garret in the Temple costs the price of a mansion in Birmingham; when, from Kitchener to crossing-sweeper, every man demands coin, and every Lord Mayor sits at the Mansion House inditing subscription lists—a very Horse-leech's Daughter? London is a terrible wheedler of bawbees. Probably the only reason why, in the dispensation of Providence, all Scotsmen come to town, is that they may curb their natural propensity to parsimony.

*Distribution of
the Virtues.*

I am not quite sure about the matter of Honesty, which is said to be the Best Policy—if any one wants a Policy. There are those who scoff at London's Honesty. There is no Brummagem gem so pasty, no Bradford stuff so shoddy, but it balances itself on a pinnacle of self-righteousness when it thinks of the City. Are these gibes just? Does the mote in the Throgmorton eye justify the taunt of the provincial beam? Let it suffice to say that Mr. Hooley, who sprang from the virgin whiteness of Nottingham, has retired, worsted, from the conflict with the impeccable E.C.; and even Mr. De Rougemont, exposed in Fleet Street, finds still a market for his plausibilities in remote and melancholy hamlets which know not Grin.

Yet London has its peculiar virtues. It is industrious beyond all other towns. Its constancy in matters of the heart will compare favourably with Brighton or Scarborough. It is generous, almost to a fault, so that its waiters hesitate about demanding a fixed wage. It is amiable; for it does not, when the L.C.C. is in one of its Puritanic moods, go up and raze Spring Gardens to the ground.

It may, I think, fairly be maintained that London is more loyal than other towns. One never hears charges of Jingoism levelled against Manchester or Nottingham; and Jingoism is simply loyalty with a little alcohol in it. It is always London that is most stirred by the news of battle; it is London that erects Gordon Colleges. Perhaps it is because of the crowd. Loyalty is a gregarious virtue. If Ireland had a Birmingham in every county, we would hear less of Home Rule.

Those who know the London suburbs, too, speak well of their all-round excellences, combining, as they do, the innocence of the Fields with the wisdom of the Macadam and the Asphalt.

THE BUTTERFLY.

*Distribution of
the Virtues.*

Clapham, for example, is said to breed a capital cross between the Dove and the Serpent.

Still, you do not see halos about the London streets ; and we may hope that the Recording Angel will allow a certain discount to dwellers within the four-mile radius, on account of the extenuating circumstances. They are an anæmic and nerve-tried folk ; and they feel, more than their brethren further afield, the harshness of the regulation that, while there are many deadly sins, the Virtues are so seldom lively.

ROBERT BELL.



THE BUTTERFLY.

NATURAL SELECTION

*Natural
Selection.*



THE duty of the fly
Is to buzz into your eye,
And the duty of the spider is to catch and
drain him dry ;
The duty of the broom
Is to whisk about the room
And to flatten out the spider on the ceiling.
The duty of the bird
Is to rise at hours absurd
And to pick the early worm up, as you probably have heard ;
The duty of the cat
Is to catch him out at that,
Without the slightest sympathetic feeling.
From the pallid pole
To the torrid tropic,
Nature, on the whole,
Isn't philanthropic.
This is the sentiment we have to keep in mind most,
Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost !
The duty of the flower
Is to use her beauty's power
To attract the golden honey-bee that buzzes round her bower.
The duty of the bee
Is to look at her and see,
And to dip into the nectar of the calyx.
The duty of the maid
Is to look demure and staid,
And to tell an ardent lover that she's dreadfully afraid ;
The duty of the man
Is to catch her if he can,
And the rest is interjections in italics.
Search the world around,
Longways and athwartship,
That's the only sound,
Proper way of courtship :
This is the method of our fathers and our mothers,
Each for his own, and a fig for all the others !

ADRIAN ROSS.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Parentheses.

PARENTHESES.

A RIFT.

REFLECTED in the mirror opposite me, some little way further down the narrow corridor of the A.B.C. shop, was a girl eating a scone. The incandescent glare emphasized her figure in reflection, throwing it into prominence against an infinite series of silver vistas. The mirror constantly drew her eyes—dull green eyes they were, set in a paste-coloured face. The pale, somewhat large mouth expressed such very serious dissatisfaction that I was compelled, in seeking for its cause, to analyse the ugly features one by one—to take note of the new veil rolled in an awkward bundle across the middle of the forehead—of the inappropriate yellow ribbon inartistically wound round the plain felt hat—of the unbecoming yellow tie, which seemed to throw olive lights on the sallow skin. In company with her I perused every point carefully, and our joint endeavour failed to discover any redeeming feature. She was as critical of herself as I was, and seemed to be looking at her face for the first time. The unwonted veil, ribbon, and tie met with our especial disfavour. Once or twice she looked down the room, as if expecting some one; otherwise her unconsciousness of her surroundings was remarkable. There was a clever-looking, puritanical young man sitting directly opposite me, who, having noticed her, was so interested in the observation that he forgot all about his tea. It was evident that he did not approve of mirrors; a prim surprise, a narrow disappointment, were written in his expression.

Suddenly a change came over the girl's face, transforming it in the most wonderful way. A bright intelligence shone from her large eyes, and you were aware of a broad forehead and a most delightful humour. The momentary sullenness of self-dissatisfaction was succeeded by an irradiation which made every feature pleasing. She rose eagerly as the puritanical young man, evidently the person she expected, went reluctantly to greet her, and took his seat at the same table with a coldness that was marked.

POPPIES.

I went into the cottage in quest of ginger-beer. In a scrupulously neat kitchen I found a scrupulously neat old man, dozing over an empty grate—for it was summer—and Sunday

THE BUTTERFLY.

afternoon. He replied with a grunt to my demand, and *Parentheses.* stumbled up to fetch the beverage.

I had a great bunch of poppies in my hand, which already began to droop limp and fireless. Through the dormer window you might have seen, but for the heat-haze, the upper cornlands where they had been gathered. I put the flowers on the white deal table, where they lay nerveless as dead things, huddled, colourless, in indescribable pathos, beside the gloss of the fiery decoction which the old man brought. He seated himself with another grunt in the elbow-chair and lighted a long clay pipe.

While making courageous, if somewhat unsuccessful attempts at the biting ginger, I essayed a remark to my laconic host. "You see," I said, pointing to the poppies, "I want to take something beautiful back with me to London to remind me of your cornfields and skies."

The old man stopped smoking, and gazed at me for some moments in open-mouthed amazement. Then his skin began to pucker into little wrinkles, and he burst into a long series of the most extraordinary chuckles I had ever heard. "What! take them stinking poppies to Lunnon?" he chuckled. There followed a sudden mighty guffaw; and, throwing some coppers on the table, and snatching up the reviled flowers, I beat a hasty retreat.

THE WOMAN LOOKING IN.

I went out for a stroll in the garden of the chateau in mid-France one hot day in summer, and walked to the old entrance of the Park, with its white iron gates giving out on a grass road, bordered by trees and slightly rising. The shimmering sky showed pale through the sparse and delicate haze of leaves, and the grass looked soft and alluring. I tried to open the gates, but they were stuck, and would not move. There was an old, old woman on the other side of them, yellow and toothless, wrinkled out of all personality, wearing a white cap and blue dress. She began talking to me indistinctly in a low, rambling way, so that I could not make out what she said. Only I understood that she had "*tout perdu*," and that everything was "*partout fermé*." She clutched the iron rails, shook them feebly, and looked in—O, how wistfully—at the glow of garden which represented what impossible ideals to her sore and ignorant brain! She saw a strip of golden corn,

THE BUTTERFLY.

Parentheses.

outlined by the misted azure of heliotrope beds and a blaze of geraniums, bordered on either side by huge masses of trees: and she began rambling, strangely and incoherently, about the life of the butterflies and birds inside. It was the emotion of extreme old age after a starved life, devoid of tragedy and poignancy, and become an even more pathetic petulance. And still she kept peering in, shaking the gate, and ending always with the wail that everything had always been, that everything always was, "*partout fermé*."

A FOUNTAIN SEALED.

"All season tickets ready, please!" The ticket-collector threw open the carriage door, and the wet gleam of his mackintosh cape made flashes of emphasis on the damp fog which blew in a cold current direct off the river—for the station was Grosvenor Road. Immediately the crowded carriage writhed with the contortions of the well-muffled passengers, who, in all haste to have the cold shut out, rapidly displayed the pale green cardboard, peeping from pocket-books and leather cases.

One corner passenger was still slowly searching among a crushed confusion of letters, newspaper cuttings, and miscellanea that he had taken from his pocket, long after the rest of the carriage had subsided into quietude. He wore a good coat and a good hat, the shabbiness of which seemed rather due to heedlessness than to poverty: a kind of whimsical indolence characterised his every movement. Many a pointed shiver was directed at him, as the damp began to penetrate through the outer coverings; the collector stamped his feet on the shining platform; one old gentleman fidgeted on the verge of a crusty remonstrance.

At last from the heap, the corner passenger slowly extracted a frayed fragment of card, soiled beyond recognition. This he carefully placed on the cover of his notebook. Three equally minute and disreputable bits followed, now vaguely shadowing forth the original ticket. The collector's lip curled with disgust; the people in the carriage smiled. The man gave a vague glance round him. Then, holding out the note-book and with a twinkle in his eye, he said quietly, "You must put that down to the Uncut Edition."

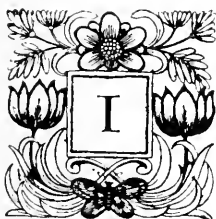
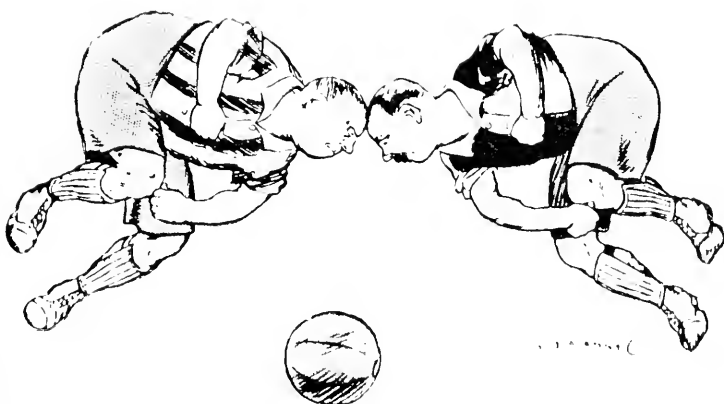
ETHEL WHEELER



LRH

A.B.C.

By L. Raven Hill.



THE SILVER SPOONS.

*The Silver
Spoons.*

“**I** HAVE called,” I began, with some embarrassment, “on a strange errand.”

She indicated a chair. I noticed she was young and very pretty, and faultlessly attired.

“In fact,” said I, sitting down, “it is difficult to explain. Perhaps it may shock you.”

Her face maintained its look of polite inquiry, but I saw her eyes wander towards the bell-pull.

“Or bore you,” I added hastily.

“Go on,” she said briefly.

“There was once a young man,” I began, “born of most respectable parents——”

“Could you not come at once to the point?” she interposed sweetly. “Of course I do not wish to shorten the—narrative.”

“He took to drink,” I continued with much alacrity, “and stole some silver spoons.”

She seemed a little taken aback. “I—I am afraid I do not follow.”

“Believe me,” I said earnestly, “he repented the moment after.”

“After what?”

The question puzzled me. “After he had spent the proceeds, I suppose,” I replied doubtfully. “But really I haven’t thought it out.”

She fumbled at her waistband and drew forth a little watch.

“I am afraid——” she began.

“I beg your pardon,” I said hastily. “I am wasting your

THE BUTTERFLY.

*The Silver
Spoons.*

time. I will not keep you more than a minute. I came to beg——”

“I cannot help you,” she said decisively. “A strong young man should work.”

“It was for your intercession, I was about to ask.”

“My intercession?”

I bowed my head with a certain amount of hurt dignity.

“With whom? For what?”

“Really,” I replied. “I hardly know. The police, I suppose, or would it be a magistrate? Or the Queen’s Proctor? I am afraid I don’t quite know the right official.”

“Are you not making some mistake? I do not in the least understand you.”

“No,” I replied confidently. “I am making no mistake. I have called to ask your sympathy for a poor young man.”

“What poor young man?” she asked sharply.

“The young man that stole the spoons.”

“What spoons?”

I was staggered. She did not seem to know her spoons had been stolen.

“Have you not missed them?” I asked.

“Missed what?”

“The spoons,” I repeated, trying not to raise my voice.

Her eyes opened and so did her mouth. And then she rose and began to edge cautiously towards the door. I rose too.

“Do not harden your heart,” I implored her. “Surely you do not wish to ruin a poor young man. Oh, Miss Berkeley——”

She stopped suddenly. “I am not Miss Berkeley,” she said. “I feel sure there must be some mistake. Miss Berkeley is my aunt.”

“Your aunt!” I echoed.

“I am here on a visit. In fact, I have just arrived. My poor aunt is in bed with a headache. Something has been worrying her.”

I was taken aback. “Then you have no authority——” I began dejectedly.

“Authority for what?”

“To—to stay the proceedings.”

“What proceedings?” she asked bewildered.

I halted dead. “I have already told you several times about the spoons which have been stolen,” I said with visible

THE BUTTERFLY.

annoyance. "I hope you will not make me repeat the unhappy story." *The Silver Spoons.*

She put her hand to her forehead, and looked at me in a dazed kind of way.

"Stolen!" she murmured. "How dreadful!"

"It was a most foolish thing to do," I assented. "But drink——"

"Drink!"

"Drink drives a man far," I said apologetically. "That is the only excuse."

She looked at me with horror in her eyes, but they suddenly softened.

"Sit down," she said pityingly, "and tell me all about it."

So we sat down again.

"It is a most unfortunate affair," I began.

"So it seems," she agreed.

"But a police prosecution must mean ruin, utter and entire."

"No doubt."

"Who would offer a man a situation who had been in prison?"

"No one."

"Therefore," said I, glad she acquiesced so readily, "may I rely on your kind word with your aunt?"

She thought. "In the first place," she said after a pause, "are you really sorry?"

"Very sorry," I replied, "especially for the old mother."

"Poor, poor old mother," she replied gently. "What a shock to those who love us when we go astray!"

"Yes, poor old thing," I answered off-handedly.

She looked me a little severely. "I hope you are truly sorry," she said.

I couldn't quite make out why it was essential I should be sorry. "It has caused me a good deal of annoyance," I replied vaguely.

"I hope it will be a lesson to you."

"Really——"

"And that you will at once sign the pledge!"

"Why?" I asked astonished.

"Why! Need you ask that! Cannot you see where drink has already led you?"

I was silent in pure amazement.

"You don't suppose——" I began.

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*The Silver
Spoons.*

"You do not look deep in crime," she went on musingly. "Your face is an honest one." She searched it with her eyes—very pretty eyes. "I think you have erred more from thoughtlessness than any evil motive. I will tell Miss Berkeley you are truly penitent."

I was overwhelmed with confusion. "Oh, but I'm not——"

"Not penitent?" she queried.

"Yes, I'm penitent. No, I don't mean that. I mean I'm not a thief."

"You mean you were falsely accused?" she said, her face brightening. "Oh, I'm so glad! I could not believe——"

"No, no, I'm not the person at all."

She was silent. "Have I made a mistake?" she asked in much bewilderment.

"Not at all," I replied politely. "I came here on behalf——"

"Oh, I see," she cried"; "you are the thief's friend."

"Yes, no—at least——"

"You must have had some motive in coming here," she said; "I trust you will not prevaricate."

"I am not prevaricating," I answered indignantly. "It is like this——"

"You are a relation—his brother?" she asked.

"No, no," I exclaimed. "Why, the thief was Miss Berkeley's footman."

"My aunt's footman!"

"I thought you understood," I said a little crossly. "He stole some spoons and sold them."

"Why did he do that?"

"I am not in his confidence," I replied stiffly; "but I understand it was due to drink and bad companions."

"What a dreadful thing!" She looked at me suspiciously. "Are you sure you are not one of his companions?"

I became very annoyed. "Certainly not," I replied hotly. "How—why—you don't suppose——"

"How did you know he had stolen the spoons?" she asked alertly.

"His mother told me!" I replied almost defiantly.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Berkeley's niece; "I did not understand you were merely a friend of the family."

I mopped my brow with my handkerchief. "Let me explain," I began again wearily. "I cannot lay claim to the

THE BUTTERFLY.

friendship of either the footman or his mother. It was like this — ” *The Silver Spoons.*

“I do not know,” she interrupted, turning away, “that I have any right to inquire into these details.”

“I will tell you, I said desperately.

“I would prefer not to hear.”

“I beg—I implore you to let me explain,” I said excitedly.

“What good can it do?” she asked.

“I cannot bear,” I said distressedly, “that you should think I am not respectable.”

She stood hesitating.

“Go on,” she said at length, relenting.

“The footman’s mother,” I gabbled incoherently, “was my nurse. Then she married, and the footman is her son. She is most respectable, and so was he until he stole your aunt’s spoons. When your aunt found the spoons gone, she told the police and they arrested him. His mother came round to my father, Lord Darlington, but he was out, and so she saw me. She wept and tore her hair, and wrung her hands in the most dreadful way. So I said I would go and see Miss Berkeley, and—and here I am.” I stopped breathless.

“Would you repeat all that?” she asked, greatly astonished.

So I repeated it as well as I could. “I was sorry for the poor old troubled thing,” I wound up.

“Oh dear!” she exclaimed, “I am afraid I have been rather stupid. I begin to see now. You didn’t steal the spoons?”

“Certainly not.”

“Or sell them?”

“I hadn’t the chance.”

“It wasn’t you who led the young man astray?”

“How could you think so?”

“And you aren’t mad or anything?”

“N—no,” I replied, a little doubtfully, however.

“In fact,” she summed up, “you are quite respectable—Lord Darlington’s son, I think you said?”

I assented.

“What a dreadful muddle!” she said flushing. And then she caught my eye, and began to laugh.

I laughed, too—a little.

“It has led to my making your acquaintance,” I remarked, “and so I don’t mind.”

ARCHIBALD FYRE,

THE BUTTERFLY.

To a Lady
Artist.

TO A LADY ARTIST.

*"She is rapt in dreams divine:
As her clouds of beauty pass,
On our glowing hearts they shine,
Mirrored there, as in a glass."*—A. E.

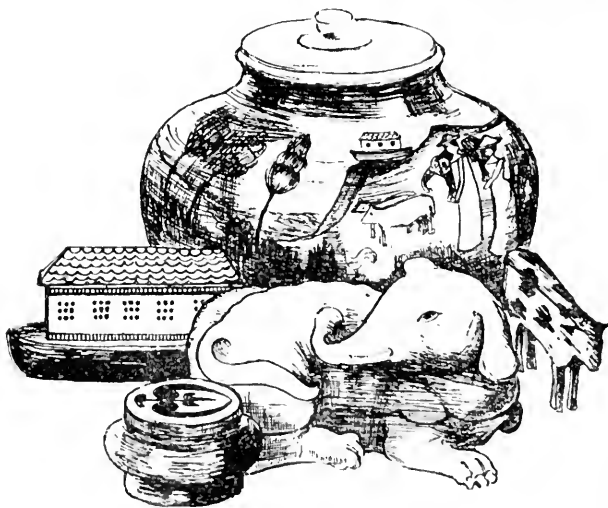
COULD I have seen or have understood?
This day-dream is the soul of her:
The wave of gold 'neath the holland hood,
The lilac sleeves, with the sweet wrists bare—
A panel against the wood!

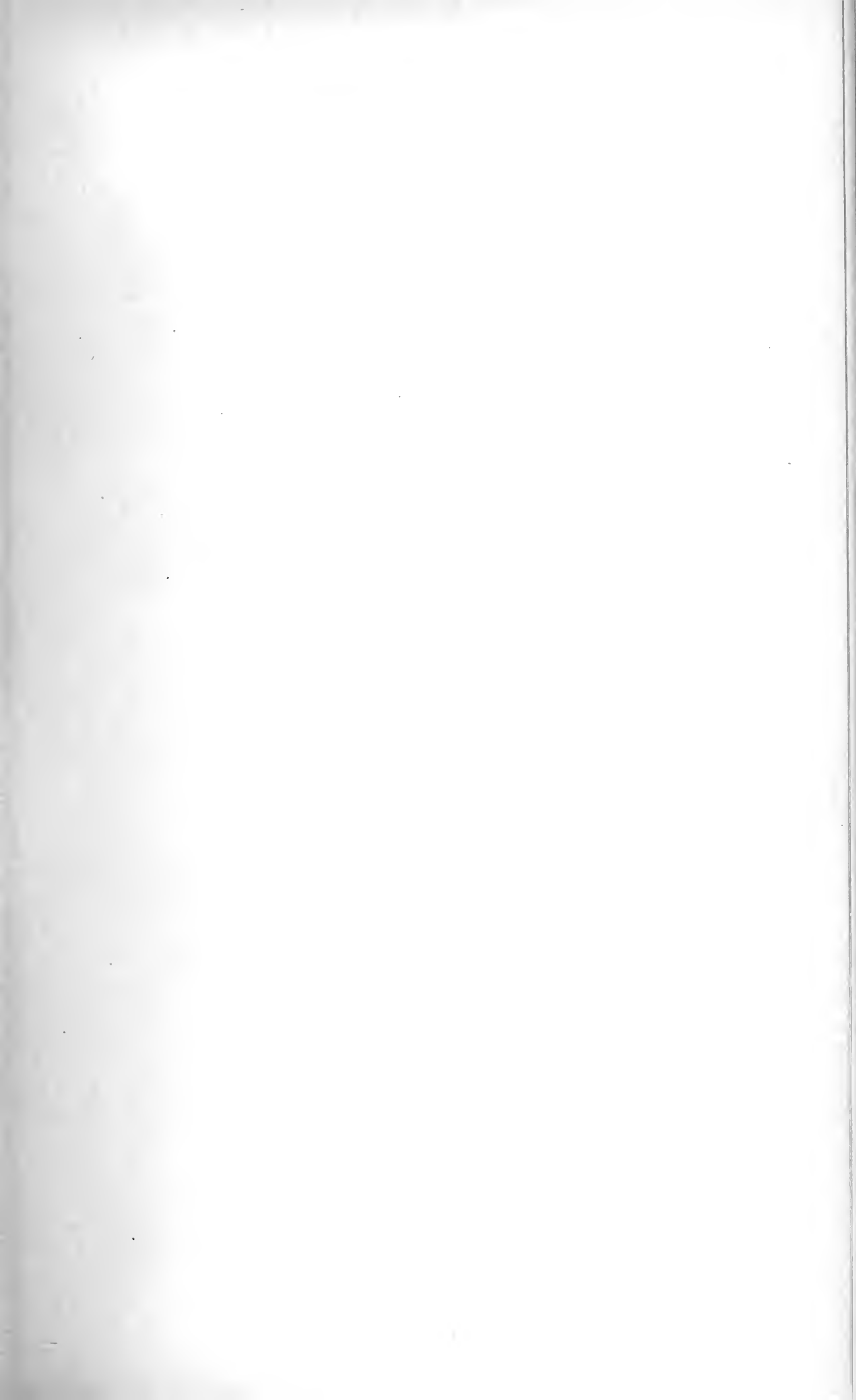
To bring new life to an old Rembrandt.
With touch of sepia, gift of grey;
Where later the wainscot woos, aslant,
The western sunlight, or here, at play,
A nymph and a cupid pant!

Oh, happy heart, to have thought of thee!
Where throbs a Titian, armour-clad;
And rare Madonnas, in sanctity—
Oh, happy heart to have made me glad!
Antique simplicity!

For still the face on the canvas grows,
In shade and silence, in gleam and gloom;
The Tudor tapestry darkly throws
Its old-time legend adown the room,
Where I from my dream arose.

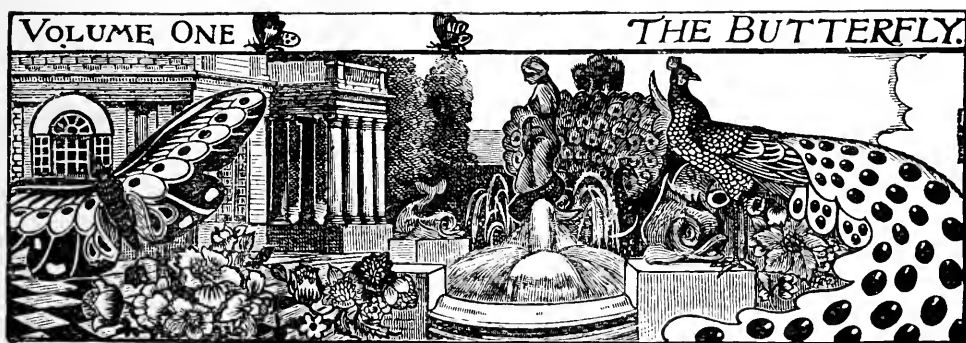
FRED. C. BOWLES.







A Legend
From a Drawing by S. H. Sims.



THE BLUE MOON.

NILLYWILL and Hands-pansy were the most unimportant and happy pair of lovers the world has ever gained or lost. With them it had been a case of love at first blindness since the day when they had tumbled into each other's arms in the same cradle. And Hands-pansy, when he first saw her, did not discover that Nillywill was a real princess hiding her birthright in the home of a poor peasant ; nor did Nillywill, when she first saw Hands, see in him the baby beginnings of the most honest and good heart ever sprung out of poverty and humble parentage. So from her end of their little crib she kicked him with her royal rosy toes, and he from his kicked back and laughed : and thus, as you hear, at first blindness they fell head over ears in love with one another.

Nothing could undo that ; for day by day earth and sun and wind came to rub it in deeper, and water could not wash it off. So when they had been seven years together there could be no doubt that they felt as if they had been made for each other in heaven. And then something very big and sad came to pass ; for one day Nillywill had to leave off being a peasant child and become a princess once more. People very grand and grown-up came to the woodside where she flowered so gaily, and caught her by the golden hair of her head and pulled her up by her dear little roots and carried her quite away from Hands-pansy to a place she had never been in before. They put her into a large palace, with woods and terraces and landscape gardens on all sides of it ; and there she sat crying and pale, saying that she wanted to be taken back to Hands-pansy and grow up and marry him, though he was but the poor peasant boy he had always been.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Those who had charge of Nillywill in her high station talked wisely, telling her to forget him. "For," said they, "such a thing as a princess marrying a peasant boy only happened once in a blue moon!"

When she heard that Nillywill began every night to watch the moon rise, hoping some evening to see it grow up like a blue flower against the dusk and shake down her wish to her like a bee out of its deep bosom.

But night by night silver, or ruddy, or primrose, it lit a place for itself in the heavens; and years went by, bringing the princess no nearer to her desire to find room for Hands-pansy among the splendours of her throne.

She knew that he was five thousand miles away and had only wooden peasant shoes to walk in; and when she begged that she might once more have sight of him, her whole court, with the most unutterable politeness, cried "No!"

The princess's memory sang to her of him in a thousand tunes, like woodland birds carolling; but it was within a cage which men call a crown that her thoughts moved, fluttering to be out of it and free.

So time went on and Nillywill had entered gently into sweet womanhood, the comeliest princess that ever dropped a tear; and all she could do for love was to fill her garden with dark-eyed pansies, and walk among their humble upturned faces which reminded her so well of her dear Hands,—Hands who was a long five thousand miles away. "And, oh!" she sighed, watching for the blue moon to rise, "when will it come and make me at one with all my wish?"

Looking up, she used to wonder what went on there. She and Hands had stolen into the woods, when children together, and watched the small earth-fairies at play, and had seen them, when the moon was full, lift up their arms to it, making, perhaps, signals of greeting to far-off moon-brothers. So she thought to herself, "What kind are the fairies up there, and who is the greatest moon-fairy of all who makes the blue moon rise and bring good-will to the sad wishers of the human race? Is it," thought Nillywill, "the moon fairy who then opens its heart and brings down healing therefrom to lovers upon earth?"

And now, as happens to all those who are captives of a crown, Nillywill learned that she must wed with one of her own rank who was a stranger to her but for his name and his renown as the lord of a neighbouring country; there was no help for her,



WITH A DIFFERENCE.—“They say that before he took tae the meenistry he was ane o’ they scoolptor folk, but he saw the error o’ his ways, an’ noo—he just chisels the de’il.”

By L. Raven Hill.



THE BLUE MOON.

since she was a princess, but she must wed according to the claims of her station. When she heard of it, she went at nightfall to her pansies and told them of her grief. They, awakened by her tears, lifted up their grave eyes and looked at her.

"Do you not hear?" said they.

"Hear what?" asked the princess.

"We are low in the ground: we hear," said the pansies; "stoop down your head and listen!"

The princess let her head go to the ground; and "click, click," she heard wooden shoes coming along the road. She ran to the gate, and there was Hands, tall and lean, dressed as a poor peasant, with a bundle tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief across his shoulder, and five thousand miles trodden to nothing by the faithful tramping of his old wooden shoes.

"Oh, the blue moon, the blue moon!" cried the princess; and, running down the road, she threw herself into his arms.

How happy and proud they were of each other! He, because she remembered him and knew him so well by the sight of his face and the sound of his feet after all these years; and she, because he had come all that way in a pair of wooden shoes just as he was, and had not been afraid that she would be ashamed to know him again.

"I am so hungry," said Hands, when he and Nillywill had done kissing each other. And when Nillywill heard that, she brought him into the palace through the pansies by her own private way: then with her own hands she set food before him and made him eat. Hands, looking at her, said, "You are quite as beautiful as I thought you would be!" "And you—so are you!" she answered, laughing and clapping her hands. And "Oh, the blue moon," she cried, "surely the blue moon must rise to-night!"

Low down in the west the new moon, leaning on its side, rocked and turned softly in its sleep; and there, facing the earth through the cleared night, the blue moon hung like a burning grape against the sky. Like the heart of a sapphire laid open, the air flushed and purpled to a deeper shade. The wind drew in its breath close and hushed till not a leaf quaked in the boughs; and the sea that lay out west gathered its waves together softly to its heart, and let the heave of its tide fall wholly to slumber. Round-eyed, the stars looked at them—

THE BUTTERFLY.

selves in the charmed water, while in a luminous azure flood the light of the blue moon flowed abroad.

Under the light of many tapers within drawn curtains of tapestry, and feasting her eyes upon the happiness of Hands, the princess felt the change that had entranced the outer world. "I feel," she said, "I do not know how,—as if the palace were standing siege. Come out where we can breath the fresh air!"

The light of the tapers grew ghostly and dim, as, parting the thick hangings of the window, they stepped into the night.

"The blue moon!" cried Nillywill into her heart; "oh, Hands, it is the blue moon!"

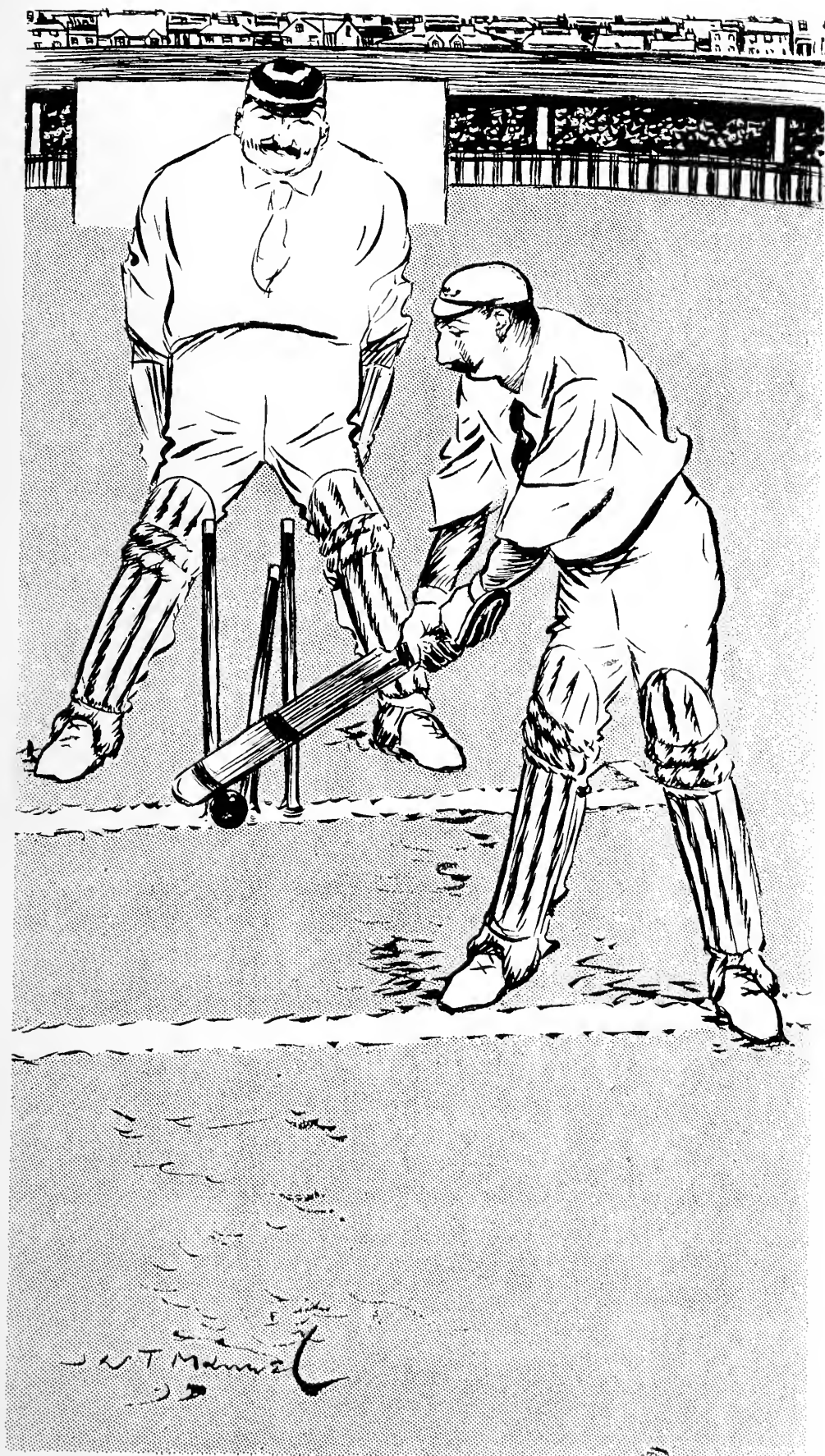
All the world seemed carved out of blue stone; trees with stems dark-veined as marble rose up to give rest to boughs which drooped the altered hues of their foliage like the feathers of peacocks at roost. Jewel within jewel burned through every shade from blue to onyx. The white blossoms of a cherry-tree had become changed into turquoise, and the tossing spray of a fountain as it drifted and swung was like a column of blue fire. Where a long inlet of sea reached in and touched the feet of the hanging gardens, the stars showed like glow-worms, emerald in a floor of amethyst.

There was no motion abroad, nor sound: even the voice of the nightingale was stilled because the passion of her desire had become visible before her eyes.

"Once in a blue moon!" said Nillywill, waiting for her dream to become altogether true. "Let us go now," she said, "where I can put away my crown! To-night has brought you, and the blue moon has come for us: let us go!" "Where shall we go?" asked Hands. "As far as we can," cried Nillywill. "Suppose to the blue moon! To-night it seems as if one might tread on water or air. Yonder across the sea, with the stars for stepping stones, we might get to the blue moon as it sets into the waves."

But as they went through the deep alleys of the garden that led down to the shore they came to a thing more wonderful. Before them, facing the sea, stood two great reindeer, their high horns reaching to the overhead boughs; and behind them lay a sledge, long and with deep sides like the sides of a ship. All blue they seemed in that strange light.

There, too, but nearer to hand, was the moon-fairy himself waiting—a great figure of lofty stature, clad in furs of blue fox-skin, and with herons' wings fastened above the flaps of his hood;



"Ah! Ha! How's that?"
By J. W. T. Manuel.

THE BLUE MOON.

and these lifted themselves and clapped as Hands and the princess drew near.

"Are you coming to the blue moon?" called the fairy, and his voice whistled and shrewed to them like the voice of a wind. Hands-pansy gave back answer stoutly: "Yes, we are coming," knowing no better thing to say. "But," cried Nillywill, holding back, "what will the blue moon do for us?"

"Once in the blue moon," said the moon fairy, "you can have your wish and your heart's desire; but only once in a blue moon can you have it. Are you coming?" "We are coming," cried Nillywill. "Oh, let us make haste!"

"Tread softly," said the moon-fairy, "and stoop well under these boughs, for if anything awakes to behold the blue moon, the memory of it can never die. On earth only the nightingale of all living things has beheld a blue moon; and the triumph and pain of that memory wakens her ever since to sing all night long. Tread softly, lest others waken and learn to cry after us; for we in the blue moon have our sleep troubled by those that cry for a blue moon to return." He looked towards Nillywill and smiled with friendly eyes. "Come!" he said again, and all together they had leapt upon the sledge and the reindeer were running fast down toward the sea.

The blue moon was resting its lower rim upon the waters. At that sight, before they were free of the avenues of the garden, one of the reindeer tossed up his great branching horns and snorted aloud for joy. There was a stir in the thick boughs, and a bird with a great trail of feathers moved on its perch. The sledge, gliding from the land, passed out over the smoothed waters, running swiftly as upon ice, and the reflection of the stars shone up like glow-worms as Nillywill and Hands-pansy with the moon-fairy sped away along its bright surface.

The still air whistled through the reindeers' horns; so fast they went that the trees and the hanging gardens and the palace walls melted away from view like wreaths of smoke. Sky and sea became one magic sapphire closing them in towards the centre of its life, to the heart of the blue moon itself.

When the blue moon had set below the sea, then far behind upon the land they had left the leaves nestled and drew themselves sharply together, shuddering to get rid of the stony stillness, and the magic hues in which they had been dyed; and again the nightingale broke out into passionate triumph and complaint.

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'Then also from the bough which the reindeer had brushed with its horn a peacock threw back its head, and cried in harsh lamentation, having no sweet voice wherewith to acclaim its prize; and ever since so cries, as it goes up into the deep boughs to roost, because it shares with the nightingale her grief for the memory of departed beauty which never returns to earth save once in a blue moon.

But Nillywill and Hands-pansy, living together in the blue moon, look back upon the world, if now and then they choose to remember, without any longing for it or sorrow.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



As Orpheus flower and fern
Called to his knees,
And by delicious tones
Ravished the trees,
Forcing the oaks and poplars high,
Nimble as maids, to change their sky;

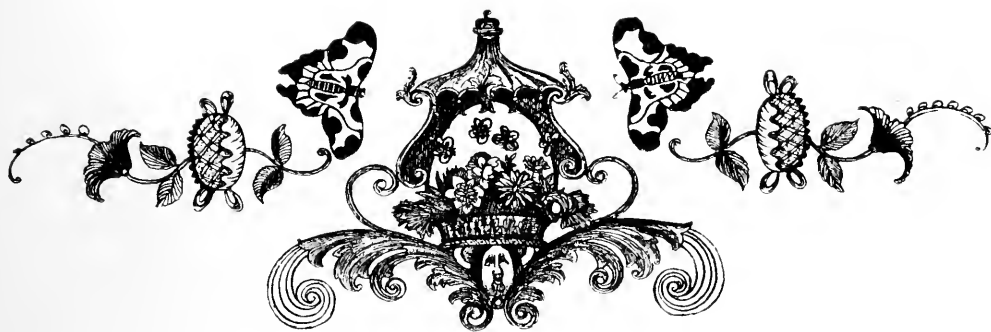
So doth thy exquisite voice,
Thrilling employ,
Make of my body a lyre
Noble with joy:
Hearing thee speak, I needs must come
Into thy breast, which is my home.

NORMAN GALE.





Centaur attacked by a Bull.
By L. Raven Hill.



GURLING.

ALAS, poor Gurling. That his end should have been thus !
There are some histories that are really almost too sad to relate, and this is one of them.

And yet, perhaps, the telling of it may serve the purpose of showing, once more—if further proof were necessary—how all is vanity.

For it so pleased Fate that by Gurling's way of quitting us, Gurling's entire career—Gurling's whole object in life—should be misread by the outer world. Never, I imagine, was mortal so misunderstood as Gurling. He who had laboured during twenty-five long years with but one aim, and that to be considered a monster, died—to those who knew him not—as an Exeter Hall Young Man. He who in his lifetime would turn his back on an acquaintance, did he but hear he was moral ! He who would walk a mile to avoid a clergyman, even of the Church of England ! He whose favourite reading was the *Gil Blas Illustré* !

No, Fate did not deal kindly with Gurling.

Oh, the irony of it ! The more one thinks of it, the more one feels inclined to have a good cry about it all.

As I have said, Gurling's one ambition—and it is not for us to laugh at ambition, for in a youth it is a most noble quality—was to be thought a thundering bad man. Like someone else, he used to flatter himself that no pure woman would care to be seen talking to him. He considered himself—and thereby he offended more than one of his friends—easily the worst man of our circle. At one time he even went about bragging that he was the *roué* who, seeing a notice in a shop-window, “Almost new vice for sale,” knocked, and enquired of the long-bearded gentleman with the spectacles, who came to the door, where the fun was going on, upstairs, or down.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Certainly Gurling told the best tale in the Temple: and he made posterity his debtor by the invention of a new oath. But whether he was really much more sinful than the rest of us, I have—and I say it from no mean motive of jealousy—the gravest reason to doubt. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The fact remains that Gurling wished to be thought a very devil, all that was newest—most *fin de siècle* and ingenious—in moral turpitude and irreligion, that he would have us believe was summed up in two words—Theodore Gurling. And, to be just, I must confess that if Gurling had ever come and told me that he was engaged to be married, I should have ejaculated “Poor girl!” Still, perhaps one would say that to any of one’s bachelor friends.

But there was another aspect of Gurling. There was a higher side. He had an intense love for art. And that was his undoing.

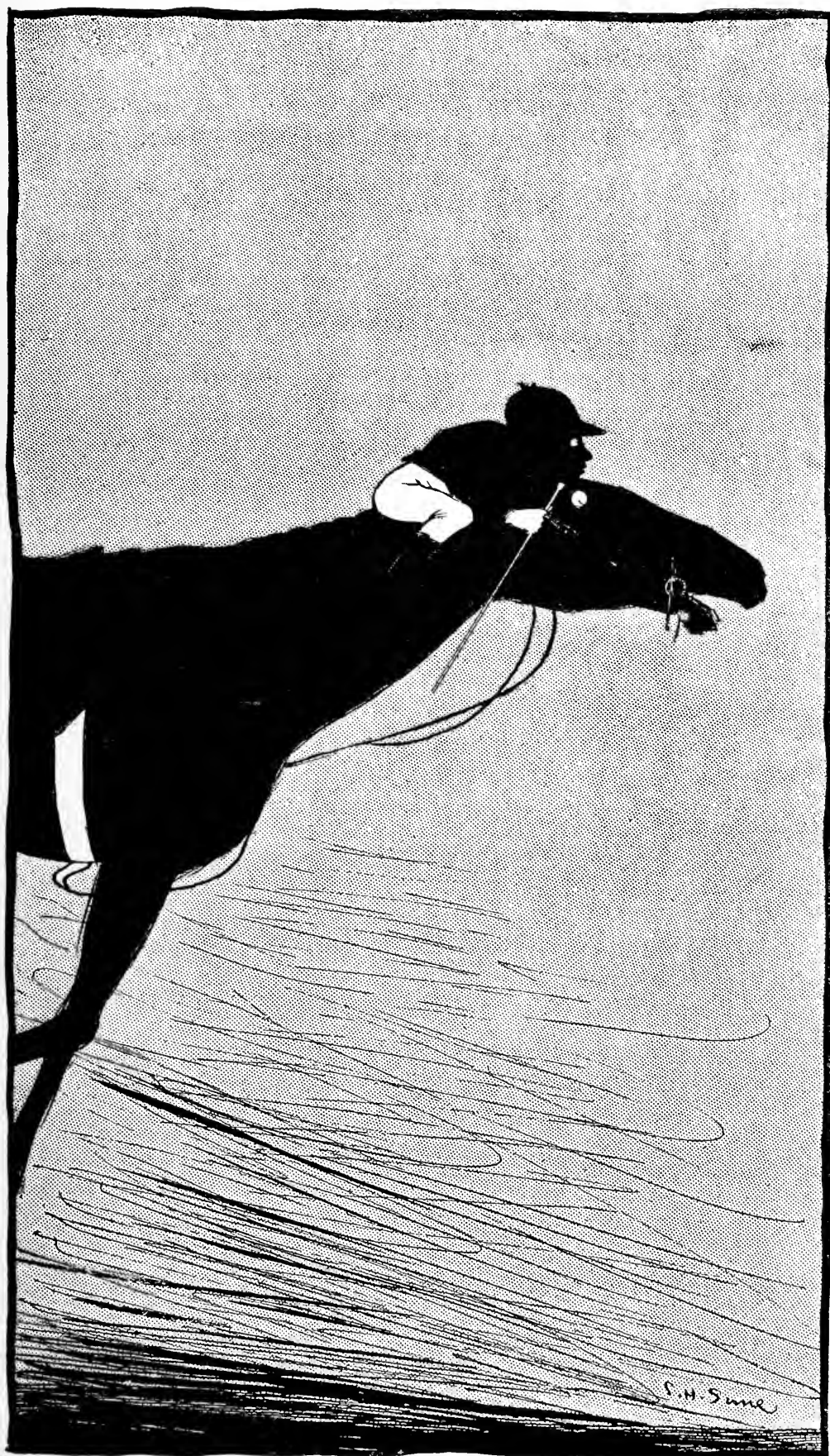
He was broad-minded—fickle, if you will—as to what branch of art he would patronise. At one time it was etchings, and at another, Japanese prints: next, book-plates monopolised his attention, then posters, and soon the posters went by the board to make way for lithographs. And finally the lithographs were dethroned, and it was “Long live the Books of the Sixties”—that splendid series of volumes illustrated by Pinwell, Houghton, Du Maurier, Sandys, Small, Keene, and the rest of them, which appeared in the sixth decade of the present century.

Poor Gurling! Poor, poor Gurling!

For why did he not stick to his lithographs?

He flung himself into his new hobby with all the zest and enthusiasm of the convert, and there was soon scarcely a second-hand book shop in town that he had not ransacked. Before long he had collected quite two-thirds of the precious volumes. But he determined not to rest till he had the whole series.

Now it so chanced that, in the course of his peregrinations, he happened one day on a shop that had hitherto escaped his attention. He entered, and explained to the man the class of books he wanted. The man said he had none of them. At which Gurling, who was experienced, looked round and promptly discovered, on a shelf labelled “Religious,” no less than eight. Half-a-dozen of these he lacked. They were Millais’s *Parables of our Lord*, *The Nobility of Life*, Watts’



Tot Sloan as I imagine him.
By S. H. Sime.



GURLING.

Divine and Moral Songs (with the drawings by Holman Hunt and Du Maurier), *English Sacred Poetry*, *Golden Thoughts from Golden Fountains*, and *The Churchman's Family Magazine* (containing the rare Sandys). Gurling, scarcely able to conceal his emotion, asked "How much?" and the man, eyeing the little lot contemptuously, grunted "A shillin' a piece." Without more ado, Gurling planked down the price, and was outside the shop with his bargains before the man could think better of it.

Naturally anxious to get home as quickly as possible to inspect his find more closely, he hurried on towards his chambers, not a little excited, and only half noticing things.

In crossing the Strand he failed to look both ways. There was a shout, but it was too late. Before he could escape—before he could realise it—an omnibus was on him, and he was down. It must have been a terrible sight, for the vehicle went right over him.

People rushed forward and picked him up. He was placed, together with the books, in an ambulance. All, however, could see that he was mortally hurt. The poor fellow was taken at once to the hospital, but died half-an-hour after admittance.

His clothes, it would seem, were searched, but nothing could be found to prove his identity.

So the next morning there appeared in all the papers a paragraph headed "Accident in the Strand." It read as follows: "A gentleman, while crossing the Strand near Exeter Hall yesterday afternoon, was knocked down by an omnibus and received fatal injuries. He was at once taken to Charing Cross Hospital, but expired shortly afterwards. The body now lies at the mortuary, and has not yet been identified." Then came a detailed personal description, and the notice wound up with the words: "The deceased gentleman was carrying at the time of the accident the following books, all of a devotional character: *English Sacred Poetry*, *Churchman's Family Magazine*, *Golden Thoughts from Golden Fountains*, *Watts' Divine and Moral Songs*, *The Nobility of Life*, and *The Parables of our Lord*. From this it is surmised that he was engaged in religious work of some kind."

Naturally not one of us dreamed that this was our poor friend. So little so that when we came to that about the devotional books—someone read out the paragraph at the Club—we cried (as all decent people must have cried) "Ugh!

THE BUTTERFLY.

Serve him right!" and called for drinks to take the taste away. A man named Jackson even said, "We must show this to old Gurling. He'll enjoy it."

Imagine my surprise, therefore, and painful dismay, on learning the next morning from my *Telegraph* that "The body of the unfortunate gentleman who was run over in the Strand the day before yesterday has been identified by Miss Helen Stark, of the Hall, Camberwell, as being that of her nephew, Theodore Gurling, late of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law!"

I read it twice. There was no doubting it.

It was poor Gurling!

But—*que faisait-il dans cette galère?* What meant those dreadful books? Surely they must have been an invention of the reporter? Or, stay: I had it, perhaps. The poor old fellow had more than once talked of compiling a Comic Bible.

I at once hurried off to The Hall, Camberwell.

There I found Miss Stark—clothed already in the deepest mourning. Her eyes were red with weeping. This Miss Stark was, I believe, poor Gurling's only relative. He had often told me of her. She was of a religious turn of mind, and for the last five years Gurling had refused to meet her. However, she had never ceased to ply him with tracts. These Gurling used to bring round to my place, where he would read them aloud in mock heroic style, the which we would hugely enjoy. Many a merry evening did we spend in that way.

I explained to Miss Stark who I was.

She held out her hand. "Any friend of his is of course a friend of mine," she said.

On a less solemn occasion I might have begged her to make an exception in my case, for Miss Stark was—well, of the flint age.

"You have heard?" she went on.

"It is terribly sad," I said.

"But you know the great news, I mean? That, before the end, he had found the Right Way?"

"Oh, ah, yes—that is to say, no," I stammered.

"Wait," she said, "I will show you." And she went and fetched the books. Reverently she laid them on the table. Each one of them was now tied round with a pretty piece of white silk ribbon.

"Yes, I read about these," I said. "But they cannot be your nephew's. . . . May I look inside?"



Silenus.

From a Drawing by Edgar Wilson.

GURLING.

"You were a friend of his," she answered: and she tenderly untied the ribbons.

I looked inside.

"Yes, they were his," I said. I had seen the illustrations. They were books of the Sixties. It was foolish of me not to have thought of that before.

"Tell me, did he always carry these about with him?" she asked.

"I have often seen him with similar books," I answered, "It was his hobby."

"Call it not a hobby," she said; "rather was it a Mission," and she began to sob.

"Oh it is dreadful, too dreadful," she moaned, "to think how I wronged him—even in thought. Why did I keep away from him? We might have been a great comfort to one another, he and I. . . . And yet how blessed to reflect that the words I sent him were appreciated, and bore fruit. . . . So he died a Christian! Thank Heaven for that."

A Christian! It was a term he loathed.

Yet it was not for me to explain matters. It would have been cruel, seeing her grief-stricken state, to have done so.

I rose to go. "Dear lady, I feel that I intrude at such an hour," I said.

She rose also, and pressed my hand silently for some time. "You will hear from me," she said finally.

Then came the inquest, and after that there was the funeral. And now poor Gurling, who had more than once expressed a wish to be buried in unconsecrated ground with a stake through his body, lies at Kensal Green, in a long avenue of prim, respectable graves, with a severe white cross at his head, and the inscription reads, "Theodore Gurling—a Christian Soldier."

Nor have I yet told the worst.

I have heard from her.

She has been thinking how she can best employ the money that should have been his, and she has now made up her mind. His memory is to live.

There is to be an institution called "*The Theodore Gurling Society for providing the Daughters of Approved Christians who regularly attend Sunday School with Flannel Underwear.*"

It is deplorable—this Wreck of a Reputation.

WALTER EMANUEL.

THE BUTTERFLY.

HEREDITY.

IF you would unravel all the intricate disparity
Seen upon the surface of the habitable earth ;
If you would account for vice or virtue or vulgarity,
Any sort of quality in surplus or in dearth—
Gretchen's girlish grace or Mephistopheles' malices,
Royalty and rheumatism, peerage and paralysis,
All are mingled for us in hereditary chalices,
All are quite irrevocably given us at birth.

If you have a donkey that declines to go, emphatically,
It is wrong to wallop him, I prove it mathematically ;
For it isn't obstinacy makes the worthy Neddy tarry,
No, it is hereditary—nothing but hereditary !

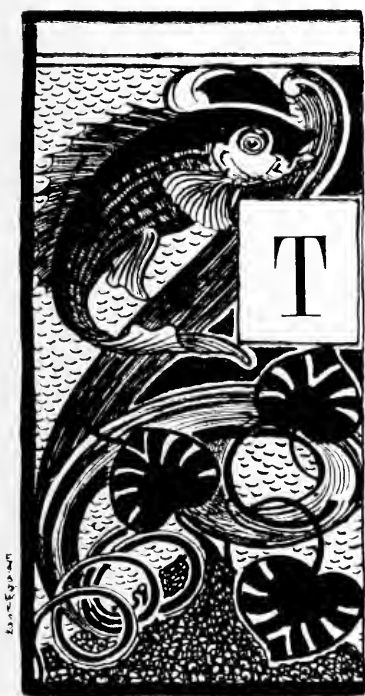
If you have a fondness for the effervescing vintages,
From your parents' marriage-feast it obviously came ;
Are you a collector of the coins of ancient mintages ?
Doubtless you've an uncle who is very much the same.
If you feel a passion for a dear dramatic Juliet,
Deeming her an artless maid who knows of love but newly yet,
You will learn to take the case a little bit more coolly yet,
When you find the lady was a grand-paternal flame !

Give the rein to idleness, and let the weed of folly flower,
Cultivate the naughty rose, and cut the moral cauliflower !
Do not blame the sluggard if a week or so in bed he tarry ;
Sleeping is hereditary—nothing but hereditary !

If a noble lady steals a trifle from a fancy store,
Failing to distinguish between what is mine and thine,
She is only copying a predatory ancestor,
Plundering the merchants from his castle on the Rhine.
Since we needs must follow the hereditary whim in all,
Let us find an ancestor phenomenally criminal,
And it won't be punishable imitating him in all,
Or at least we ought to have the option of a fine.

So you see heredity must always be a valid answer
When a monarch manifests a weakness for a ballet-dancer ;
When a noble lord behaves in style that would discredit 'Arry,
That must be hereditary—nothing but hereditary !

ADRIAN ROSS.



THE LAST FERRY.

THE Boatman pulled very slowly, and the Dead Man, seated in the stern, drew his winding-sheet closer about him and thought of what he had left behind.

Spring was just beginning where he had come from. The Dead Man had seen a good trout rise only a week before his sudden departure, and had intended to drop a March Brown over him in April.

Also there was another trout which had smashed a top joint of his last year, just as he was lifting the tail fly off the water. Someone else would get a chance at it now—perhaps the bounder who used live bait—and he sighed as he thought of these things, watching the dark stream slip past to lose itself in the grey shadows of the lower reaches.

“It’s a bit greedy, I suppose,” he muttered, “but I’d have been glad of another cast. I wonder who’ll get my rods! I forgot to say anything about that. Won’t the primroses be grand below the big pool in another fortnight! I don’t believe asphodel can be half as jolly. As for fishing, of course—Hullo! what’s that?”

A great widening ring broke the sleepy water some half-a-dozen yards down stream, and surely the Dead Man heard, with its coming, the faint echo of a well-known sound.

“I say! There can’t be any fish here, of course?” His voice, which he had noticed was growing thinner and thinner from the moment they left the shore behind them, suddenly regained something of its old ring. It roused the Boatman from his stolid indifference, and, resting for one instant upon his oars, he shot a glance from under straggling white eyebrows, first at

THE BUTTERFLY.

the Dead Man, and then at the circles, now widening and falling fainter with the stream.

"Fish!" he echoed. "Why not? Where else should they come?"

"I never thought of that!" said the Dead Man eagerly. "By Jove! there's another—a two-pounder, if he's an ounce. And, I say, you know, do our broken rods and things come here too? I've smashed enough casts in my time, when I was a youngster you know, to last for all eternity. Besides, they won't break here, I suppose?"

He paused, dubious, and looked anxiously at the Boatman, who had begun rowing again long ago, and now only hitched a shoulder indifferently.

"There's another!" said the Dead Man. "An easy cast, and I haven't brought so much as a bit of string away with me. I could have had Worms any way, lots of 'em, if I had only known."

He sank back in the stern of the boat, in shadowy, pale vexation, while the Boatman pulled on with the slow, regular stroke of one whose task is eternal. Presently the Dead Man spoke again, quickly. "Look here, you know. I know what to do, if you'll back water and lend a hand.

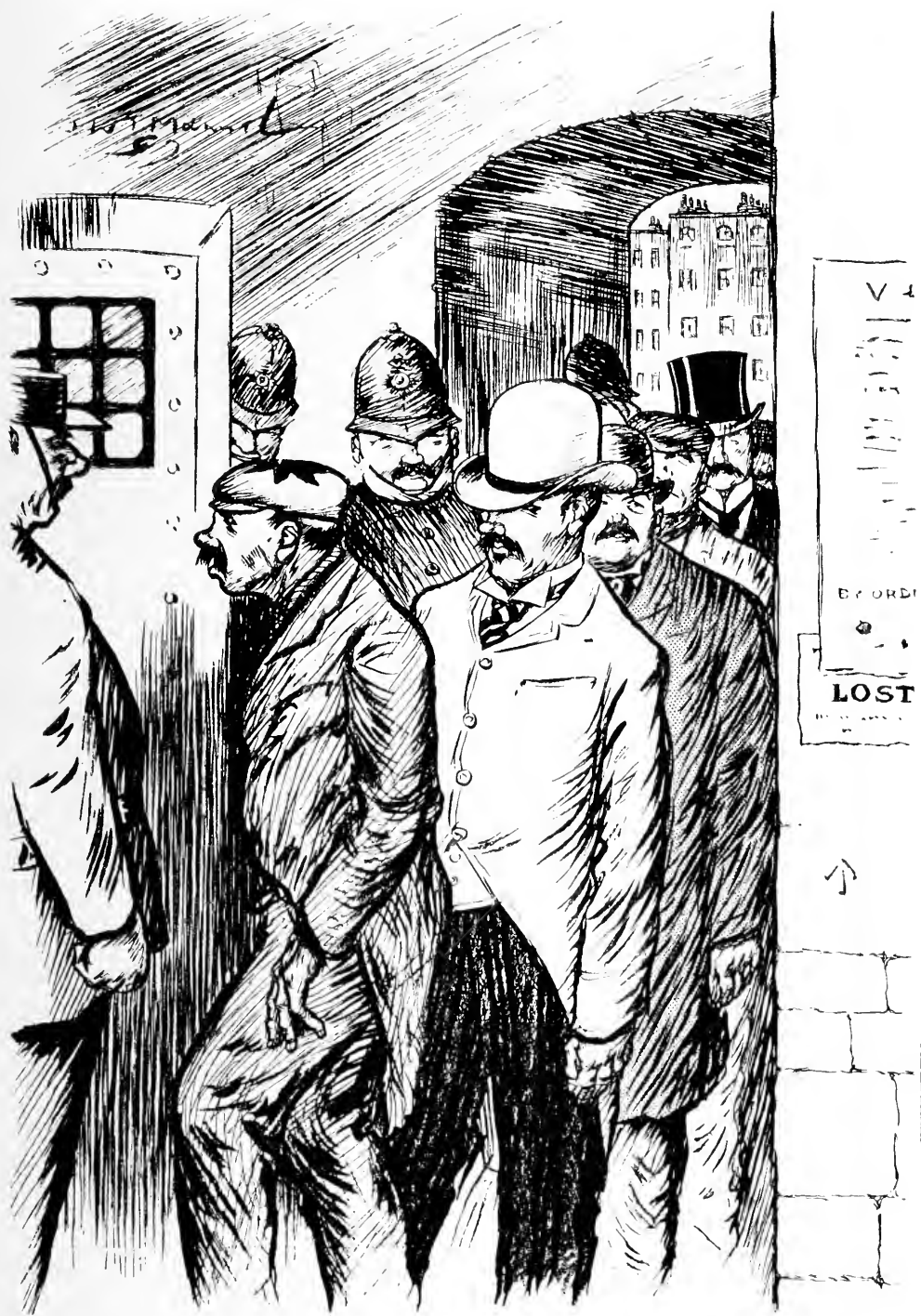
"I once caught a dace before I could throw a fly, you know. Caught him with a bit of my jacket lining at the end of a blow-line. Stop, and I'll tell you what we'll do."

The Boatman, with a glance over his left shoulder to see how near he was to the shore, pulled on, unanswering, and the Dead Man spoke again, hurriedly.

"As for bait," he said, laughing shrilly, "it ought to be a Phantom, oughtn't it? I know how to manage, though, if you'll only wait. We'll use an oar for a rod—they're whippy enough I should think, after all these years—for want of anything better. We'll get some threads out of this shroud of mine, and plait 'em. Not too thick, you know, for fair play. And we'll just tease a bit out as a night-moth. There's no casting wanted. We'll just let the thing float down, and we're bound to get a rise. I bet you that one holds on till we get him aboard!"

The Boatman swung like a pendulum. When the Dead Man spoke again, his voice was rasping with anxiety.

"There can't be any hurry?" he suggested appealingly. "You can just take me over on your next turn, and I'll troll. Of course I'll pay——"



GOING FOR A DRIVE.—“Now then, gentlemen, don't push. There's plenty room for a' of you.”

By J. W. T. Manuel.

THE LAST FERRY.

He stopped, looking down at his one garment, and laughed awkwardly.

“Not a copper!” he acknowledged, and then again—“you might drift a bit, and talk it over.”

“More waiting,” said the Boatman, with a nod at the darkness that had closed in on their track, and he backed water for a point that had just shot out of the shadow.

* * * *

The Dead Man landed at a wood, and stood watching the boat as it swung out again into the stream.

He frowned impatiently, and then he caught sight of another ring, formed in the water just at his feet, and his eye followed its course vacantly, and without understanding.

“I have forgotten,” he told himself. But he could not hear his own words, and presently, turning, he stumbled up the bank, and, groping his way into the shadows, went out of sight.

RICCARDO STEPHENS.



THE BUTTERFLY.



HINTS ON THE DELECTABLE STUDY OF TOUCANS.

IT was a summer afternoon. There had been a touch too much Taragon in my salad dressing, and in consequence I was more than ordinarily out of conceit with myself, when a thought struck me, so winsome that I was forced to smile into the privacies of my sleeve. I was at the moment lying in a hammock in a delicious half-doze. The sudden idea made me blush so forcibly that it upset the equilibrium of the hammock, and I fell out. My father had been one of Nature's noblemen, at least so he always said, and, imagining the title might be hereditary, I refrained from blotting the family scutcheon by any unseemly remarks; so, picking myself up, I strolled towards my study, dusting some of the insects off my coat as I went.

I sat down in an easy-chair, and cast about me for the cause of this astonishing notion. I was persuaded Nature did not perturb my brain with a feverish anxiety about a strange foreign bird for nothing. I had fallen to thinking out what a toucan thought about when he sat on the towering seventy-foot mora tree in Demerara or Cayenne. "Perched," says Charles Waterton,



L. RAVEN HILL
'99

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.—“There is something about children that makes the most hardened of us feel tender.”
By L. Raven Hill.

STUDY OF TOUCANS.

“on his favourite tree, this singular bird feels the shot faintly strike him from the gun of the fowler beneath, and owed his life to the great distance between them.”

I wondered if it was a pleasurable sensation being tickled by small shot, and gazing down a sheer seventy feet into the face of a disappointed fowler; it must be novel, anyway. It must have been perpetuated, this bird, in some classic volume, I thought; so for hours I hunted for anecdotes about the bird in every book I could think might help me. Ovid had no place for him in the “Metamorphosis”; Lear had failed to include him in “Nonsense Rhymes”; Æsop had never demonstrated a moral from his beak; and, even though he is a two-syllable bird, his name is not in “Reading Without Tears.” I found Monsieur de Buffon dry and detailed about his plumage; Pozzo the only man who had ever kept one. Selborne was bare of the bird, and he wasn’t to be found in the “Islands of the Blest” or the “Earthly Paradise.” I found him ignored, degraded to mere description if I found anything. He yelped, he had a large nose, a fringed tongue, and a small face—such, with other insignificant details, polished off this admirable bird, this deep-thinking creature, this hermit of the mora tree, in these volumes I had searched. My imagination ran riot over his possibilities; but my brain was sodden with morals, coloured plates, tag ends of nonsense rhymes, and the rest of the feathered tribe sickened me *ad nauseam*. I wearied of the cry of the houton, the whistle of the maam, and the idiocies of the Greater Booby and the Pirate Bird.

To soothe myself, preparatory to thinking up toucans, I read the Army and Navy Store List, a piece of restful literature, a panacea for all the evils of a troubled mind. I lay back, a cheroot between my lips, unlighted, thinking serenely, despite the fact that my servant was amusing himself among my invaluable collection of mugs from watering places. I had a complete set of presents from Scarborough, and I heard him playfully dropping them on the stairs to hear the smash; toucans for the time dominated my brain. I saw in my mind’s eye this thoughtful bird on his perch in the mora, casting his eye over sugar canes and suchlike scenery, and ruminating on a nut in his inside. How beautiful to be able to ruminate on nuts; to be able with beady eyes to gaze on the solitary Indian carving his blow-pipe, and moralise on the vanity of human shooting apparatus, from his elevated perch. How he sniffs at the monastic voice of the campanero; the songs of the pataca and

THE BUTTERFLY.

the parroquets form a background to his philosophy. Why should he envy the size of the jabiru or be jealous of the maribu's white headdress? Calm, alone in his grandeur, he could turn up the largest nose in birddom at all the world—if Nature had not turned it down for him. The beauty spot on his large yellow bill gives to his face that touch which no art could help. Guiana's pride plumes himself on it, and casts looks at other birds from behind his nose which freeze them into respectful admiration; and when I mention that his singing note is "ack, ack," can you need a more exquisite picture?

Does the concurite tree fall from an earthquake, the toucan merely shifts his lubrications to another spot. Oh, enviable bird! who knowest not the sorrows of house hunting, the misguiding statements of house agents; the easy five minutes from the station, as advertised, is a five-mile walk, and you would fly it in no time.

When the fitful camp-fire of the Indian dies down and he lies in fear of the ghostly yabahon, the toucan up aloft in the darkness laughs at the gullibleness of man; ghosts in his lonely habitation are to him as "*ossa ab ora rapta jejunæ canis, plumamque nocturnæ strigis*" (a bone snatched from the jaws of a fasting dog, and a feather from the wing of a night-owl)—trifles lighter than air, which no self-respecting bird of the world would give a moment's consideration to.

I was interrupted in my happy meditation by a dinner gong. Practical habits reminded me of hunger; I forgot the toucan for the time, forgot the salad dressing, put down my still unlighted cheroot, and went to wash my hands.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

PÔT POURRI.

DEAD roses, dead roses, and sunshine,
Dead summers of beauty and light,
And a dream of the time when those summers were young,
And the roses were crimson and white!

PERCIVAL PICKERING.



A PRACTISED HAND.—“You don’t suppose as I’ve kep’ a boarding-house for forty year in Bloomsb’ry to come down here and be talked to be the likes o’ you !”
From a Drawing by S. H. Sime.

INEVITABLE.

IN the afternoon he had said that it should be in the evening. In the evening he still shrank from it. In the early hours of the morning would come the right moment, he thought. His resolution never wavered ; he knew that it must be done soon and that it was only a question of hours. Yet, instinctively, he waited till the last possible moment.

He was merely a miserable little City clerk, and yet possessed of a heart that could be wounded, a pride that could be outraged past all endurance. Knowing well what was ahead of him, he passed the evening deliberately in his usual manner, ate his supper, lit his pipe, and sat down once more to think over it. A newspaper boy passed in the street below, shouting, "Awful Murder in Bermondsey. Extra Speshul!" In a moment he sprang to his feet, rushed down into the street and bought a copy. He read it eagerly, excitedly.

The clock struck eleven. He felt that he might sleep now. Yet, when he got into bed, for many hours sleep forsook him, and, as often happens, when sleep long delayed came at last it brought with it a horrible dream. He was dead and yet he was conscious. His body had been taken from the river and lay dripping wet on the stone slab. Twelve vulgar men looked at him curiously and made little jokes to each other. He wanted to tell them that he was not dead and could not die, but no words would come. Still struggling to speak, he woke. The horror of the darkness was too much for him. He lit his candle. By his watch he saw that it was half-past five. Had the time come so soon then? He rose quietly and put on his dressing-gown and slippers. The whole house was silent. He heard the roar and rattle of the train in the distance. Drawing back the curtain, he saw that all the streets were white with snow, which still drove in blinding showers.

And what would the world say if he did it? Little or nothing. It was one of the things which happen every day, to somebody or other. Even the greatest tragedies are soon forgotten. And if he did not do it, what would the world say then? Things that were intolerable, things that he was not prepared to face.

He gazed at himself intently in the glass. His face looked

THE BUTTERFLY.

horrible, patchy, gone suddenly white in places. For a moment he thought of the awful physical pain, and wondered if there were no easier way. Then with sudden resolution he grasped the razor firmly and flung back his chin.

Then he shaved himself, always an unpleasant operation to the procrastinating and unskilful on a cold morning when one has a train to catch before hot water can be procured.

BARRY PAIN.

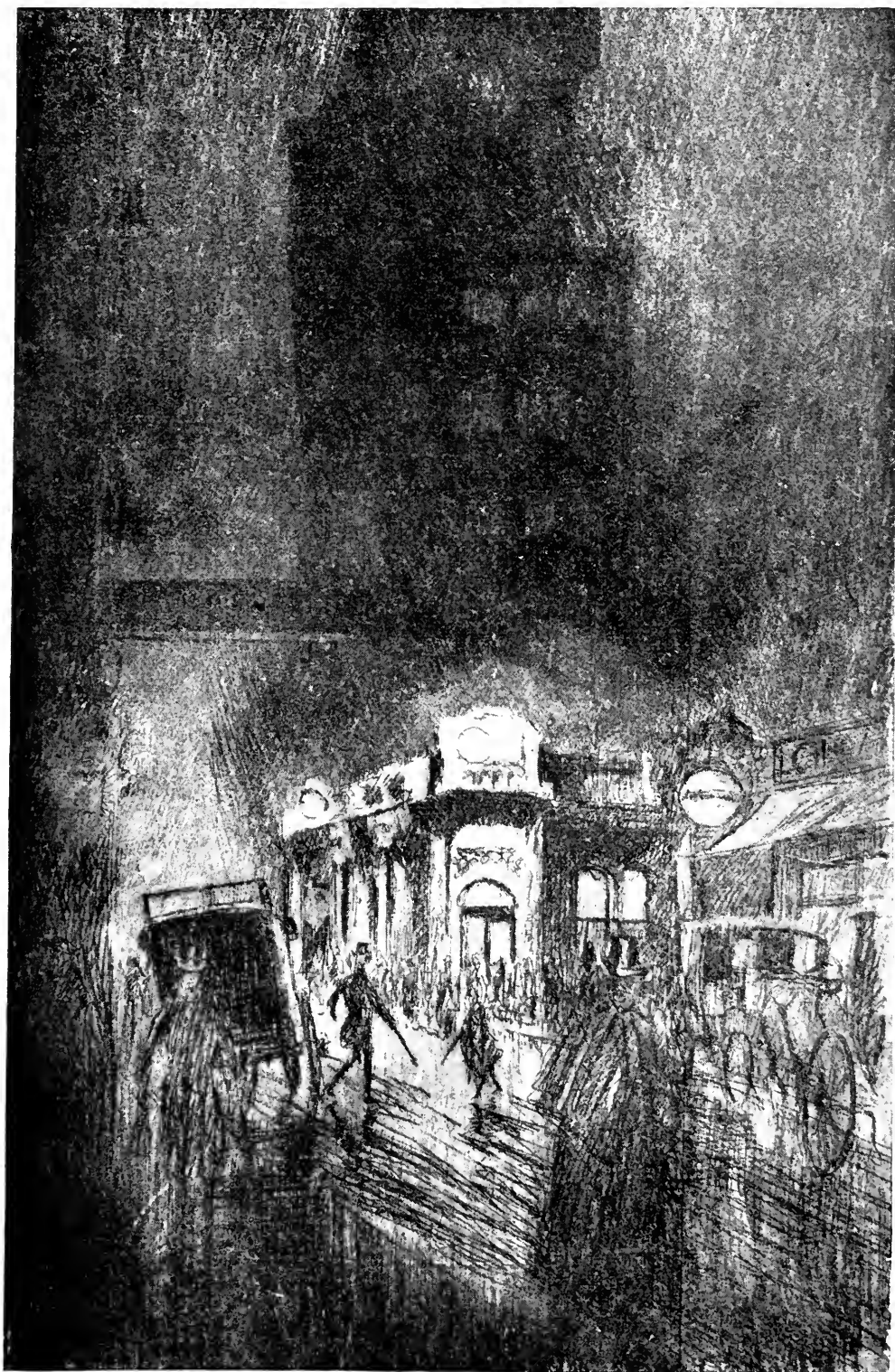


SUBMERGED.

HUE beneath hue,
Under the prodigal blue
Of the sea
Glimmers the sand!
I unto you
Reach from my colourless
Waters of life
Hand unto hand.

Sunlight and dew
Steep thee in glory of God—
Thou art free!
Living above,
All I pass through,
In the Dead Sea of my life,
Without you—
Love! O my love!

FRED. G. BOWLES.



Gatti's, Villiers Street, W.C.

From an Etching by Joseph Pennell.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.



THERE was born to the world
last night
A woman-child for the world's
delight.

Her mouth was small as a
rosebud is,
Before the bee and the
blossom kiss :

Her hair was a cloud and her
eyes were fire,

Her hands were full of delight and desire.

Her cheek was a rose full blossoming,

Her voice was honey, her tongue a sting.

Before the night took thought of the day
The child was born (with a caul they say).
The caul shall serve her in place of a charm
That water and fire shall not do her harm.
The child was born to bring all men grief,
Hunger and thirsting beyond relief.
An ill star shone on the bitter morn,
When the mother died and the child was born.

She shall be christened with water of tears,
With doubtful pleasure and happy fears ;
We will name her Helen, that she shall be
A warning, a wonder 'twixt sea and sea ;
Though the waves o'erwhelm her, she shall not drown,
She shall not burn in the burning town :
Except she burn of her own white fire,
The world's disaster, the world's desire.

NORA HOPPER.

THE BUTTERFLY.



THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE VIRTUES.

II.—CHRONOLOGICAL.

It must have struck the least introspective that his massed virtue is not a constant quantity. At one time, perhaps, he feels more amiable; at another, he treads the dragon of unselfishness under foot with a more certain heel; at a third, he is conscious that Cleopatra herself might beckon to him in vain. There is an ebb and flow in our affections, our moral thermometer has its ups and downs, which may be checked with the march of the months, even with the round of the clock. We know, for example, that the average of sobriety is higher on Tuesday morning than on Saturday night. We are aware that the 2nd of January is a date fatal to the best intentions. We can easily reckon it out that fewer lies are told in February than in any other month of the year; and the alarming prevalence of unpunctuality on the first Monday in August is a phenomenon on which we both look back with regret and to which we look forward with confidence.

Indeed, so regular are these backslidings that I wonder it has not occurred to anyone to draw up a time-table of the common virtues, in which the moral philosopher could predict the adumbration of the bump of benevolence with as much accuracy as the astronomer fixes an eclipse of the sun—a sort of menu of the moralities declaring at what hour patience is “off,” and that piety is kept warm on Sundays from 10.30 to 1. There are months—without the “r”—when constancy is almost as little in demand as the oyster. There are virtues which it were no less unreasonable to look for at 2 p.m. than to demand Gorgonzola at nine in the morning. There are humane matutinal moods which do not outlast the dew; rosy post-prandial promptings which remain while a cloth is stationary and shed an unnatural glow over City feasts.

Be it remembered that the virtues work by shifts, and that it is unkind, even improper, to encroach on their privacy. One must not be inhuman even to the humanities. Strangely enough, some of the virtues would seem, like journalists, to be night-workers. There is the Christian virtue of Humility, with her sister Meekness, neither of whom you see abroad by day. As their existence is vouched for by unimpeachable



AT THE CRICKET MATCH.—*Fair Parisienne* (who rather fancies her knowledge of “le sport”): “Ah! there he *ees* again, that man there; he is always ‘off-side!’”

From a Drawing by J. W. T. Manuel.



THE VIRTUES.

authorities, it follows that the night must be their chosen time of activity. There is, indeed, reason to believe that, on the whole, mankind is more humble at 4 a.m. than at any other hour known to Mr. Waterbury. Even then some proud men will snore.

It is easy to quote instances of inopportuneness on the part of the most admirable virtues. Truthfulness has a commandment all to itself; yet the *enfant terrible* is not our favourite type. A speaks the truth and gains a martyr's crown; B, being some years younger, utters veracity and repents on a soft cushion—it is all a question of choosing your time. Truth is great; but whether it will prevail or not depends on many things, and, most of all, on the seasonableness of its appearance.

Then, again, cheerfulness takes a good rank among the secondary virtues: yet few need to be told what a nuisance the obstinately genial man can make himself at breakfast-time. Open mirth is for the time of lamps and drawn curtains, just as certain varieties of mirth—quite beyond the scope of this article—are for the atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and none other. Anyhow, bacon and merriment are too often a failure in combination. A chastened fortitude, a mild austerity, were more meet to begin the day with. Should a man pun with his morning letters yet unopened? When one knows not what the day may bring forth, ought one to jest about the mishaps of yesterday? The merry heart of Autolycus, which goes all the day, may sometimes go too far; and so one virtue more, dragged prematurely out of bed, shows herself tumbled and dishevelled in the morning light.

Or you may take any time of the week at a hazard and examine it from the ethical point of view. How, for example, may we expect 4 p.m. on Friday to differ, in respect of the virtues “on tap,” from 9 a.m. on Tuesday or 8 p.m. on Saturday? It is pretty clear, at the first glance, that Friday's will probably be the most virtuous date of the three. Contentment? The average man is like to be as contented at four on Friday afternoon as he will ever be. He is close on the end of his day's and his week's work; he has the prospect, not yet cloyed by the actual enjoyment, of a half-holiday followed by a whole holiday, so soothing as compared with the bleak wilderness of working days viewed from Monday. Generosity? Friday is a customary pay-day, and if a man be not inclined to open-handedness with his purse full, when is his

THE BUTTERFLY.

prodigality to appear? Piety? Well, he is not so near the Sunday as, like the Saturday night, to be farther from grace. Sobriety? It is a virtue commoner in the afternoons than in the evenings, and certainly commoner on Friday than on the day after. Honesty? Throgmorton Street puts up shutters at this hour. Punctuality? And is very sharp about it. Amiability and the domestic affections? This interesting little group is usually seen to best advantage away from home, and Friday, at 4 p.m., is as good a time as any other.

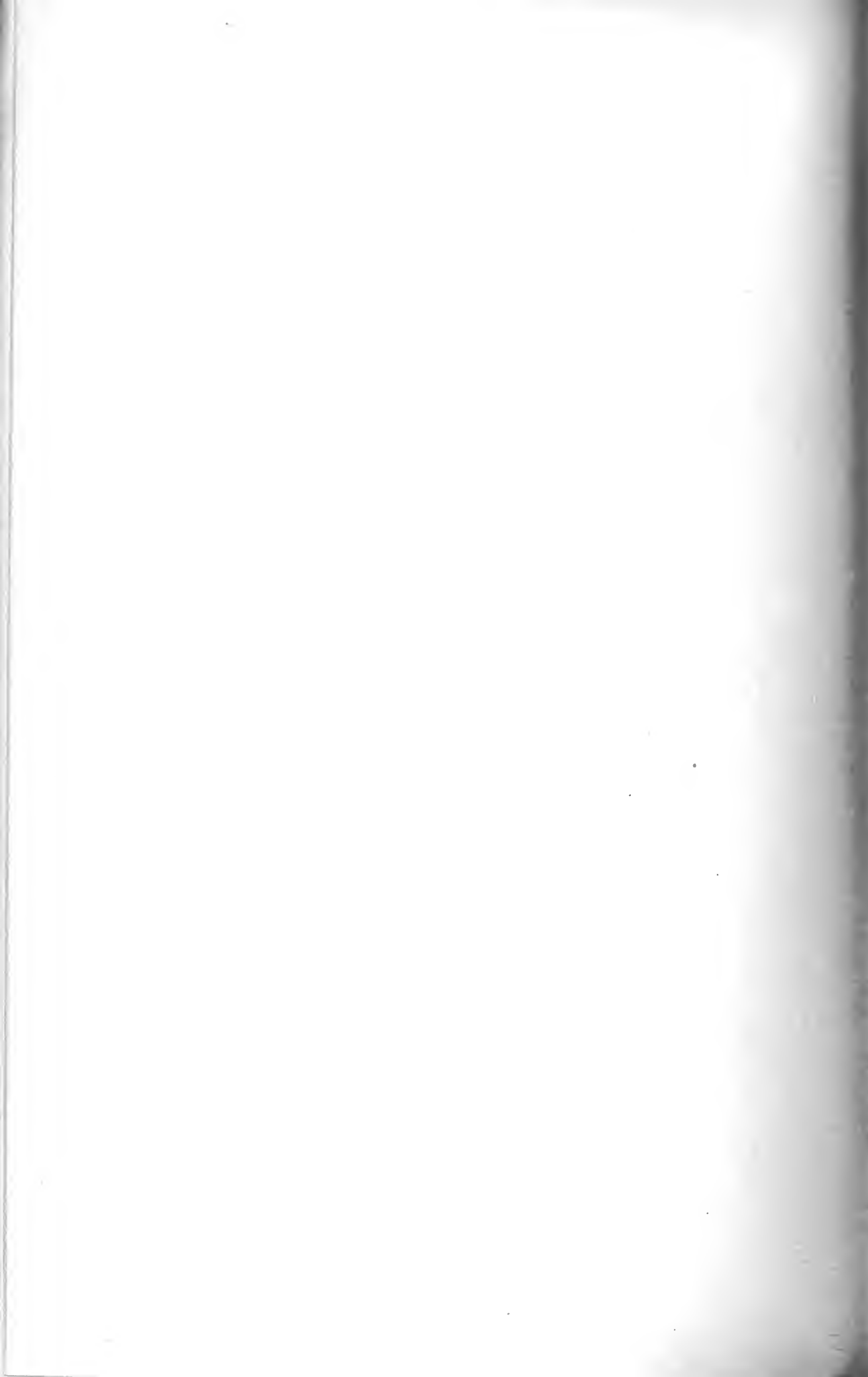
Industry? Well, it has to be confessed that in point of this rather threadbare virtue the penultimate afternoon of the week leaves something to be desired. The edifice of the six days' work is all but complete, and finishing touches are ever apt to be desultory. If aught is awry, it is too late to mend. The enthusiasm of the early week has long since died down into a simple acquiescence in the curse on Adam. Perhaps it may be shown that the period of maximum all-round industry in human affairs is Tuesday morning. On Monday the proper diligence is apt to be damped by a certain discontent with the Fate which ordains a return to work so speedily after a blissful abstinence from it. The suddenness of the plunge takes away one's breath, and most of the day is spent in recovering it. By Tuesday the work-a-day mood is back again, and slackens thence down to the tapering end of the week.

Here, too, on this Friday afternoon, you may learn the saddening lesson that even the virtues, which might be supposed the best regulated of families, have their sisterly quarrels. For Generosity (in its liquid varieties) does not consort well with Diligence in Business. Thrift and Unselfishness generally sit at opposite ends of the room; and Punctuality seems to be as incompatible with Patience as Early Rising is with Meekness of Spirit. But these are perilous speculations; for do they not hint at certain illicit attachments between virtues and vices? If it can be shown that Contentment conduces to Slothfulness, or Asceticism is prone to run in couples with Spiritual Pride, what ground is left beneath our feet?

The time of the greatest virtue of the greatest number is probably noon on Sunday. It is necessary to make the hour precise, for several reasons. Up to eleven o'clock, or even later, that deplorable vice Laziness has his rarest opportunity of the week; and the half-hour of dressing is apt, in places where they shave, to be more chequered with quotations from St. Athanasius than



George Street, Strand.
From an Etching by Edgar Wilson.



s seemly beyond the church door. Then, on the other side, the period of maximum morality is bounded by the sad slump in sobriety which sets in at 12.30 p.m.

The best practical test would be a plebiscite of wives as to the hour at which husbands are most good-tempered. It is a curious and not insignificant fact that most of the virtues are comprised in that one word "good-temper."

ROBERT BELL.



DAWN.

Once before thy whiteness fails,
Pearly star of morning-time,
A thousand quails
Cry, cry, cry in the thyme,

Turn to him that calls on thee,
For his eyes are full of love.
The lark, set free,
With the daylight soars above.

Turn thy look, thy look the blue
And the sunrise put to scorn,
What gladness through
The country of ripe corn!

Lend my thoughts a shining light,
Far, how far, ah! far away!
The dewdrops bright
Gaily sparkle in the hay,

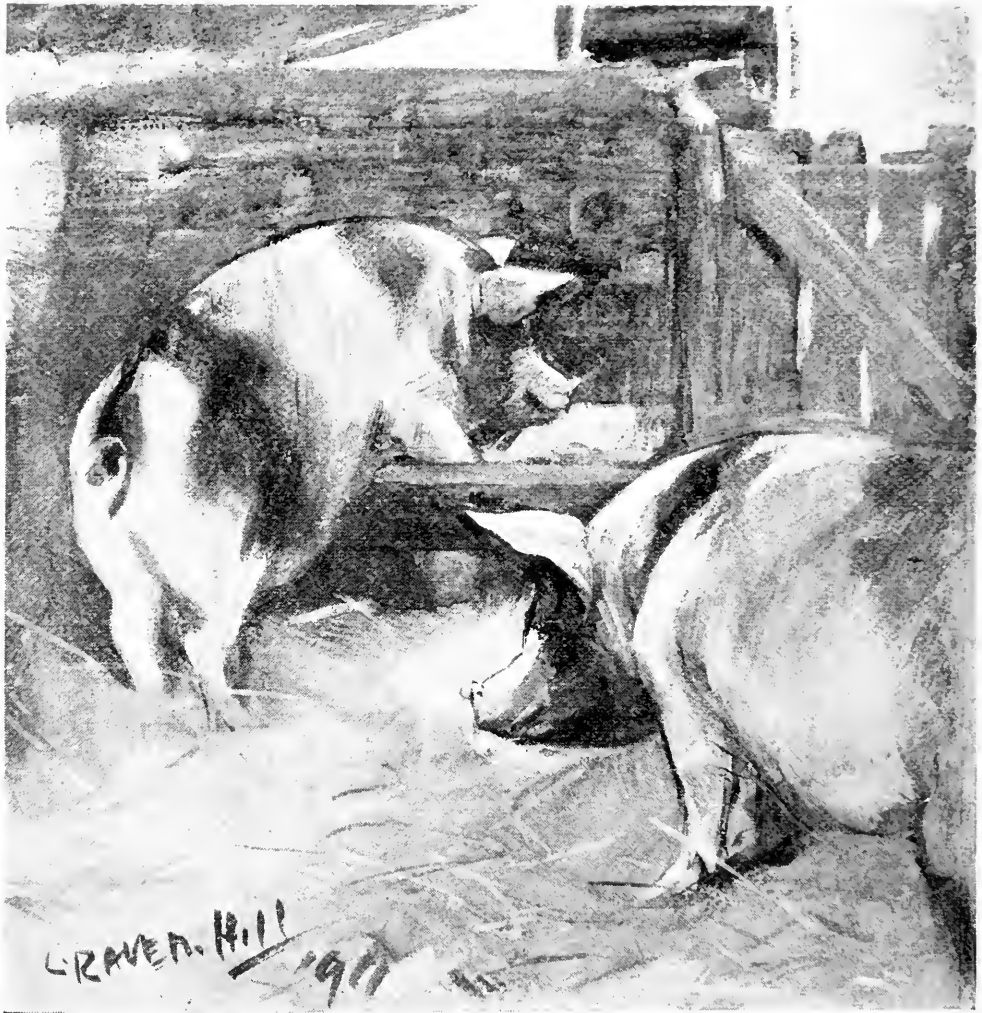
In the dreamland wherein she
Moves, her slumber nearly done.
Quick, quick, see,
For here is the golden sun!

A. BERNARD MIALL
(after Verlaine).

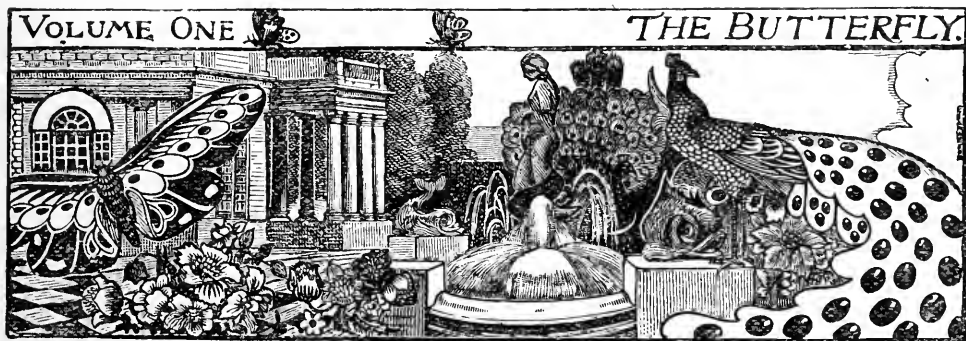
THE BUTTERFLY.







Bacon Pigs
By L. Raven Hill.



THE EMANCIPATION OF DICKIE CRONIN.

MRS. CRONIN lay half dressed and half sober on the unmade bed which took up the major portion of the room she shared with her husband and Dickie. The time was one o'clock, and Gun Lane was deserted. And as Mrs. Cronin lay fuddled and thirsty she cursed her absent son as she listened for his footsteps, but heard only the distant roar of traffic down Limehouse way.

There was mostly trouble between mother and son, for both were masterfully inclined, and there were several matters at issue between them ; the chief arising out of the constantly-expressed desire on the boy's part to "cut them Docks" and start in life on his own account in the "speshial edishun" line. Dickie Cronin was not a brilliant specimen of a dutiful son. But this is not to be wondered at, for his parents were mostly drunk, and, when sober, generally fighting. And the boy had a rough time of it, with his mother's blows and his father's beltings.

And Dickie was decidedly ambitious. He had profited somewhat by his Board-school training, and if not exactly clever, possessed a species of cunning which equipped him for his struggle with the world. But his parents found him useful. He took his father's dinner to the Docks, and ran his mother's frequent errands to the "Butcherboy" round the corner. His attempts at leaving home were, for these reasons, frustrated, and he continued to hang about the tenement, an unwilling captive.

At length Mrs. Cronin's maledictions were answered, and an active footstep was heard upon the creaky stairs. A moment

DICKIE CRONIN.

later the door was opened and Dickie entered, carrying a quart jug in one hand as he mopped his perspiring face with the other. Just as he came well within the portal, the lad caught his foot in a tattered skirt which had fallen from its accustomed nail, stumbled, and sprawled along the floor, as the jug shivered to atoms and its contents gurgled along the cracks between the boards.

His mother, who had viewed the performance with bated breath, soon recovered from her surprise, and started up from off the frowsy bed with an access of activity altogether unusual with her after midday. She swore at her son roundly; she cursed him for his clumsiness; she hurled discredit on his paternal parentage; and finally she seized the fourteen-year-old lad and belaboured him with her brawny arms.

"I'll teach yer ter waste good beer with yer lazy, loafin' way, I will! Why! rot yer, yer allus a-doin' of it. It's only the other day as yer chucked a quarten o' gin down them stairs, yer warmint yer!"

"That was 'cos Bob Caffrey kum on me sudding. I couldn't help it, I couldn't," responded the boy, endeavouring to evade the shower of blows which fell upon his head and face.

But the excuse appeared to add to the woman's fury.

"Don't talk of Bob Caffrey ter me. D'yere, yer ain't to speak 'is name, or I'll cut yer liver out, I will. You never seen 'im 'ere, an' yer knows it. So jist shut yer mouth an' drop it. And go and git me another pot, an' tell 'em I'll settle o' Saturday."

She let him go, and Dickie, breathless and sore, with a cut over his right eye, shook himself together and glared at the woman as he panted from pain and fatigue. He said nothing, but turned and left the room.

Instead, however, of going towards the "Butcherboy" for his mother's beer, Dickie turned to the left and made in the direction of the Dock gates. He passed the police at the entrance unchallenged, for he was a well-known figure in the district, and made along the great quay with the air of an accustomed visitor. Presently he turned under one of the great sheds where a number of men were busy shifting casks. After looking about him awhile, Dickie found the man he sought and, having made his way towards him unnoticed, touched him on the arm.

"Ullo, young 'un! Wot's up?"



ECKHARDT.

The New Mistress.
By Oscar Eckhardt.

DICKIE CRONIN.

"Are yer busy?"

"Mod'rate. Wot d'yer want?"

"Nothink! Mother wants yer."

The man nodded, and Dickie turned back.

As he regained the quay, he saw that the labourer was putting on his coat.

Dickie grinned, for the sight was pleasant to him. He perched himself on a bale waiting to be shipped, and watched the man's progress towards the Dock gates.

Then he jumped down and pursued his way along the quay, until he came to a Cape steamer being unladen. He stood beside the gangway till a thick-set man of middle age crossed the plank.

"Father!"

"Ullo, Dick."

"I ain't goin' 'ome no more."

The man cursed his son heartily.

"Yer ain't goin' 'ome no more, arn't yer? Wot's up? D'yere wot I says? Wot's up?" And he seized the lad by the shoulder with a grip of iron.

Dickie winced, but did not cry out.

"I'm sick o' mother," he said.

"Oh! yer sick o' mother, are yer? Anythink else?"

"And that Bob Caffrey——"

Michael Cronin left hold of his son's shoulder and gripped him by the throat instead and shook him. There was a nasty look about the man's sunken eyes, and his jaw seemed to set square.

"Wot d'yer mean by talking o' that chap? Ain't I told yer I won't 'ear his name? Wot's 'e been a-sayin' to yer?" Then, by way of an after-thought, he added: "'E ain't been near yer mother, 'ave 'e?"

The boy writhed an instant; he was nearly choking as the pressure at his throat increased.

"'E's with mother now," he gasped.

Cronin gave his son a final shake, released him, and ran along the quay-side as hard as he could, without waiting even to fetch his hat, which he had left on board the vessel.

Dickie put his hands to his throat to make sure that nothing was broken, and sat down on a bale of goods. He sat still for some minutes until he felt better, and, rising, turned towards the Dock gates and sauntered along undecided as to his future

DICKIE CRONIN.

movements. When at last he reached the entrance, he hesitated, and, retracing his steps, decided to wait his father's return.

He hung about for a considerable time. The clock at the gate-keeper's had chimed the quarter three times, and yet Michael Cronin had not returned. Dickie was beginning to think he never would return when he saw his father coming along the wharf. As he approached, the boy saw that he had a nasty scratch on his face, while a dirty rag was bound round one hand. He had, moreover, been drinking.

Dickie walked to meet him.

"D'yer think they noticed me goin'?" demanded the father of his son. "I warn't long, wor I?"

"No, father, yer warn't long. Where 'ave yer been?"

"'Ome." The pair continued their progress over the cobblestones in silence.

The father was the next to speak.

"I done it, Dickie."

The boy said nothing, but he understood.

The man looked behind him to see if they were alone.

"I stuck 'im like a pig. 'E bled orful."

"Didn't mother scream?"

"Not much. She wor boozed."

"Wot did yer do to 'er?"

"Bashed 'er face in with my boot. I tuk it orf afore I went in. Now you'd better git 'ome and find out there's been a—— you know."

Dickie nodded, and left his father to return to his work.

The youngster walked back along the quay, whistling softly to himself until he reached the Dock gate. There was only the sergeant in charge at the lodge. To him Dickie went up.

"If yer please, sir, Bob Caffrey an' my mother 'ave been murdered. Father done it. 'E's at work on the 'Kaffir King,' No. 8 Berth."

ALEXIS KRAUSSE.



*Sir William Eden, Bart.
By Max Beerbohm.*

THE GATHERED ROSE.

I HAD a garden, and therein
 A solitary rose-tree stood,
That, feasted by the sun and dew,
 Had scarce a thorn upon her wood.
At night she quaffed from many a star
 The cup of radiance for her leaf,
And from the soul of Heaven drew down
 A core as silver-pale as Grief.

Thus by her beamy kindred helped
 To fill her heart with beauteousness,
She ripened, packed with stuff of joy,
 For Love to conquer with caress.
Divinely budding, she controlled
 My breast, and all my vision drank;
As also she entranced the stars
 That watched her, rank on envious rank.

Methought when Summer's girlish wind
 Had torn her veil, had loosed her vest,
Myself would pluck the flower, and both
 Our hearts be married on my breast.
Straight to the garden I repaired—
 For surest clue her magic breath!—
But at the gate I jostled him
 Had snapped the stalk—and he was Death.

THE GATHERED ROSE.

Even within his darkling hand
 She looked delicious, though she drooped,
As is the wont of fragile flowers
 In such an icy prison cooped.
Vainly I called, as vainly sped
 To keep in view her fleeting grace;
By light itself shall he be shod
 Who hopes to match the Reaper's pace.

How shall I garden my own soul
 Now that my joy is snatched away;
Prune with bright steel the thorns, and grow
 But skyward branches day by day?
There is a ferry I shall cross
 When Time on earth has done with me;
Till then I will be glad that Heaven
 Is sweet with such a flower as she.

NORMAN GALE.





The Banshee.
By S. H. Stine.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL.

IN the shadow of the wall I stand, watching the weary fly rest for a while on the mortar chinks, watching the beetle, crisp with black respectability, avoid the company of the earwigs feasting on the rotten pear at my feet.

In the shadow of the wall I stand, far from the bandying of small talk and tennis balls across a net, far from the silent-footed, white-clad University youths, far from the clink of the ice in the claret cup, away from the peck and snuffle of scandal, from the unengaged young ladies, from the silver borrowed for the occasion; and here in my silence, listening to the purr of hot warmth in the air, I watch the blue film of smoke I send from my pipe as I stand in the shadow of the wall.

I sing the song of the weary of parties, of the overloaded with bad ices and inferior drinks, the tittle-tattle of the young talk, and the hum of admiration around the gaitered bishop.

I have escaped the repeated questions of "Do I like the country, do I hunt, and am I a reading man; is it my sister who sings so well?" I have carefully avoided the silken net of the hostess who draws loafers to croquet or deck quoits, and places with them an eligible female with a long tongue and a new dress, and withdraws, smiling a blessing on the pair in anticipation.

I wished to smoke—so did an elderly colonel with a fund of stupid stories, so did a young subaltern with stories about the colonel's wife, so did a politician with pronounced views. I told them all to meet me in the shady path near the owl-house, and escaped here with my pipe into the shadow of the wall. I had the well-washed, cleanly-dressed feeling, and I had the desire not to be discovered with my pipe; but my mind was so plastic that I set to weaving ideas around it and fashioned it into a mood I desired. I spun the idea of refined loneliness, of the aching wish to fill the void, and the easily broken thread of distaste for women. I bound it in skeins of old garden, of trim hedges and gravel paths, dark yew trees and nightingales, and then wrapped up the whole with a thought about children.

And so it seemed I was alone in one of these gardens, and in it was an almond tree, and over the distant wall I could see white linen drying on a line; and then it seemed that the almond tree put forth a bud of monstrous size, and the bough that held it bowed towards me as I sat; so with a feeling of some unreal

ON THE SHADOW.

presence I plucked the bud and set it on a gravel path, by a border of old-fashioned plants, to be in the sun. Then it seemed that with a sigh the garden awoke itself, the grasshoppers on the lawn began their rasping, the birds hidden in foliage sang, and the sun seemed to smile more softly than before, butterflies to flit in patterns, playing with their shadows on the grass. I had a bursting feeling of sympathy with Nature, and hating, such is the self-consciousness of man, that even birds might see my emotion, I put one hand to my face. Into the other, hanging down, there nestled a small, soft hand, almost like a toy, it felt so small; and I looked down, and there was a child, dark-haired, clean-skinned, and clothed in white and green. I thought instinctively of the almond bud, and that was gone.

Then it seemed as if many years passed and the blossom child grew up, and crept into my heart more every day, and I felt a love for her different from the love of a parent; she was so small and sweet. Her varying moods, her delicate actions, and her soft caresses were all, it seemed to me, part of the nature of an almond tree—its black, finely designed branches, its miracle of change from this clean-cut elegance to a mass of pink and white blossom rich in curved grace, then its change to a healthy green; all variations so beautiful that you knew not which one you loved the most.

I sat, one day of these pleasant times, under the tree, and, gathering courage, told the girl, now grown, that I loved her and desired her to marry me, and let us live our lives in some always sunny place in a sort of fairy dream; and she sighed and left me to myself, saying I should know all the next day. As I lay asleep that night, it seemed there was a smell of almond blossom in the room, and lips pressed passionately to mine; hair floated on my face and soft hands touched my cheeks. I woke with the light of dawn streaming in through the window, but the birds seemed strangely silent, and my garden all asleep and in shadow; and when I looked at the almond tree it had withered in the night, and my blossom girl had gone back whence she came.

My mind had run its course, and I hurriedly put by my pipe, for here came the colonel, the subaltern, and the politician; but I wonder who enjoyed the garden party as much as I, as I stood in the shadow of the wall.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.



Sir Henry Irving as "Robespierre."
By G. R. Halkett.



DEAD EARS.

WHEN Michael O'Dann had been three years dead,
His ghost came back to his door,
And lifted the latch in an evening red,
And stood by the hearth once more.

Now, Mary was there by the fire alone :

“What's breakin' your rest ?” said she.

“Sure, only the drip of your tears, Ochone !

I'm hearin' ye weep !” said he.

“And will ye be tearin' my heart ?” she said ;

“I never could mourn ye aright !

Your childer were cryin' aloud for the bread,

When they buried ye out of my sight.

“I scarcely could buy ye a mass, asthore !

I hadn't the time for a tear ;

Tim Hogan he prayed me to wed, and swore

‘I've loved ye this many a year.’

“‘I'll buy Mike's soul from the flame,’ he'd say,

‘I'll keep Mike's babes on my best !’

It's his ring that I've got on my hand this day,

And his child that'll suck at my breast

“When the young leaves show on the trees,” said she ;

“So how can ye hear me weep ?”

“It's the dead hear into the heart !” said he,

And sighed, and stole to his sleep.

G. M. WENT.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

MIKE walked slowly up the boggy lane which led to the O'Gradys' upland farm, in all the uneasy splendour of his Sunday clothes. It was his habit to doff them after morning mass, but this was an occasion on which they were indispensable, for he was going to make a formal proposal for the hand of Katie O'Grady, whom he had been courting, according to precedent provided, for the past three months.

Katie was one of the matches of the neighbourhood, for O'Grady was a "strong" farmer, and owned cows of a superior strain, the descendants of "Congested Districts" stock; and Mike reflected that if he got with her as dower a certain red heifer, as well as a couple of sheep, and maybe a matter of ten pounds, he should be doing very well indeed. "And, sure, isn't Katie far and away the prettiest girl this side of Galway?" he told himself. "Faith, we'll make a handsome couple, the two av us;" and he glanced complacently down at his vivid blue necktie, though the serrated edge of a well-starched collar made it a painful effort.

Katie was at the door, looking out, when he arrived, but coyly withdrew when she saw her lover approaching, and answered his knock of ceremony with an affectation of great surprise.

"An' is it yourself now, Mr. Devlin?" she said, opening a pair of sweet grey-blue eyes at him. "Father was after sayin' it was you were the stranger, so he did."

"I've been busy gettin' the pitaties in, Miss O'Grady," he answered, with equal knowledge of etiquette. "An' is himself within?"

"He is that—and won't you walk in?" she said, politely; and Mike then suffered his glance to penetrate across the cabin to where old O'Grady was sitting by the fire, smoking.

"Is that you, Mike, me boy?" he said, for the first time becoming aware of the young man's presence, officially, as it were.

He was a wrinkled-faced old man, with the vivid blue eyes, long chin, and hard mouth so common in Ireland; and Katie's brilliant colouring did not hide her close resemblance to her parent, though the mouth was softened by youth and good



The Chairman: A Latter-day Relic.
By J. W. T. Manuel.



COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

temper, and she was manifestly pleasantly flustered by Mike's arrival.

The two men began feeling their ground by preliminary remarks about the weather and crops, eyeing each other the while like two duellists, each taking the measure of the other, till, after a cup of tea provided by Katie, O'Grady proposed that they should walk out and look at the stock.

Mike lingered behind a minute, and in that minute managed to snatch a kiss from Katie, who indeed made no great resistance.

"Whisht, now, darlint—whisht, now," he said. "Sure, an' don't ye know why I'm here?"

"How would I know, an' me never tould?" said Katie, with a sweetly coquettish glance from under her black lashes.

"An' aren't the eyes av me tellin' ye ivery time I look at ye?" said Mike, with ardour. "Don't ye know that me heart's afire for ye, agra?"

"Ah, have done now with such folly," she said, swiftly. "Hould now, or father will be comin' back to see what's delayin' ye;" and she pushed him away, and fled into the inner room.

O'Grady was leaning against a wall, surveying a group of five cows browsing on the short, sweet mountain pasture below, and did not even turn his head at Mike's approach.

"Sure, thim's as foine stock as ye'd see in all Galway, so they are now," he said, complacently.

"I'm not denyin' the same," said Mike. "I suppose now, Mr. O'Grady, you'd be givin' the boy who'd take Katie a hiffer av thim?"

"I might be thinkin' av a good cow," said O'Grady, cautiously, "forbye she was marryin' a dacint lad, with a trifle av his own."

"Maybe Peg Rafferty might have been tellin' ye that I was thinkin' av settlin'," hazarded the lover.

"Faith, I think there was some talk av it," said O'Grady, not removing his glance from the cows.

"I was after thinkin' we might make a match av it."

"Sure, there's more than wan after Katie. She's a fine, up-standin' girl, though 'tis but little fortin' I could be givin' her, with stock so cheap and the pitaties so bad."

"Thin, no doubt you'd be glad to see her comfortably settled," said Mike. "Sure, I needn't be tellin' ye that I've a

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

thrifle av money in the bank, and that there isn't a bit of grazing to bate the meadow ahint me house ; an' me uncle, out in the States, that's a rich man, has sorra a chick or a child barrin' me to lave his wealth to whin the saints call him to glory."

"Bedad, Mike, there's not a lad I'd sooner Katie tuk for her bachelor than yourself," said O'Grady, suddenly facing round on the other with a very earnest countenance. "I always said ye was the rale dacint lad, so I did."

"Shall we call it a bargain, thin?" said Mike. "Sure, a man like ye, Mr. O'Grady, wouldn't think twice about givin' your daughter a pound or two to her fortin', an' a matter av four or six sheep, to say nothing av a brace av hiffers." He held out his hand with a fine show of confidence, but O'Grady shook his head.

"An' do ye think I'll shtrip meself before I go to bed entirely, Mike Devlin?" he said. "Come, we'll say six pound in her stockin', four sheep, and a half-dozen hins, with the old cock."

"Sure, Andy Moriarty was for offerin' better than that with his Maggie—and she that could play the piano!" said Mike, contemptuously. "He was speakin' av ten pound and two cows, not to mintion the sheep."

"Maggie Moriarty, indade! And she with the two eyes av her not a match!" said O'Grady; "and no hand at all with rarin' the poultry. Katie has the young chicks in the market before other people has theirs hatched, so she has."

"I'm not denying that Katie's a foine girl, and a cliver wan too," said Mike, in a dispassionate tone, "but I couldn't take her with less than six sheep and two hiffers."

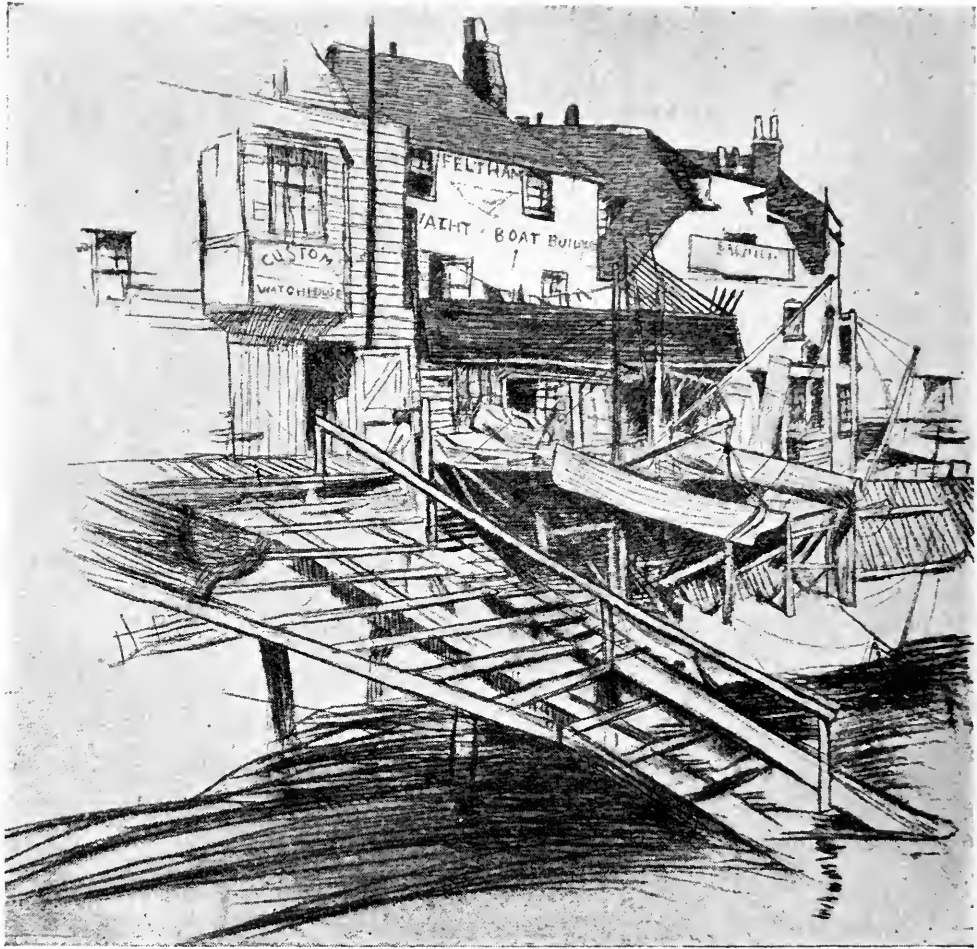
"Look here, Mike, me boy, I've always had a likin' for ye, and I'll go better than me worrd," said O'Grady, with a diplomatic unbending. "I'll give her five sheep, and the hins and the black cow down there beyant."

"Is it that old scarecrow ye're after offering me?" said Mike, with scorn. "Sure, she's past milkin', and as lane as a rake."

"The saints harken to him!" said O'Grady, fervently. "And the poor baste not turned seven, and as good a milker as ye iver saw."

"Me eyesight is mighty good, praise the saints!" said Mike, dryly. "Make it the little red hiffer, and it's a match."

"I tell ye what, Mike—I'll throw in the goose and a pair av



*The Point, Portsmouth.
From an Etching by L. Raven Hill.*

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

blankets. Ye shan't say O'Grady's a nagur, anyways," said the father, with a fine lavishness; "an' the girl's rale fond av ye, Mike."

"Sure, there's not a prettier girl, nor wan I'd rather marry, than Katie, but I couldn't call that a bargain," said the lover, firmly.

"Why, there was Patsy Hannigan was after her the other day, and he was for havin' her without a cow at all, so he was," said O'Grady.

"Patsy Hannigan, was it?" said Mike, with contempt. "A mighty fine husband he'd make a dacint girl! Sure, the pollis is bound to have that still av his wan day, and where'd Katie be thin, with him in gaol? I'm forgittin' what's due to me in not standin' out for ten sheep and three cows."

"An' why don't ye ask for the roof off the house, and me shirt too, whiles ye're about it, Mike?" said O'Grady. "If the girl was hump-backed or a cripple, you couldn't want more."

"Throw in the little red hiffer, an' I step round to Father Conlan's, and spake about the banns," said Mike.

He had a splendid view of the red heifer, and her perfections seemed to grow upon him.

"Sure, Katie has a rare stock av clothes—all that was her mother's—and there's a four-post bedstead I might be sparin' her; and thim little speckled hins is divils to lay," urged the father. But Mike was firm.

"I'm afraid we're wasting toime, Mr. O'Grady," he said. "I'm for nothing that isn't fair an' reasonable. Sure, ye wouldn't grudge wan hiffer with the girl, an' she your only daughter."

"Ye can have the black cow," said O'Grady, obstinately, the hard lines round his mouth deepening.

"If that's your last word, Mr. O'Grady, I may as well be goin'," said the lover, settling his hat more firmly on his head, and buttoning up his coat, preparatory to departing.

"Ye know your own business, Mike Devlin," said O'Grady, drily. "Me daughter won't be wantin' a husband long, anyways."

"Some men is easy continted," said Mike, sententiously. "Thin I'll be sayin' good evening to ye, Mr. O'Grady."

"Good evening to ye, Mike," said O'Grady, nodding carelessly.

"Good evening," said Mike again, and he lingered a minute, but O'Grady had turned again to contemplate the red heifer, so

JUNE.

Mike swung round on his heel, and began to descend the hill path.

A pretty, wistful face peeped out from the cabin door, and watched him with frightened blue eyes, but Mike never turned his head. He knew his worth, and what was love when weighed in the scale against a red heifer?

CHARLOTTE J. BURCKHARDT.

JUNE.



HERE'S clamour and clatter incessant,
There's racket from morning till night,
The sunblinds are out in the Crescent,
The Guardsmen are drilling in white;
And dogs are developing mania,—
And what will become of us then?—
And blueflies alight on the crania
Of feverish, bald-headed men.

The hansoms, they jostle and scurry
And stay not by daylight or dark;
My Lord, in a decorous hurry,
Is tooling his bays round the Park;
Proud Jeames, from a hundred proud portals,
Blows cab-calls that startle the air;
For this is the season when mortals
Chase Pleasure through Vanity Fair.

The gay penny steamers are going
To Greenwich with tabor and harp;
The fiddler is thrumming and bowing,
And *will* play a semi-tone sharp;
The lumbering water-cart sprinkles
The thirsty and heat-stricken ground,
And hawkers who erstwhile sold winkles
Cry "Strawberries, twopence a pound!"

JUNE.

Now clerks on their tall office perches
Are wishing their labours were done,
And high o'er the bleached City churches
The weathercocks doze in the sun ;
Until, in an access of pity,
A fitful and loitering breeze
Steals into the sweltering City,
And whispers of hayfields and trees.

Oh ! whispering rifler of roses,
Belike, as you roamed through the West
You came by a garden of posies,
A haven of roses and rest ;
Where poplars throw shivering shadows,
And, all through the long Summer day,
There floats from the flowering meadows
The drone of the mowing of hay.

And tea on the lawn is *de rigueur*,
(And curates are fond of the brew,)
And Fido is snoring with vigour,
Asleep in the shade of the yew ;
And Someone,—sweet fortune befall her !—
Distils, with *insouciant* grace,
Bohea for the clerical caller,—
And would I were there in his place !

For Town's in a terrible racket,
(A fact I have mentioned before,)
And here's my portmanteau,—I'll pack it,
For London's no end of a bore.
C'est fini ; no matter how weighty
The duties that bid me to stay ;
So long as the glass is at 80
To Aidenn I'm off and away.

DERWENT MIALL.

ON THE LINE—AND OFF
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

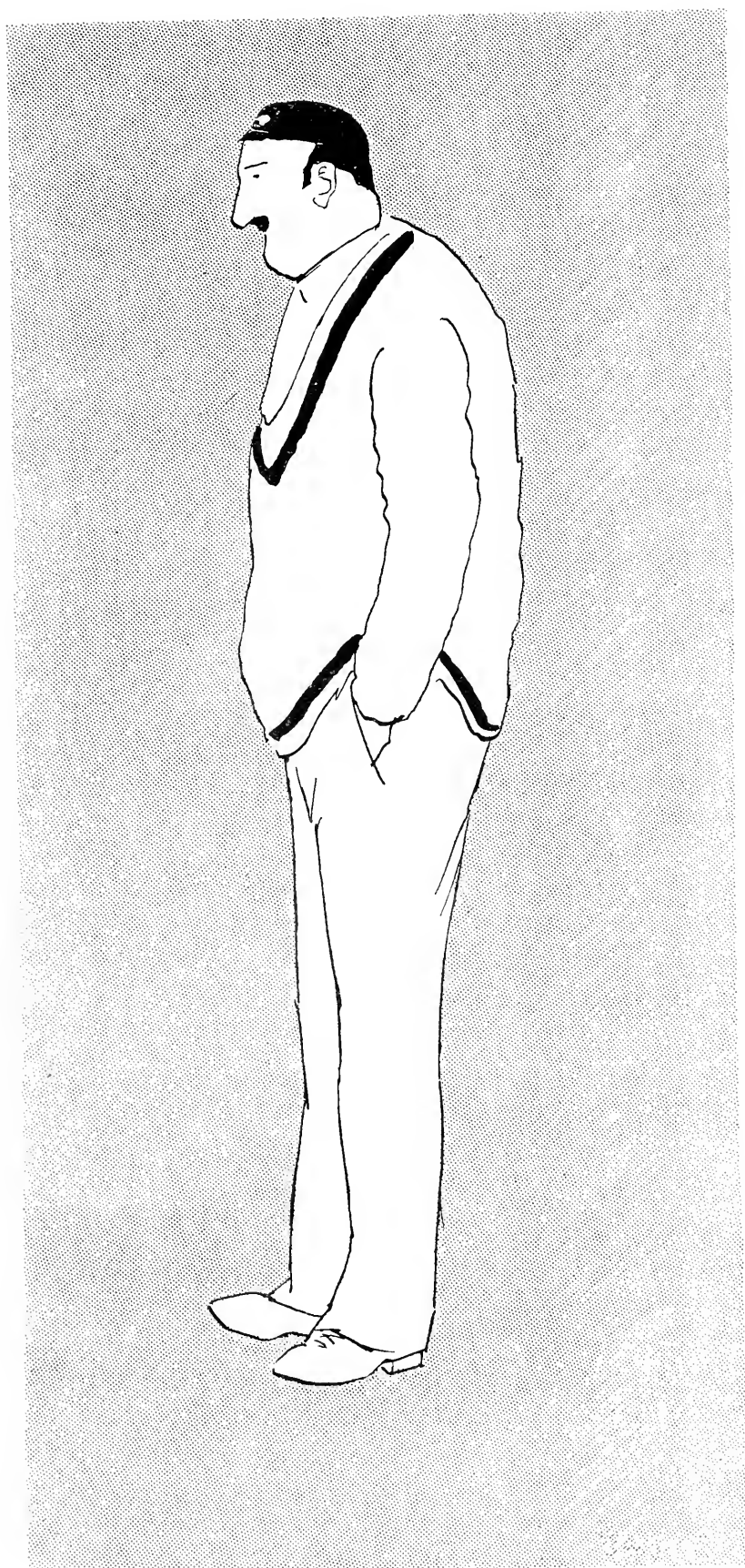
THE Merry Month of May, reflected the Critic, as he sipped his sal volatile after his visit to Burlington House, was so christened before the founding of the Royal Academy, and it is not for nothing that the 1st of May is now called Labour Day. There are this year no fewer than two thousand and fifty-six exhibits. Yet some one once had the hardihood to write to the papers, suggesting that there should be two exhibitions of contemporary art each year, instead of one! The fellow,—a disused critic, I have no doubt — had sufficient shrewdness, sufficient love of life to write anonymously.

More bad men than good, I imagine, get hanged, and in the same way, I suppose, it comes about that more bad pictures than good get hung. Yet, for many of the pictures now on view, hanging is distinctly too good. They should have been drawn—and quartered elsewhere.

Among the chief offenders are, I regret to say, several Royal Academicians, old enough to know better. Indeed, it is on beholding their works that one realises why the Royal Academy exists in spite of the fusillade of hostile criticism that is levelled at it—notwithstanding the fact that only this year a gentleman wrote a book containing so long a case against the institution that no one had time to read it. For where else but at the Royal Academy would these Royal Academicians be able to show their masterpieces? “Pa,” it may be remembered, questioned a little boy last year, “What is the Royal Academy?” “A place, my son,” came the answer, “where the Royal Academicians make an exhibition of themselves.” This year the same couple wandered into the Royal Academicians’ Diploma Gallery, and this time it was, “Pa, what is a diploma picture?” “A picture, my son,” came the answer, “that it would have been diplomatic not to have shown.”

I cannot for the life of me understand why the Academicians do not mass all their pictures together in one room, and charge sixpence extra for admission to it—as is done at Madame Tussaud’s.

Apropos of which:—*She* (reading quotation of “Mandalay” from catalogue): “Oh, how sweet! What’s that out of?” *He* (looking at the picture): “Drawing, my dear.”



Lord Hawke.
By J. W. T. Manuel.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Still, if art is for the few Academicians, one should not forget that they may yet do good work in other directions. That this is possible we have had striking proof quite recently. It is notorious that artists, taken as a whole, are poor churchgoers. Yet this year an Academician has been instrumental in causing more artists to go to church than has ever been the case before. Hundreds of them—many of whom I dare wager had never set foot in a sacred edifice before—have visited St. Paul's, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Academician's work.

"*Ars est celare artem*," they cry, as they look up at the dome. "The art is to place art on the ceiling."

At the same time, to hark back to Burlington House, when all is said and done, it must be acknowledged that, though most of the pictures this year are painted in medi-ochre, there have been worse shows than the present one. In fact, there can be little doubt that they have been gradually improving of late. Why, I can remember the time when the authorities dared not let you take your walking-stick, or umbrella, or any other weapon in with you.

Of course, the improvement is not to be wondered at. It should not come as a surprise. It is evolution. For some time past we have been having art in wall-papers, and art in door-knockers, and art in coal-scuttles and kickshaws and what-nots, and now at length we are getting—and it seems only fair and natural that we should have it—art in pictures. More than one painter, more than one sculptor exhibit work of merit this year. I name no names, for that is unnecessary. Every artist who has something in the show and who reads these lines will know to whom I refer.

The pity of it is that the Picture of the Year seems to have been crowded out. America's only Historic Abbey has failed us for the nonce; Sargent, who has achieved wonders considering his recent death, has yet done little more than prove himself again an Anti-Semite; and I am afraid that Byam Shaw's great canvas is the Triumph of Love, but not of much else. Still, as I have said, taking the average I must confess that, while doubting whether it is worth a shilling more than the National Gallery, the present Academy is, as Academies go, not a bad one.

I am even inclined to think that the institution will last—if it is careful. It will, if it is careful, even survive its powerful rival on the other side of the road, the International Society of Artists at Knightsbridge—which I hear, by-the-bye, is about to authorise its members to place the initials A. R. A. after their

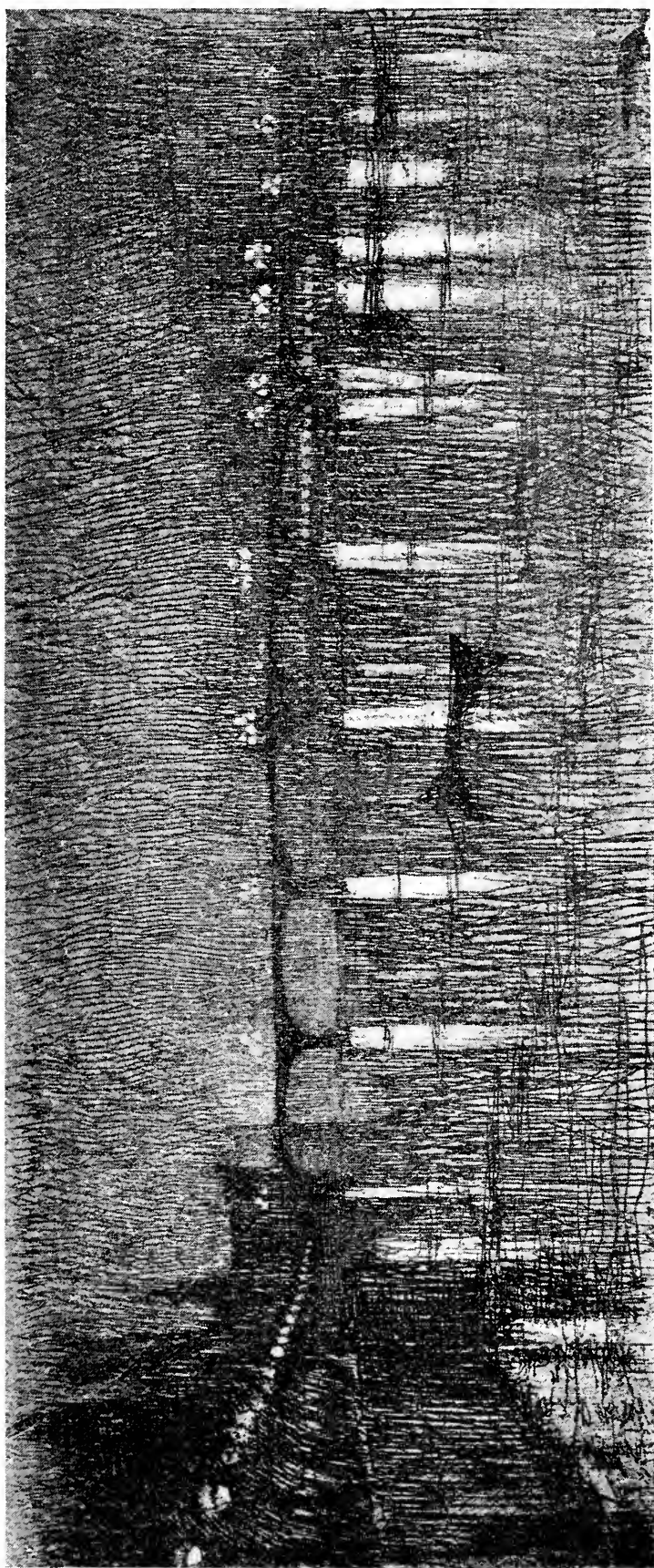
AT THE ACADEMY.

names, to show that they are Anti-Royal Academicians. But the Academy must be careful. It has at present a firm hold on the great heart of the British Public, and it will retain that hold if only it will consider and adapt itself to the requirements of its customers. Let it find out what they want and supply it. To its credit I must confess that it has been fairly successful in this respect in the past. And yet sometimes I am nervous. Just as at Waterloo there was a cry of "The Guards want powder, and by Heaven they must have it!" so at the Academy there is a cry of "The public want dogs, and by Heaven they must have 'em!" But the Academy is not keeping pace with the demand. Last year doggy pictures were almost entirely superseded by Dargai pictures, and this year the dogs seem to have been cleared off the course to make way for the Jubilee Procession. Now the public will not stand its affections being trifled with in this way. I only mention the dogs as an instance. I could also, had I the space, point out that there is not in the present exhibition a single picture of a little girl saying, "I'se as big as you—and I'se waiting for the Christmas Number to come along and buy me."

Miss Ettie Simpson, in fact, is terribly scarce this year; she is really hardly there. This is foolish of the Academy. It should have more consideration for "old subscribers." As a lady, one of the most loyal patrons the Royal Academy possesses, said to me a short time ago, "Yes, of course, Rembrandt and Velasquez and all those were not bad, but have they ever done anything quite so sweet as Miss Ettie Simpson's 'In Grandpapa's Hat?'"

And while on the subject of omissions I cannot refrain from drawing attention to another exceedingly grave one. How comes it that the Royal Academy, which claims to be representative of all that the British Public think best in art, does not show so much as an inch of the master who was advertising, the other day, that he had produced 6,000 square inches of original design in 3,000 hours of unremitting labour—at an expenditure of one ounce of brain? Small wonder that some persons lose patience with the institution.

And yet, as I have hinted, the Academy does try to do its duty. It was on the right tack this year. It accepted a painting by a policeman. But why, at the last moment, did it lack the necessary courage to hang it? That only led to the



Westminster Bridge
From an Etching by Joseph Pennell.



AT THE ACADEMY.

public being disappointed, and to the representative of law and order declaring he had taken part in a lottery.

It has, by-the-bye, never been made quite clear to me why this police-constable went in for painting. All that his biographers tell us is that he took up art after being injured in the Hull dock strike. But whether he took it up as a means of being avenged on society, or whether the injury he received affected the brain, as to that we are left in doubt. Still, we must ask no questions, I suppose, and be pleased to hear that a policeman has taken up anything.

And talking of policemen reminds me that a French gentleman recently visited Millbank. He did not know—he had an old guide-book—that it had been converted from a Prison to a Palace of British Art. He was looking at a certain picture. (Again I will name no names). “Oh how *brutales* these English!” he cried. “Here in this nineteenth century they still torture their prisoners.”

But I digress. We were discussing possible improvements at Burlington House. There is one I had almost forgotten. It is a little concession for which lady customers have long been clamouring, and surely it might now be granted. It is that glass should be placed over *all* the pictures, oil-colours as well as water-colours. They tell me that at present, when you want to arrange your bonnet you have to go all the way to the water-colour room. Also, I would like to know, is there anything to prevent the names of the artists being placed on the frames so that the fair visitors may know whether the pictures are good or not without having to refer to their catalogues?

Finally, two overheard conversations, showing how culture is migrating from the upper to the lower classes.

The one:—

Lady.—“Whom do you consider the best black and white man?”

Gentleman.—“Why, Chirgwin, of course.”

The other:—

Son of Toil.—“’Ullo, ’ere’s a pictur by the Rile Academician as ’as done the desecrations for the doom of St. Paul’s!”

And just one more and I have done.

“What’s this? ‘H.M. the Queen, by E. Onslow Ford, R.A.’? Why, I had no idea Onslow Ford was a foreigner.”

WALTER EMANUEL.

THE PREMIER AND THE PAINTERS.

(LORD SALISBURY'S ROYAL ACADEMY SPEECH.)

(*After FitzOmar KhayGerald.*)

SIR PRESIDENT, your Royal Highnesses,
Your Excellencies also, if you please,
My noble Lords and gallant Gentlemen,
And What's-his-names, and likewise Thingumies,

I have to talk for half an hour on Art,
And, just to make an unexpected start,
I wish to state that we have lately signed
A treaty which should gladden every heart.

Henceforth Manchuria shall Russian be,
And England's sphere the Vale of the Yang-tse,
And all go well, but for the common fact
That Russia breaks her treaties—so do we !

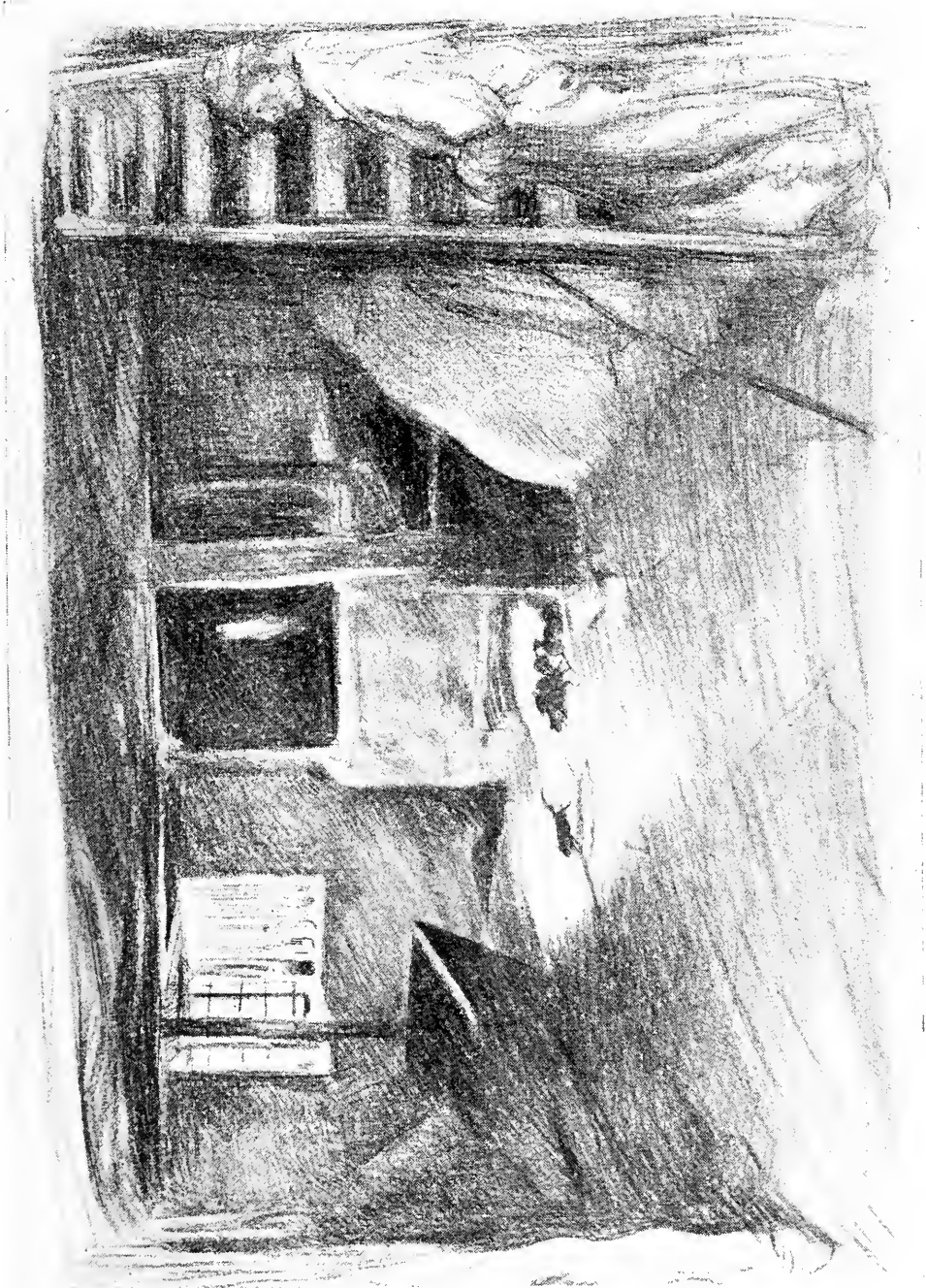
However, for the happy present, that's
A mere contingency for Diplomats ;
No doubt the coming Conference will grant
An everlasting Peace and—who said “ Rats ! ”

My naval Friend has quite a glowing notion
Of how his warships look upon the ocean.
To me they look like Whales—(not H.R.H.)--
If they are beautiful, why, so is Goschen.

But to our muttens. Artists such as you
Produce the Beautiful till all is blue—
At least you are supposed to ; as for us,
We ought to aim at ugliness—and do !

Conspiracies and Plots are picturesque,
And Tyrants terrible, if not grotesque ;
A Chief of State in these too legal Times
Is like a bank Director at his Desk.

And modern Dress, the starched and ironed Shirt,
The Hat to which a shower is mortal hurt,
And, flapping either side the saddle-ridge,
The dire demoniac divided Skirt—



The Old Malthouse.
By A. S. Hartrick.

PREMIER AND THE PAINTERS.

If Dante such a Garb as ours had viewed,
He would have damned it (I would not be rude)
 Down to the lowest circle of his Hell;
(The rest is full of Studies from the Nude.)

But men would say, and do, to some extent,
This shall be remedied if we repent,
 And make the Whole, the Beautiful, the Good,
A new Department of the Government.

I doubt it (there is little I do not);
Though Government can often do a lot,
 To look for Beauty from a Ministry
Is, if I may be vulgar, Thomas Rot!

Sometimes, to-day, may Beauty yet escape
And show the Age her veritable shape;
 Our Permanent Officials would be sure
To shroud her in the coils of crimson Tape.

Though some of you would stencil poor St. Paul,
And though pot-boiling Portraits crowd your wall,
 You have a shadow of a sense of Art,
And we have rather less than none at all.

Wherefore you possibly had best remain,
Until a year or two come round again,
 A private Club that holds a public place,
Anomaly that none can well explain.

Still, to be duly cynical and terse,
Though artists heap on you their heavy curse,
 You need not fear that we shall turn you out,
For you are bad enough, but we are worse!

I, therefore, thank you for the pleasant way
In which you have received our Toast to-day,
 And everything is wrong, but never mind,
And I have nothing more I want to say.

ADRIAN ROSS.

ON A BOTTLE OF INK.

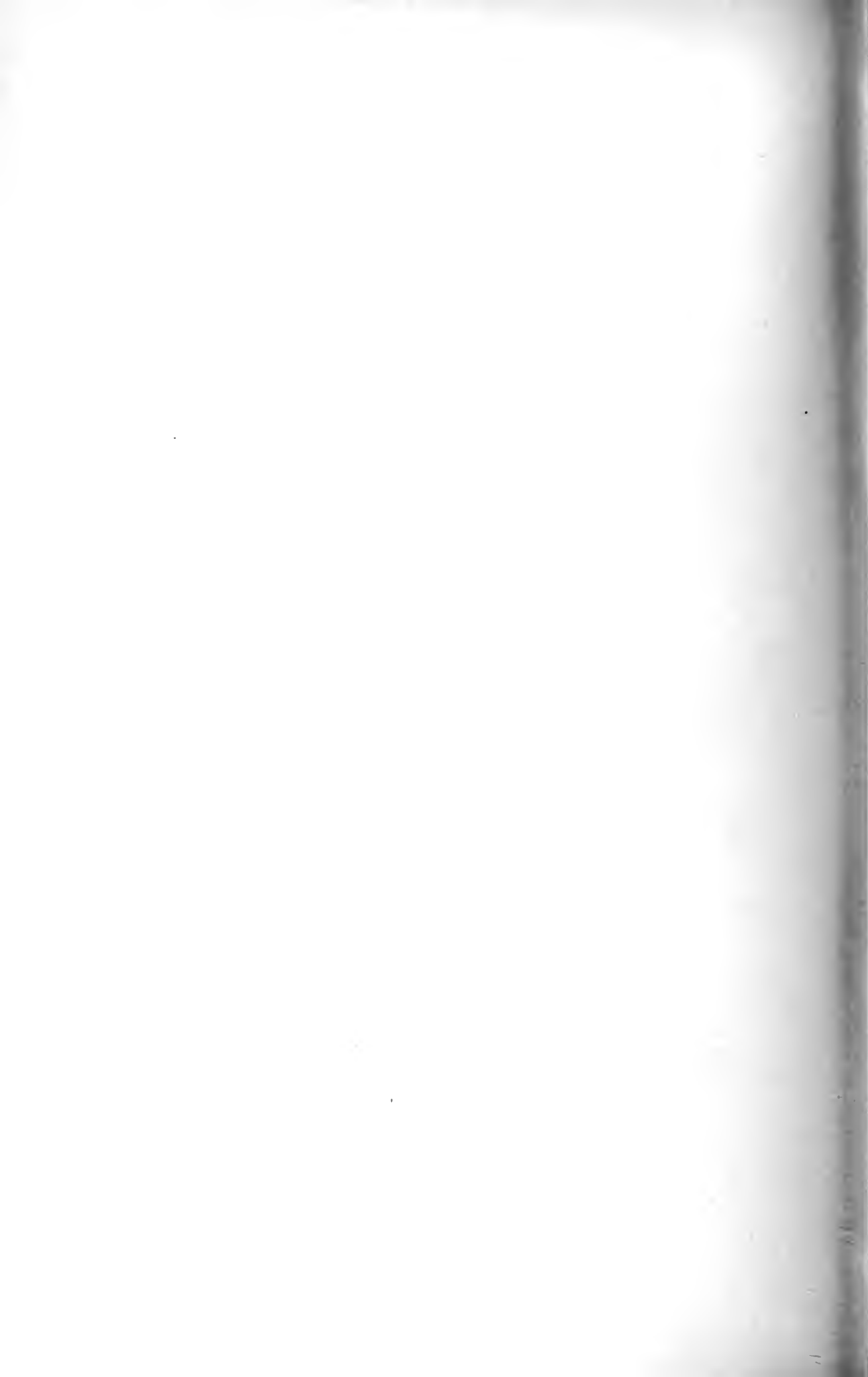
IT is a commonplace bottle, with an unpretentious cork, containing about a pint of the ink denominated blue black ; and it meekly solicits patronage from a shop window in the Strand. Some day, no doubt, one will enter in and buy, and the eternal laws of political economy will be once more vindicated. But for the present it remains on the shelf—solitary, unsought, and well and truly corked.

The fisherman of the tale, when he found a jar in his net, opened it, and there flew out a Genie, potent and terrible. Thus did the sage figure forth the risk that lies in the opening of bottles. It is true that one may uncork a bottle of ink without any visible apparition ; yet the significance of the operation is none the less. Did ever Eastern legend conceive of such a Genie as arose when Shakespeare opened the bottle of ink which wrote “Hamlet” ? And if Mr. Rudyard Kipling should chance to drop into that Strand stationer’s and purchase that unassuming bottle, would not Empires and Generations see the smoke of its uncorking ?

There is something quite exasperating about the mobility of that pint of fluid. You can do so much with it if you only know how. Spill it in one way, and you get a blot ; spill it in another, and it becomes anything from an Act of Parliament to a Miracle. I can quite conceive the case of a literary Atheist, who holds that all writing is by chance, that the “Rubaiyyat” was a mere fortuitous concourse of stains, that Henley is a better writer than the dog which upsets the inkpot merely in the little matter of luck. In every case there are the same postulates - a blank sheet of paper and a full bottle of ink. The problem is to deface the paper with the ink in a certain way. It follows that it is simply an affair of mathematics whether the smear will come out a “Macbeth” or a hieroglyphic without a key. We know that the white and the black present in combination a certain number of possibilities ; it is our business to find out the best of them. Literature thus becomes a species of Puzzle—a little more complicated than the Fifteen Puzzle, but that is only a matter of degree. If you go on playing whist to all eternity, you will one day deal yourself a complete hand of trumps. Similarly, if you go on spilling ink for a sufficient length of days, you will some day stumble on a “Paradise Lost” or a “Barrack Room Ballad.” So, by a simple



"Well, what are you thinking about?"
By J. W. T. Manuel.



A BOTTLE OF INK.

algebraical calculation, are the highest laurels of literature brought within the reach of us all.

A dictionary illustrates the principle in a simpler form. All English literature is, of course, nothing but a permutation and combination of the words to be found in Johnson or Webster. The words are there: you have only to put them in the proper order. They say that a statue lies in every block of marble. Well, so does a poem or a novel in every copy of Nuttall. Bear in mind, too, that there are several clues to this literary puzzle. We are not left absolutely to the mercy of chance. Grammar is one clue: we know that under certain circumstances a verb is necessary, under others a preposition. Good taste is another: experience teaches us that some words are not suitable for a love sonnet, and others unmeet for a music-hall ditty. That, of course, restricts the possible combinations, and so simplifies the problem. Some day, when it has been simplified a little further, every man will be his own Hall Caine, if he does not care to be his own Shakespeare.

It follows that what we call literary ability is nothing but a nice sense of selection. It is because he preferred one word to another that Herrick is a better poet than Martin Tupper. If Mr. Tupper had ever had to refer to feminine apparel, he would probably have chosen "skirt" or "dress" as the term least offensive to a true sense of delicacy; Herrick daringly blurts out "petticoat." If an adjective were necessary, Mr. Tupper, looking over his dictionary, would hesitate between "swaying" and "rustling." Herrick goes a letter further, and elects for "tempestuous." So all the difference between Herrick and Tupper is represented by the difference between "tempestuous petticoat" and "rustling skirt"—by the difference between one pair of words rather than another pair of words in the dictionary. There must be many other couples of words waiting to be mated in that happy way—many words sighing for one another at opposite ends of the dictionary till some Herrick comes to act as the priest of their nuptials. There are happy and unhappy matches between nouns and adjectives, quite as much as between men and maidens.

Now, though in all this there is much that is encouraging, there is also much that is irritating. Why is it that Shakespeare should have the good fortune to hit on better words than you or I can find even in the most modern dictionaries? It is not a question of taking pains, for Shakespeare wrote some

FORGET-ME-NOT.

dozens of plays, and Gray wrote a few hundred lines : and yet, on the whole, Shakespeare is a better poet than Gray. Why cannot you or I, by taking thought, add one word to another so as to make them, as Browning would say, not two words but a star? Who will teach us the knack of this astronomical addition?

Or must we fall back on the hypothesis of Luck? As one man is lucky at cards, and another lucky in love, is another lucky in words? Yes, that is probably the explanation. R. B.



FORGET-ME-NOT.

When we two bade farewell, "Forget-me-not"
Each said to each, too loving to be wise.
But now, if anguished tears o'erflow thine eyes
At thought of me, and longing wild and hot
Consume thy life, then from thy brave soul blot
Thy love of me. Let no pale ghost arise,
Regret, tricked out in memory's sweet disguise
To mar thy present. Let me be forgot.

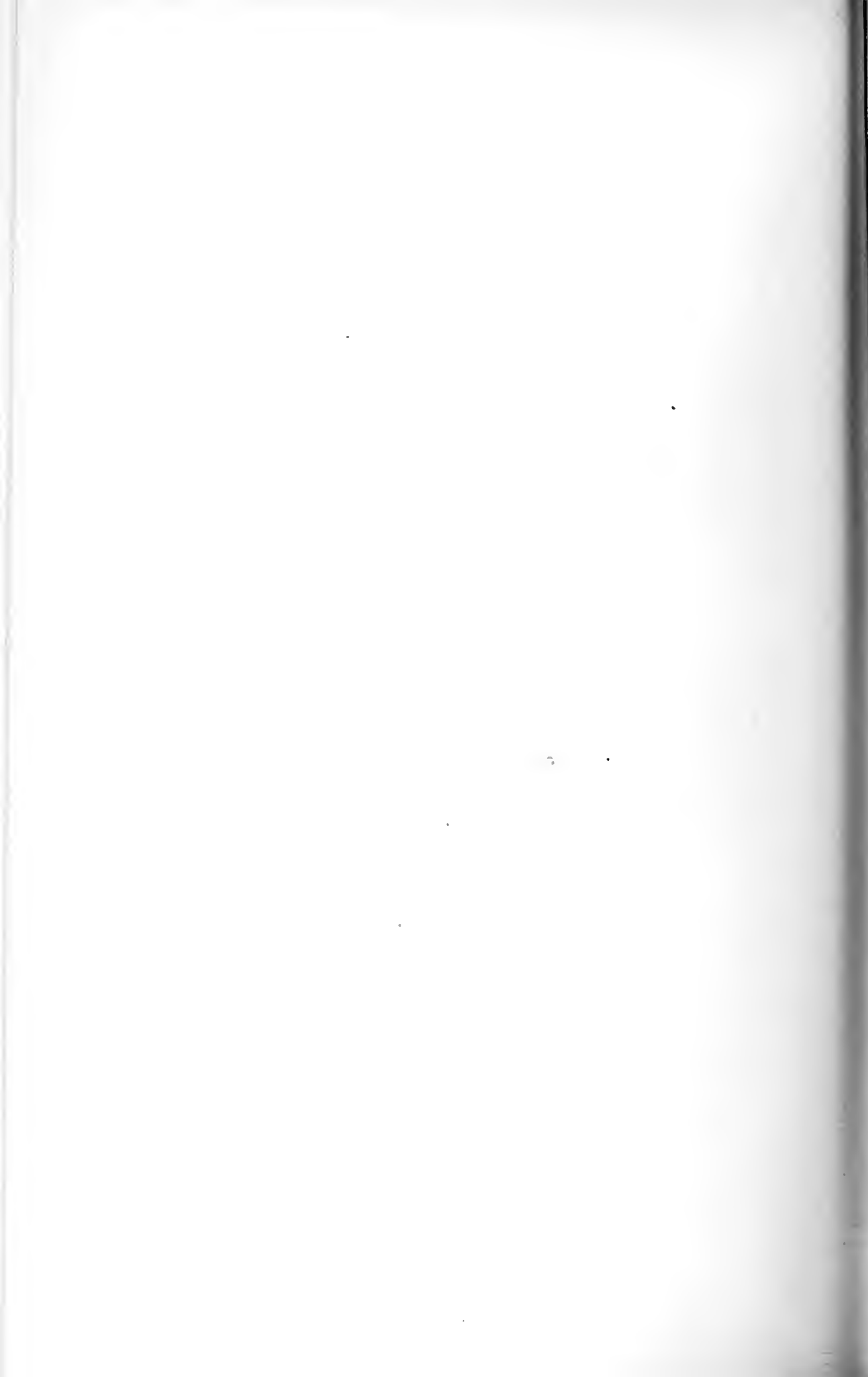
But should, in time to come, remembrance bring
No bitterness. When pale regret is slain,
And love alone endures, reft of its pain,

If thou should'st wander forth some eve in spring
To hear the song the nightingale will sing,
Then spare one loving thought for me again.

BEATRICE J. PRALL.

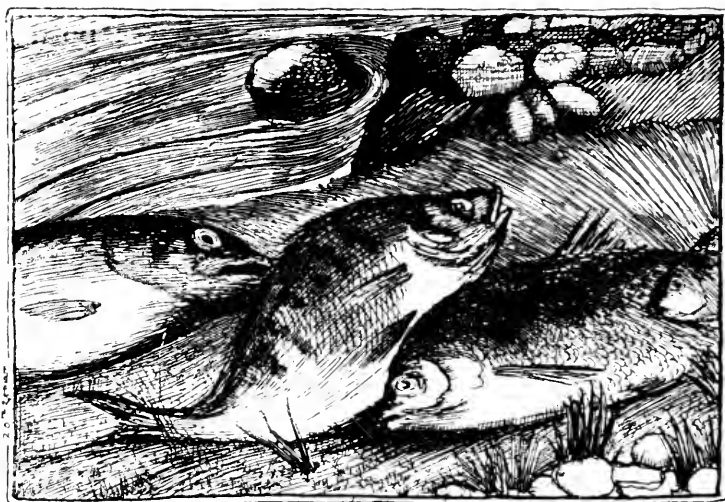


Incense.
By S. H. Sime.



THE PIOUS MAN'S DIARY : 2999 A.D.

- JUNE 1.—Banquet on the 56th anniversary of the death of the poet Podgers.
- JUNE 2.—Tercentenary dinner in memory of birth of the poet Smith.
- JUNE 3.—Unveiling of the monument to Admiral Spinaker.
- JUNE 4.—Burns dinner at Glasgow on the anniversary of the death of Highland Mary.
- JUNE 6.—Public subscription started to redeem from neglect the grave of the eminent explorer De Noirmont.
- JUNE 7.—Dr. Benjamin Boanerges' anniversary sermon on the death of the late Mrs. Boanerges.
- JUNE 8.—House in which the poet Podgers was born acquired for the nation.
- JUNE 9.—Tablet affixed to the house in Hampstead in which the poet Brown wrote his "Inkstains."
- JUNE 10.—Dahlia Day. Flowers worn in memory of the late Right Honourable Theophilus Gasser, Prime Minister.
- JUNE 12.—Sloppington celebrates the 900th anniversary of its charter of incorporation.
- JUNE 13.—Burns dinner on the anniversary of the birth of Holy Willie.
- JUNE 14.—Day of national thanksgiving on the quinqucentenary of the day of the safe arrival of the messenger-boy Jurkin at Margate.
- JUNE 15.—Statue of Hall Caine unveiled in Trafalgar Square.
- JUNE 16.—General Booth anniversary. £5,000,000 wanted.
- JUNE 17.—Anniversary of the Battle of Dorking. Review and illuminations.
- JUNE 19.—Annual dinner of the Wilfrid Lawson Society.
- JUNE 20.—Waistcoat button of the novelist Simpkin purchased by the British Museum.
- JUNE 21.—Agitation opens to prevent the house in which the poet Podgers met the poet Smith from being razed to the ground by County Council improvements.
- JUNE 22.—Burns dinner on the anniversary of 'The Mouse.
- JUNE 23.—A day off.

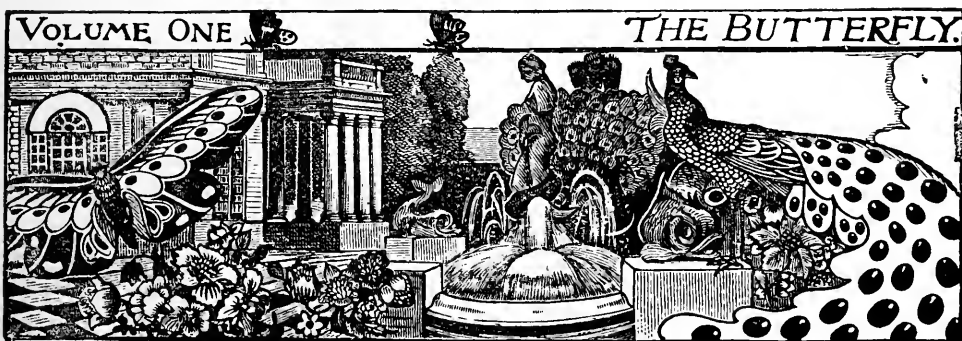






The Princess Lands.

From a Drawing by Maurice Greiffenhagen.



THE SCATTERLING AND THE AURELIAN.

THE Scatterling lay stretched under a hedge in the grass of the meadow—the vagabond's velvet pile. His arms propped his head; his eyes were half closed, so that the little flocks of cirro-cumulus, lazily browsing in the blue above, seemed the mere imagery of his mind in its most pastoral mood. Sometimes his nostrils—sensitive as a horse's—would inflate to a wandering whiff of grasses or woodbine. Sometimes he would indulge his fancy with a moonlight dream of the forest of stalks through which his eyes looked, drowsily askew—a dream of knightly beetles, the light sleeking on their shards as they advanced; of glow-worm shrines burning stilly in haunted thickets; of the crunch of caterpillar jaws in secret green places; of all the tiny phantom cries and sounds of the world of under-herbage. Then, again, he would speculate, breathing gracious contentment, upon the green and the blue above, and upon the space separating them—as it were water between lenses peopled with darting indistinguishable shapes. Or, when a little wind stroked his forehead, he would glance up with a smile at the lids and curved lashes of the honeysuckle bending over him, as if his indolence thus sought to acknowledge the caress of some flower-soft dryad in whose lap he lay.

He was perfectly happy—unvexed of the smallest cark of responsibility. In the grass by his side lay a butterfly net; but that belonged to the Aurelian, who had gone to slake his thirst at the brook.

Now, suddenly, before the Scatterling's heavenward vision, was enacted one of those miniature dances of Nature that are to be likened to the dainty ballets that once upon a time were used to point (or relieve) the moral of tragic opera. To find

THE SCATTERLING.

himself reclining within view of a butcher-bird's larder in the hedge had already disturbed his easy kindliness. A wee dead shrew-mouse; a naked fledgling, spitted like a tiny goose for roasting; a watchman beetle, muffled to the throat, and paddling with his helpless legs like a Japanese toy tortoise—these, skewered upon blackthorns, should surely have represented a feast of as many courses as were meet to the capacity of the small gluttonous crop. Yet, whenever the dreamer chose to look in his direction, there, perched high upon a neighbouring thorn, was the little grey and brown rapparee, twinkling, flirting, chatting; beguiling small luckless things to sense of security by his assumption of self-absorption, then in the unexpected moment flashing down, and returning with spoil of wasp or grasshopper, which he would swallow like a nip of bitters before dinner.

Now, butterflies generally were game too insignificant for this mighty freebooter, that was scarce bigger than a linnet. But, so it happened, there suddenly shone into his field of vision—and, simultaneously, into that of the Scatterling—a fluttering flake of red gold, a shining beautiful waif of the air, that it was beyond his arrogance to ignore. He went for it, shot, missed, returned to his perch; essayed afresh, again over-reached, and again settled. He was excited and angry thereat—not flustered, but stung to a little strategic devilry, which is the deadly stage of aggression. He would dart once more, calculating the wind-gauge, as it were; and though he once more struck wide, whizzing past, and yet once more, fluttering up like a blown dry leaf from the ground on which he had alighted, his wings on each occasion so served him that his quarry was upset in the passing squall of them, and must right itself before it could speed to escape on the new tack. Now the poor fairy, whose pinions—mere tracery of cobwebs glazed with sunlight—were ill designed for manœuvring in an element so intricate with currents and so peopled with air-sharks, knew (so the Scatterling was convinced) that her hour was come—that the final essay was to devour her and all her golden meal. She mounted for the last time, but with a hesitating lift, like a flake of hot cindrous paper rising from a hearth. The red-backed shrike stirred through all his feathers, and squatted for the spring. The Scatterling sat up and waved his arms.

“I have done a fairy a good turn,” thought he, as he sank back, leaning on his elbow. “Now, if in gratitude she gives me



IMPORTUNITY.

Mac Stingy (to lady collecting for foreign missions): "Ye're here again, and it's no twa years sin' I gied ye saxpence!"



THE SCATTERLING

a wish, how shall I realise on it? I don't want money, or fame, or a wife. For any needs I wot of, Nature can supply them. Not to think of gain, then—supposing I ask to be confirmed in the possession of—of what? My present temper, to be sure.”

He blinked, at the moment, in actual astonishment to see a burnished scale, as it appeared, flicker down from the sky, and settle on his knee. It was the fairy herself come to curtsy to her saviour; but, prosaically, there is always a secret treaty in force between the vagabond and the animal worlds.

She sat there, noiselessly clapping and sunning her golden fans. She was so close to him that he was able to study her every vein and mark. He was not usually observant of entomological, any more than of ornithological or botanical distinctions. But he knew the characteristic voice and manner of most birds, the habits of flowers, and in what places to look for them all by their pretty nicknames. Now, it occurred to him that this, the fairy of his fancy, was, in the plain vernacular, a copper butterfly (polyommatus-something-or-other, of the class lycænidæ, of the group papilionæ, of the order rhopalocera, of the genus lepidoptera, the Aurelian would have called it), only such a copper butterfly—so large, so burnished, so resplendent—as his hitherto experience had never known.

That concerned him, however, only inasmuch as it was a gleam of novelty in a world of engaging surprises.

“What are you, you little splendid beauty?” he said aloud.

She went on opening and closing her wings where she rested, as though she were engaged in squeezing out its restorative essence from the very fruit of sunshine. He petted his imagination with her answer:—

“My little body is nothing but the pin to a hinge on which your golden fancy turns. I am the golden priestess that weds the flowers, and I take my fees in gold.”

“You must give, not take, here,” he said. “Am I to have my wish, for driving off the butcher-bird?”

And at that moment the Aurelian was to be seen approaching, and the butterfly slipped away over the hedge.

The Aurelian came up, rubbing his mouth, that was wet with water.

“Phew! it's hot!” said he; and flung himself down in the grass by the Scatterling.

“Anything come your way while I was gone?” said he, by-and-by.

THE SCATTERLING.

"No-o," drawled the Scatterling. "Only an extraordinarily big copper butterfly, that settled on my knee."

"Big? What do you mean?"

"Well; it seemed to me big for a copper. I don't know."

"It settled on your knee, you say? Didn't you observe it?"

"Oh! very plainly. It was as large as—what shall I say? As large as a meadow-brown, or thereabouts."

"And copper?"

"Not a doubt about that. It shone like a new penny. I have never seen its like. It was the most beautiful thing—red-gold spotted with black; and a patch of white on its underwings when it showed them. I could have caught it in my hand."

The Aurelian scrambled to his feet. His face was white; his breath spoke quick; his eyes, glazed by his spectacles, seemed to shoot forward like a crab's.

"Where? When? Which way?" he gasped, seizing up his net, and turning round and round in an ecstasy of agitation.

"What do you mean?" said the Scatterling, slightly raising his head. "Which way it went? Upon my word, I don't know."

The Aurelian beat the hedge insanely up and down for some few minutes. Then he desisted, and came and sat—glaring and gnawing his knuckles—by the side of the other.

"You could have caught it in your hand?" he said suddenly; "yet you never even thought of using the net. Man! do you realize the fact that you have wantonly missed your chance—my chance—of a *Polyommatus Dispar*?"

"Have I? It don't excite me a piece."

He yawned slightly, sat up, and fetched from his pockets a flask and a packet of egg and watercress sandwiches.

The Aurelian made a sound as if he were sipping hot tea. Then a dead silence of some moments befell. At the end the Aurelian looked up, with a rather ghastly smile on his face.

"Do you know," he said deliberately, but in a shaking voice, "that I have been fighting down an almost overmastering temptation to kill you?"

"Because I did not catch the butterfly?"

"Yes."

"And I," said the Scatterling seriously, "if *you* had netted it, should very probably have—taken a great dislike to you."



Sarah Bernhardt as "Hamlet,"

By S. H. Sime.



THE SCATTERLING.

He broke into a musical laugh, and held out the flask insinuatingly. Immediately the Aurelian snatched it from his hand and flung it furiously away.

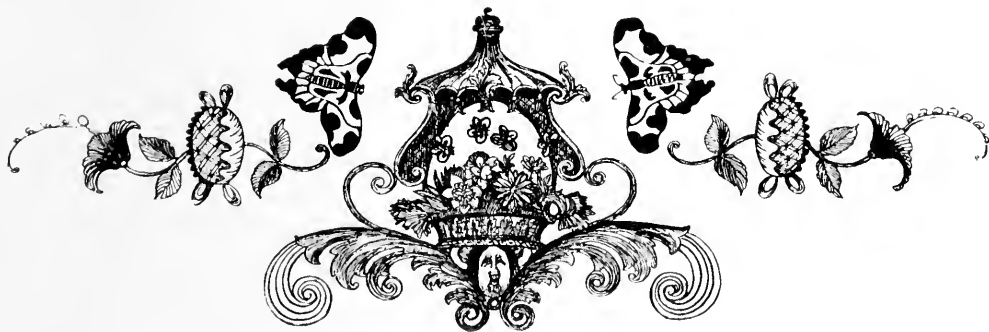
This was to express the bursting loose of the moral cork. For the next minute or two the vessel of wrath overflowed—hiss, froth and exploding bubble. There was no remotely forceful epithet precipitated to the bottom of the Aurelian's vocabulary but he had it up and flung it for all it was worth at the Scatterling. And when his personal stock failed him, like a delirious patient he looted alien stores and pitched abroad whole bazaars of anathema. He damned, until curried imprecation palled upon his palate; and then he resorted to insult, so poisonously stinging, inserted with such hateful ingenuity in the sensitive spot, that the victim of it could not but pale and set his lips under the torture. But neither did the latter protest, nor permit himself to be dared to counter-blast;—and quite suddenly the Aurelian ran empty and dumb.

Then the Scatterling drew a long breath, and the colour came back to his face; and he rose and went to seek the vicarious flask. And as, having found, he returned with it, he fancied, but was not sure, that the fairy *Polyommatus* shone out an instant far down the hedge, and blinked her wings at him once and disappeared.

"It is the wish granted," he said to himself delightedly. "Of course, now I think of it, I kept my temper through it all."

And when a second time he proffered the conciliatory cordial, the Aurelian accepted it with a shameful face, and presently began to shamble over an apology.

BERNARD CAPES.



FIVE O'CLOCK.

THE wind howls round my lonely tenement
And sings into the chimney of the stove :
Another day—and still no message sent !
She's rather cool. By Jove !

The tea is made, and all the table set,
Yea, and the meal is eaten, verily ;
I hear the postman knock without—and yet
He bringeth nought for me.

Now is she like unto a copper pot
(Wherewith she first did humbug me, I mind),
While one doth coax or curse, it boileth not—
So she to Love is blind !

Perchance she thinks that I am as a slave,
Even as a nigger slave of Nubia—I—
Let her beware ! If one day *she* should crave,
Haply *I* might deny !

It isn't likely—and she knows it well,
Knows that she's nothing on this earth to fear
From me. That's why she's proud. And if she'd tell—
It's why she isn't here.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.



"Yer'll 'ave me prosecuted? What d'yer mean? Ain't it there plain enough on the boat—THE MORNING'S TAR?"

By J. W. T. Manuel.



ACT VI.

AS any of the commentators remarked what a dreadful number of *mésalliances* lie at Shakespeare's door? Heaven itself—where these affairs are supposed to be conducted—could not have been more rash in its coupling of lad and lass. What unlikely, grotesque, and incompatible matches, destined to be fruitful—in Act VI.—of consequences dire and pitiful! If you look into it, you will notice that in hardly any case has Shakespeare portrayed a happy marriage *after the event*. *Othello* is a tragedy because it opens with a wedding; *Much Ado About Nothing* is a comedy because it closes with one.

I wonder what the shade of Shakespeare will say if at any time it should stray from its misty shores into the Land of Shadows Made Substance—which may well exist over the border line of that Land of Substance Made Shadows.

There he will find Beatrice and Benedick: Beatrice, perhaps, grown a little mature and shrill—she always had a dash of the shrew in her which made one tremble for her fat-and-forty epoch—Benedick stouter than of yore, with an unromantic tendency to sleep after dinner. Where is now that repartee that once set the halls of Messina in a roar? Well, it, like its objects, is less happy than it used to be. Perchance it sparkles on occasion at dinner parties, and Benedick must always have been an acquisition to any smoking room; but its operations within the home circle are limited. If you set up a private installation of lightning on the domestic hearth, it is more likely to hurt than to dazzle. After all, a pair of rapiers is a poor capital to start an establishment on. Benedick gets the worst of it: he never was her match. Now, being fonder of a quiet life than he was, he is henpecked. He is become his own oak, with but one green leaf on it. He frequently recalls, though he does not dare mention it, how he was basely tricked into marriage. Beatrice, too, has her own reminiscences on the point; and there is a coolness between her and Hero.

Ferdinand and Miranda have, like good monarchs, performed their duty to their country by providing a sufficient number of heirs to the throne of Naples to prevent any dispute as to

ACT VI.

the succession. For the rest, what could you expect of a couple who, in the first morning of their acquaintance, took to playing chess and quarrelled over it? They play chess still, and one of them sulks after the checkmate. Ferdinand reads up Mason and Staunton surreptitiously, hoping to find pitfalls for the partner of his bosom. They unite, however, in patronising the chess tournaments at Naples, and His Majesty is well spoken of in the chess journals. In other respects it is a common-place reign. Miranda, having learned more of men, finds them not such goodly creatures after all. Ferdinand rolls logs no more, and even rings for the servant to put on the coals. Prospero, who has apartments in the west wing of the Palace somewhere, misses Ariel very much, and is sometimes sorry that he drowned his books.

Portia is a sweet and serene matron, but much faded through continued anxiety about her husband's financial embarrassments. He has long since dissipated her fortune in his light-handed way; and the three caskets are in pledge with Shylock, who now stipulates for hard cash only. Bassanio has become an obdurate opponent of Women's Rights, and holds, with St. Paul, that it is a shame for women to speak in public. The household has been less happy since Portia heard from somebody that her lord's matrimonial intentions, when first broached to Antonio, were purely mercenary.

Proteus and Julia have, of course, been divorced long since. The lady was unfortunate in living before the age of *Home Snippets*, the Correspondence Editor of which could have informed her that a gentleman who betrays his friend, deserts his love, and proposes to offer violence to another lady, is not the sort of person to whom you can safely confide your young happiness. Between Valentine and Silvia there is no open breach; but the Duke's daughter still takes it ill that he should have offered to resign his claims on her to his rival. It is, no doubt, true that

"By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased."

On the other hand, by this particular kind of magnanimity the Eternal Feminine's wrath is apt to be aroused.

Also is there a root of bitterness in the home of Rosalind. Orlando is still subject to fits of dejection—a habit more easily contracted in courtship than thrown off after marriage—and will not permit his wife to wear even bloomers. She, poor soul,



On the Sussex Downs.
By Edgar Wilson.



ACT VI.

is apologetic about the doublet and hose ; but she cannot forget the alacrity with which her husband accepted vicarious consolation once in a wood.

Touchstone has taken to wife-beating in the way of kindness, but, with that exception, Audrey's life is fairly pleasant. In fact, when she has been drubbed out of her foulness, this marriage is as happy as almost any you will find under the Shakespearean firmament. The union is the antithesis of the Benedick-Beatrice one. Audrey's beautiful candour and simplicity soothe, while they amuse, her more sophisticated spouse—very much as Dora appealed to David Copperfield ; and his conversational powers stun but amaze her. She lies awake o' nights to ponder over his swiftness and sententiousness. A good old-fashioned couple ; but the shade of Shakespeare might enter their cottage without shuddering at the thought of his reckless dispensations.

Poor Mariana has fared very ill—worse in the sequel than in the play. To be mated with the villain of the piece were surely a fate for Mistress Overdone rather than for the damsel of the moated grange. The side of Angelo visible at his own fireside is an ugly one ; and his wife sighs sometimes for the happier days when she was neither wife, maid, nor widow.

There are other cases, but these are enough to show that, in suiting his couples, Shakespeare neglected the most elementary principles of successful match-making. He simply took any stray couple he found roaming through the play, and married them out of hand, irrespective of the sad consequences to the species which he might have learned from Schopenhauer and Nordau. That, no doubt, is Nature's way, and Shakespeare is believed to have had an admiration for her methods.

Only once does the Bard seem to have shown any sign of remorse for his conduct. You will remember that Lucio, in "Measure for Measure," is on his way to be married as the curtain falls. But he is to be hanged afterwards.

R. B.

THE SHROUD.

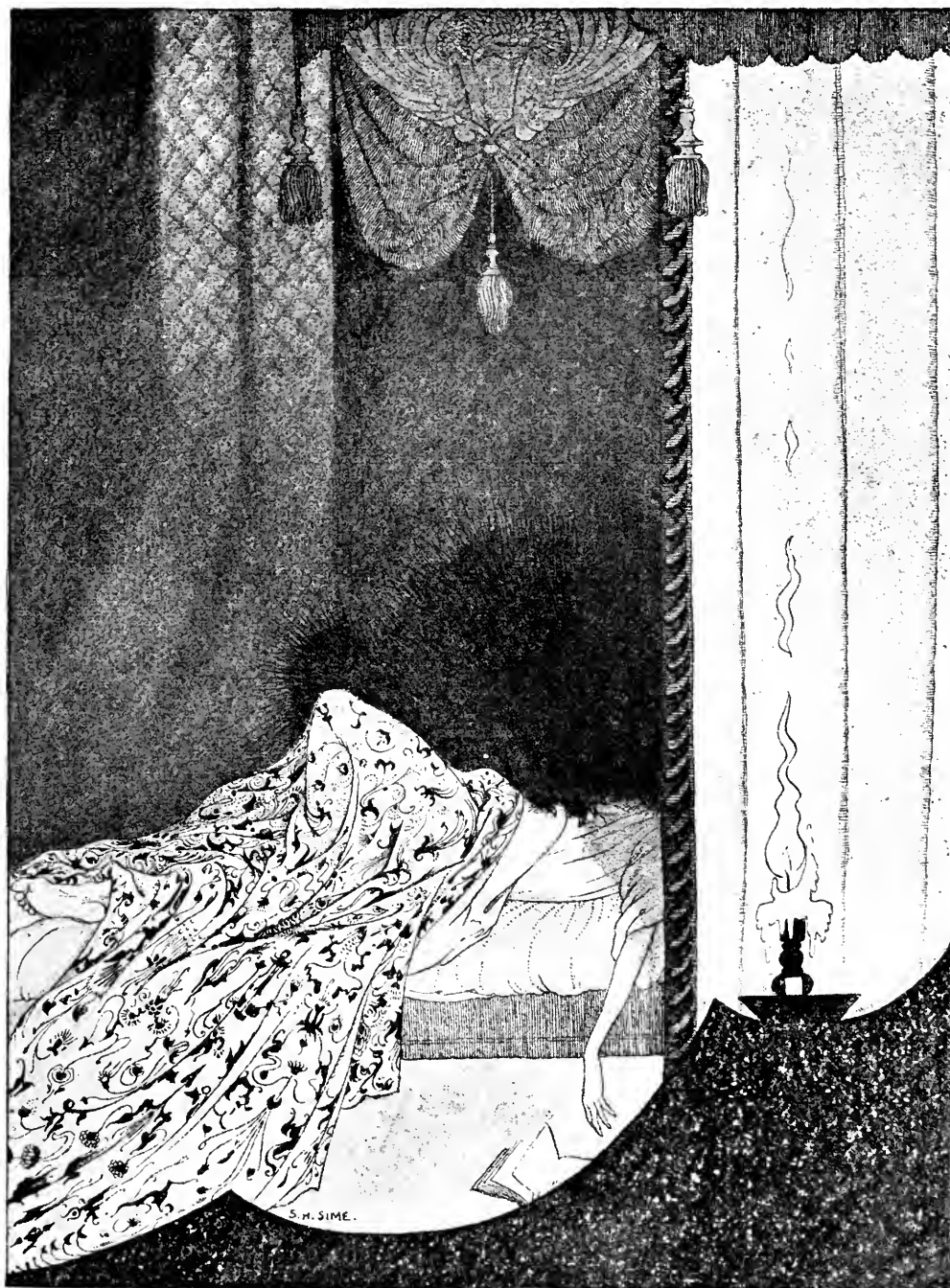
THE shop was absurdly small, so small that a single customer filled it; but as the customers seldom came, Miss Nulty was not perplexed by any schemes for enlargement. It was not that her neighbours did not support her as far as they could—they did their best, but there were so few of them that even the briskest commercial enterprise would have been wasted. The hamlet had been decaying for years, almost for generations; the young people had left it, the old remained because the outer world had no need of them. The place was old, mildewed, unnecessary; a prey to sea-mists and the insidious moisture of a low coast.

Miss Nulty sat in her shop for a certain number of hours every day, year in, year out, making various garments with a slowness that precluded all hope of profit. Most of this work she did for the vicarage, a very little for such of her neighbours as were too old to see. When she was not in the shop, she was upstairs. There was no back room; the staircase ran up from behind her chair, and was so narrow and dark that it gave the old lady's nerves a good deal of trouble even after knowing it for thirty years.

In the window of the shop were a few things which rather indicated what she did not sell than what she did—a small collection of sweets in bottles, all stuck together and faded in colour, two or three tin whistles, a bowl of glass marbles, and half-a-dozen peg and whip tops. Nobody wanted these things, because there were no children left in the village; but once a week they were taken out, carefully dusted, and as carefully put back again. This process was known as "cleaning stock," and occupied the greater part of every Monday morning.

One afternoon Miss Nulty sat in her shop, her old head bent low over her sewing, her old eyes wearied by working in a bad light. A less conscientious woman would have increased the size of her stitches; but Miss Nulty was an artist, and the greater the difficulty, the more persistently she toiled. She might have lit a lamp, but oil cost money; besides, she preferred twilight, it suited her mood, and made contrasts less sharp.

There was not a sound outside but the slow drip of moisture from the eaves of her cottage, the occasional melancholy crow of a damp, disheartened cock, and now and then a footstep that never came so far as Miss Nulty's door. She was waiting for a



The Incubus.

By S. H. Sime.



THE SHROUD.

footstep, and each time she raised her head, and listened eagerly. With each disappointment she bent over the sewing again, and sighed.

At last, however, half the remaining light was darkened by a figure that stood in the doorway. Miss Nulty dropped the work into her lap, and smoothed it with chilly, wrinkled fingers.

"Come in, Lisbeth," she called, "come in and tell the news. Dear, how wet 'tis!"

Lisbeth entered, and sat down on an empty soap-box, which served for chair.

"Ay, you may say that, Mary. Wet it always was and always will be in this village. There! 'tis no use grumblin'."

"No, I s'pose not."

"I couldn't get off before."

"You must be main tired, Lisbeth."

"I don't grumble—not a word; but it'd a'most be a comfort if he were took."

Miss Nulty's hands closed tightly together.

"You shouldn't say that, Lisbeth. He's worked for you and now you've got the chance to do a bit for him. He's been a good husband, and now he's on his back——"

"There, how you talk! Anybody'd think I'd spoke against him!"

"I didn't mean that. People take things different. I dare say 'tis tarr'ble wearin', this watchin' and nursin'."

"Tarr'ble," said Lisbeth; "and no good comes of it, nor can, so Doctor says."

"How is he to-day?" Miss Nulty asked the question fearfully, and under her breath.

"Just the very same. He lays all day with his eyes open, a-starin' at the ceilin' as though it had pictures on it. He can't move, poor soul, and when he do speak 'tis tarr'ble hard to catch it."

"P'raps, as you say, Lisbeth," said Miss Nulty softly, "he'd be better gone."

"Doctor says he may go any minute."

There was a long silence. The little shop seemed to grow together in the deepening dusk as though it shivered, the melancholy November wind soughed and whimpered without, and still the drip, drip continued like the ticking of a clock. Miss Nulty's thoughts were far away from her surroundings;

THE SHROUD.

she was back in the time when she had been young and even pretty, and the blood danced.

"Why don't you have a light, Mary?" Lisbeth asked.

"I like the dark best."

"But you couldn't see to serve a customer."

"There won't be another to-day."

"Well, I s'pose you do know best."

After another pause Miss Nulty asked:

"Might I see him, Lisbeth, just to let him know the village hasn't forgot him?"

Lisbeth could not see the flush on the other's usually bloodless cheeks, nor was she acute enough to catch the strained anxiety in the tone.

"To-morrow, p'raps, if you'd come 'bout ten o'clock, when I've put him straight for the day."

"Thank you, Lisbeth."

"I'll tell him you're comin'—it might cheer him up like."

"Do you think it will?"

"Ay; they're main queer when they're sick."

"At ten o'clock, you say?"

"'Bout ten."

"I'll not forget."

"I must be goin' now."

"Good-night, Lisbeth. If there's any little thing he'd fancy, I could easy make it; I've more time than you."

"He did speak once of toffy-apples."

"I can make them fine."

When Lisbeth had gone, Miss Nulty still sat in the dark shop, her work for once neglected, her mind sadly busy with the past. Toffy-apples! She had made him some long before he had ever met Lisbeth, and he remembered it! There was such poignant comfort in the thought, that she must needs weep a little, even though it was the worst thing in the world for weak and over-wearied eyes. How gladly she would have nursed him, looking for no reward beyond the mere fact that he still lived, however wrecked in mind and body. She had never complained, even when he had turned from her to Lisbeth; she had never tried to make mischief between them. Miss Nulty was a poor, weak little woman, to whom love was everything, so weak that she could not fight to keep it: when it was taken away, she lived on its memory, and put what heart remained in her into neat stitches and the conduct of her tiny shop. All her



OUR PRISON SYSTEM.

"Blimee, what's up wi' Bill?"

"Whoy, they've been an' turned 'im out er quod a month afore 'is toime!"

"What a beastly shine!"

By J. W. T. Manuel.



THE SHROUD.

womanly instincts, which had budded with such fair promise, were turned aside to the dexterous manipulation of a needle and the custody of five pounds worth of stock.

At last she lit a lamp, and made herself a cup of tea, boiling the kettle over a little spirit stove. Fires were too expensive for one old lady, and, besides, she really did not feel the cold much. At six o'clock she closed the shop by turning the key in the door, and took up her work again. She could hardly see it. She was angry with herself for having cried about the toffy-apples.

The church bell tolled. It was Tuesday, and in the ordinary way there would be no service that night; she could not understand it. The second stroke came a long time after the first, the third at an equal interval. It was the passing bell. All at once Miss Nulty understood. He was dead.

At first the knowledge did not increase her pain; it seemed to bring them closer together again, and make it possible for her to think of him more freely than she had dared to allow herself to think before. But very soon the terrible difference between dead and living struck her with a hopeless perplexity, and the thought that now there would be no use in making the toffy-apples filled her with desolation. It was too late to do the one small thing for him which she might have done if he had lived another day.

She put fingers to her ears to shut out the tolling of the bell. Then, mechanically, she went on with her work, not daring either to give it up or to put on her bonnet and go to see the dead man's wife. She had not seen him since the day he had been stricken down; all her news came through Lisbeth, who never suspected that there had ever been anything between the two. Lisbeth was never particularly bright-witted.

Instead of going upstairs as usual after closing-time, Miss Nulty stayed in the shop; it somehow seemed more familiar and warmer than her barely-furnished bedroom. Indeed, when the clock struck ten, she found that she was afraid to go up alone; not because of ghosts or any nonsense of that sort, but because she could not face the loneliness that awaited her at the top of the dark staircase. Then she remembered the two or three letters which he had once written to her—they were upstairs, hidden away at the bottom of an old tin box, which contained some of the things she had secretly prepared for the wedding that never came. She had so strong a fancy to see the letters

THE SHROUD.

again that her fear slipped into the background. Just as she rose, a hurried tapping sounded on the door. She unlocked it to admit Lisbeth.

"You've heard, I s'pose, Mary?"

"I heard the bell, Lisbeth."

Lisbeth sat down and rocked herself to and fro; she was pale, and her eyelids were a little swollen from crying, but she was now perfectly calm.

"He went quite sudden, an hour after I got home."

"Poor soul. I'm sorry, Lisbeth. There! don't take on."

Mary felt that she was trembling, and had an almost irresistible impulse to cry out. She threw her arms round Lisbeth's neck, and kissed her eagerly.

"Did he die happy?" she asked.

"Just the same as goin' asleep. I wouldn't have come to you to-night, only there's somethin' I must tell at once. He must have his last wish, though it was a strange one."

"What was it, Lisbeth?" She just breathed the question.

"'Let Mary,' he said, 'let Mary make my shroud.'"

Miss Nulty said nothing; she stared straight before her with a feeling that if she moved her secret would leap out in spite of her.

"I knew you'd think it strange—but there! if some one else made it he'd never know, and p'raps 'tis too much for you."

"No, no!" Mary cried, "I'll be glad to make it; I'm proud he thought of me."

"He always spoke well of you."

"That was real good of him, Lisbeth."

"You'll set about makin' it at once?"

"Surely I'll do that."

"I must be gettin' back now. Oh, I was forgettin' to give you the measurements."

Lisbeth handed Miss Nulty a slip of paper, and went away after a consolatory embrace. When the door was locked again, Mary felt happier than she had done for years. He had remembered her at the last, he had thought of her, and not of Lisbeth. She experienced a pitiful joy that called for tears, but she restrained them because all her strength both of body and sight would be required to do the great work.

She went upstairs boldly, and opened the box which had not been unlocked for so long. From it she took a roll of linen, fine, and a little toned by age; it had been laid in against her



The Oyster Stall.

From a Lithograph by L. Raven Hill.

THE SHROUD.

marriage. This she took downstairs, and, having cleared her little counter, set to work at once.

Hour after hour she toiled, putting her soul into the neatness and fineness of the stitches, recapturing a hint of the glamour of her youth in performing that last office for the dead. She felt no weariness, only a passionate desire to make it the most perfect piece of work she had ever done; her eyes seemed to help her strangely; she saw quite clearly again, even by the indifferent aid of her small oil-lamp.

When dawn came she was still at work. At eight o'clock she did not open the shop for fear a customer might come in and interrupt her. The news that Miss Nulty was making the shroud soon got abroad, and every now and then a passer-by would stop and stare in through the window. She took heed of nothing; she simply stitched on.

Late in the afternoon the shroud was finished, and she took it round to Lisbeth. With awe and a yearning swelling of the heart, she looked upon the dead man's face.

"You get cleverer and cleverer, Mary," said Lisbeth; "every stitch is a wonder."

"He'd a fancy for me to make it, and of course I done my best."

"Ah, yes! for sure you did."

"He'd a taste for pretty things."

"Yes, he were main fond of anythin' nice to eat or drink or look at."

Neither of the women realised that the man had been a mere lump of selfishness, unworthy of the love of either.

When Miss Nulty got back to the shop it was closing time, so she turned the key behind her.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.



ON THE MOMENTS OCCUPIED BY LAVATION,
PREVIOUS TO DINING.

BETWEEN two distinct periods of thought, between the daily and the after-dinner musings, separated by an impassable abyss of soap and dentifrice, there lies a calm, brief moment, for curious imaginings to float over the brain, before the culinary art demands a new concentration.

I rejoice in the first burst of the hot water into the basin, and the sigh of the can as it empties its hot life into the china, the sensuous movements of the soap, the froth, of a delicate smell, covering the hot flesh, the scraggle of the soap as it slides from your unwary fingers and seeks refuge in the waters below.

Over my heart and brain comes a peace most refreshing; the vain longings of the morning pass away; the thankful after-meal feeling is not yet come, and a series of inconsequent ideas penetrate the corners of my mind, and send out a rush of thoughts, like leaves tossed by the wind.

I see the wayward smoke of a cheap cigar wreath the clerk's head in blue mistiness. I see his greasy lunch seated in a cloak of newspaper, spread before him on the ink-stained desk. I see the passionate impromptu preacher learning his sermons from a worn book of faded print. I see the layer of dust between the second-hand books, as the literary student diligently turns them over to search for new phrases or clever classic quotations.

I smell the hot smell of the hay-field, and hear the reaper whet his scythe with a clean, regular noise; I see the old garden, the hollyhocks, the neat pear-tree on the red brick wall, and the peacock pruning himself to the music of the bumble bee, in the cadmium cornfield; deep down the earth's bowels, pitch dark, save for the miner's safety lamp, I see the super who plays fourth gamekeeper reading Ibsen. I clasp all the success and failure of the world in my hands, roll its sympathies and its bitternesses round with the soap-ball, and clean them from my mind with a domestic sponge. I am the hen, the nest, the egg, and the unheeding purchaser. I am as the clever weather prophet, turning the world hot or cold by watching a cheap thermometer in the advertising department. I am the bang and recoil of the huge printing press, and the delicate incense of the newly-printed



TOMLINSON.

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he said, "and the tale is yet to run:
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?"

By S. H. Some.

LAVATION.

paper ; my thoughts come off on people like the fresh ink, and leave a blot on their minds.

I am as the man hired to mow a coarse grass lawn, and I feel with the housewife when the man remarks that the new machine has struck a rock. I am the careless nurse, reading a romance in one hand, and rocking a cradle with the other, ceaselessly rocking up to the 105th chapter, when Lord Dalrymple de Suffolk kills his bloodhounds with a poisoned omelette, and never noticing the baby suck the pattern off the painted marble fireplace.

I follow the man's hand as he grains a deal door to represent old oak or mahogany, and curls his pointed stick through the varnish with an artistic variation for each panel.

I am with the man in the Japanese shop, as he opens his Birmingham parcels, and prints "Fresh from Tokio" on thirteen new labels, to catch the gilded idiot.

I hopelessly think of clever repartees, and imagine myself heroic when a burglar enters the house. All these things drop off my mind as soapsuds from the soap, and go to the same irredeemable places as the slops.

I glance at the fly on the window-pane, and wonder if I ever saw the oval-shaped imperfection in the glass before. I see a double view of the garden, and dry my hands as I think of the yells of the battle-field.

I see the bribble of the wind on a wheat-field, and see the ears of corn bow this way and that to its wanton laughter.

I see the weary look of the painted lady, as she listens to the young man told off to take her in to dinner. I hear the fat host praising his wine, and the anxious glance of the hostess as each fresh dish appears. I hear the footman repeating the dinner-table jokes in the servants' hall, and the French *chef*, hired for the occasion, condescending to the pretty parlour-maid. All this I see ; and I straighten my tie, make anew the Roman road through my hair, manicure my nails, and wait for the warning of the dinner-bell to put on my coat.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

AT A WEST-END SUPPER ROOM.

YEA! she has danced with all the devil's joys,
And sown strange kisses on a thousand lips,
Her heart still beating to some ravish'd boy's,
Her body as a flower the wild bee sips.
There on the full-curved mouth a memory stays
Of nights that cheated long the curtained morn,
There on the white throat, where the gold hair strays,
A jewel laughs as if in merry scorn!

See how her lithe, long fingers toy the fruit!
The luscious grape seems conscious of her hand;
Her voice comes softer than a fabled flute
Beneath the vine in some lascivious land.
Light fates go flashing from her careless eyes;
Gold wine and red 'mid laughter sparkle bright;
She is a stranger to the world of sighs,
She knows she lives but for the world's delight!

Imperial mistress of forgotten hearts,
Who still brief joys for your brief conquests give,
With what wild passions and delicious smarts
You pay the world that gaily bids you live!
In dream blind Homer saw you long ago,
Sporting with hapless souls on fatal shores;
And still o'er men your ancient spell you throw,
Where London like a sea about us roars.

J. RIDDELL ROBINSON.

THE HELPING HANDS.

A CERTAIN Prince, who had lost his way in the world, came one night to a little castle standing in a wood, and there at the small postern he knocked to ask for a night's lodging.

As he knocked, a knock from the inner side answered him. Evidently there was somebody there, yet the door did not open. So, after waiting, the Prince knocked again, and once more a knock answered his. And so a third time he knocked, and by a knock was answered.

Then the Prince, angry at being thus mocked, cried, "Who's there?"

And a voice from within answered, "Who's there?"

"Open the door!" cried the Prince.

"Open the door!" answered the voice from the other side.

At this the Prince, losing all patience, gave the door a push, and at once it yielded with the greatest ease. And so soon as he had pushed it a little way, there edged through it a starved skeleton of a man with wild eyes, who began running with all his might away from the castle towards cover of the nearest thicket.

The Prince, not willing to let his mocker escape so easily, made after him, and presently had him by the coat.

"Alas!" cried the man, struggling to be free. "Kill me, but never take me back into that castle, for I had rather die a thousand deaths than be there!"

"Why did you not come away then, before?" asked the Prince.

"The door would not open."

"Easily enough," said the Prince.

"Ah, from outside, yes—but not from within. That is how I was trapped by her whose wicked business I went there to do. Truly, I was rightly served."

"Whose bidding, and to what end?" enquired the Prince. "You shall tell me all, since I have set you free."

"When I have told you," said the man, "you will very rightly cut off my head, or hang me to the nearest bough. But here is the full truth as I tell it you:

"The King of these parts had but one daughter, so lovely that only one in the world hated her, and that was the Queen, her stepmother, whose villain I am. Now the Queen, wishing

THE HELPING HANDS.

for her own ends to be rid of the Princess, made me bring her one day to this tower ; and the Princess went willingly, believing that here at nightfall the King and Queen were coming to lodge after a day's hunting, for that had been the Queen's tale to make things go smoothly.

"Now, this little tower was the Queen's before her marriage lifted her to great things. Few knew of it. And the door was the Queen's own also, even I not knowing its secret ; which is how I was trapped, and caught in my own wickedness, for she had good reason not to wish that I should return with such a secret.

"So I brought the Princess here. And she was so beautiful that I had not at once the heart to kill her ; so I thought I would wait to do it when she slept. And she, wondering because none came, at last went to rest ; and in a little while I went in, hoping to find her asleep. But instead of that I found her saying her prayers by her bedside, with her little hands clasped and raised.

"Then I made haste, and had out my sword, and brought it down to the stroke. But at that moment it so happened that she, getting sound of me, turned her head, so that my stroke missed, and, leaving her neck whole, cut off her little white hands.

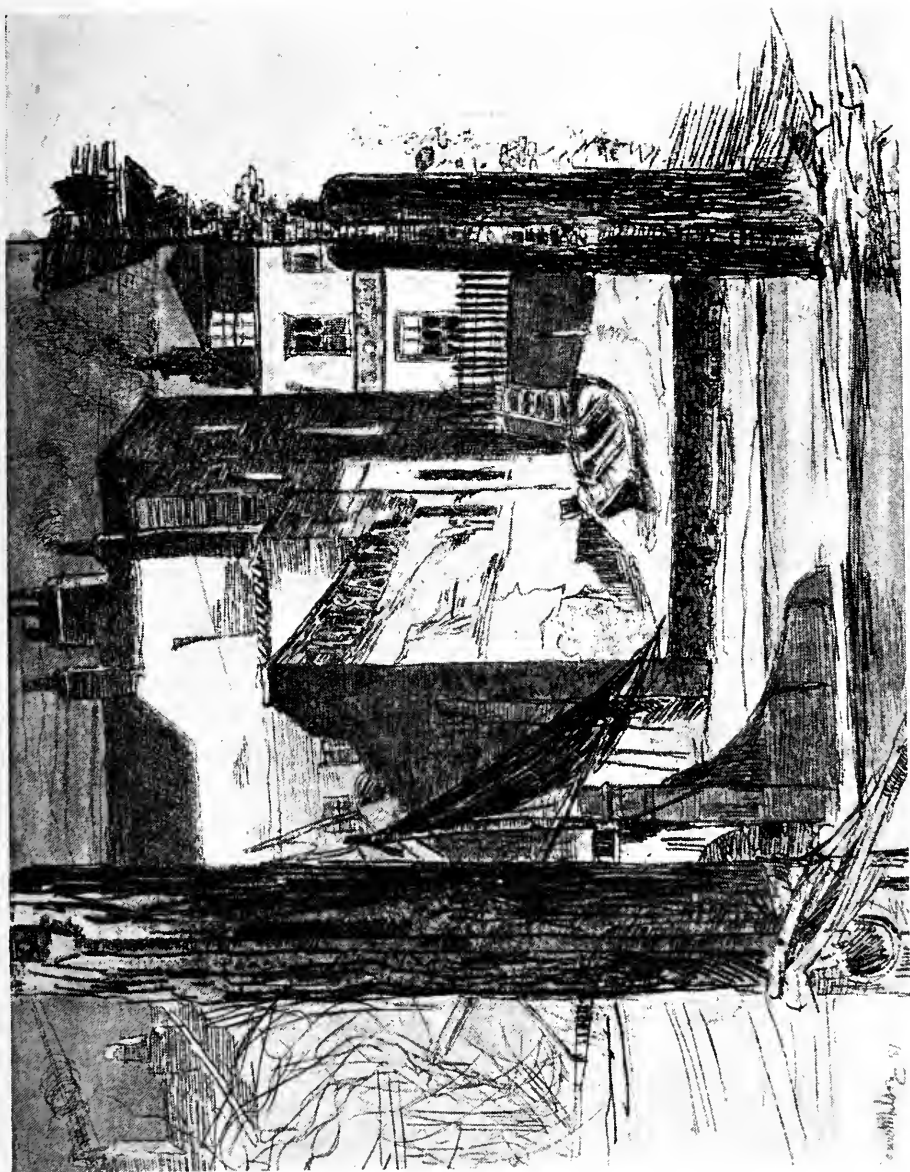
"Her face was so fair as she fell swooning I could do no more, so I left her there to die ; and in the morning, when it was light, I came back to hide away her body, having made a place under the flags of the courtyard to cover her.

"She lay white and cold ; truly, you would say, a corpse ; and I buried her in that shallow grave. But her hands I could not bury."

"Why not her hands ?" asked the Prince.

"I buried them," said the villain, "but it was no good ; of their own accord they dug their way out. Three times I did this, and each time they returned to the light of day. Then, when I found myself trapped, without a loophole for escape, each day they followed me about the courtyard and corridors, as if to watch me while I starved. It is from that horrible fear and sight that you have now set me free."

The Prince thought awhile ; then he said, "If I spare your life now, will you swear to be faithful and obey me in what I shall tell you ?" The other promised on his knees that his life



*Under Lambeth Bridge.
From a Soft Ground Etching by Edgar Wilson.*



THE HELPING HANDS.

should be at the Prince's service thenceforward till the day of his death.

Then the Prince said to him, "Wait for me here, and when I knock from within open the door to me as I did for you." And with that he passed through the postern into the little castle.

The door shut behind him with a will, snapping at his heels like a dog chained to keep guard. But the Prince crossed the court, and searched all the rooms, till at last he came to one where, on a cushioned seat, two white hands lay folded.

"O beautiful hands," said the Prince, "what can I do to serve you?" And, as though to the Princess herself, he knelt down and kissed them.

They were soft and warm to his lips; and it seemed to him as if they moved to make response to his greeting.

Then he wondered what next he was to do. The little hands were so lovely and dainty, they seemed to show how beautiful the Princess herself had been; and his heart smote him for grief at the cruel end that had come to her young life.

"Fair mistress fingers," said he, once more addressing the hands, "if there is any help to be given you, take my service, and lend me guidance how it shall be done." And saying so, he lifted the two hands, and, laying them in his bosom, went down to the entrance of the castle.

There he knocked, but the man came not to answer, and the door stayed shut. "Ah, villain!" cried the Prince, "are you so soon proved false? Now, it seems, I am here to die in place of you. Beautiful little hands, tell me what am I now to do?"

At that the hands plucked themselves out of his bosom, and leaped lightly to ground. Then they ran under the door, and presently the door opened, the little hands pushing it from without. So was the Prince free.

Again he took up the hands, but knew not the way to go; till once more they sprang back to earth and began running ahead of him.

Before they were out of the wood the little hands were weary, and chafed by the stones and thorns of the way. But at last they came within view of human habitations, with smoke rising from the roofs, a good sight to the hungry youth. "O dear mistress hands," said he, "now let me carry you; and we will go to the court of the King, your father!"

The little hands clapped themselves for joy, and let the

THE HELPING HANDS.

Prince take them up to lie once more under cover against his breast.

That night he stayed at an inn ; and by him, when he rested, rested the little white hands. They were wonderful hands, so beautiful that he longed to see their beauty set off with jewels as became the hands of a Princess. So on one of the fingers he slipped his own signet-ring ; and the hand closed and held it. The Prince watched the hand holding his ring till he fell fast asleep.

And when he slept the hands came and lay upon his heart ; so that the Prince grew wise about all that was to be done to bring them and their mistress together again. And love grew up in his heart like a green tree bearing golden fruit, ripe and ready to fall.

So, after many days' journeying, he came to the court of the King, who was father to the white hands. The Prince was honourably received, and entertainment was made for him according to his degree, though all the court was in deep mourning.

At the banquet the Prince, sitting between the King and the wicked Queen, said, "Sire, it is well that you should know the purpose of my coming. I have come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"Alas !" said the King, "I have no daughter !" And he wept, and the Queen wept with him.

"Yet," said the Prince, "though you have no daughter, I desire her hand in marriage ; bring her to me out of the tomb and I will marry her."

The King said : "You are mocking me. My daughter is lost. All the world has been searched for her, and she has not been found."

"If you send," said the Prince, "to the little castle in the wood, which was the Queen's before she married you, you will find your daughter lying under the flags of the courtyard. Why has not the Queen told you ?"

At these words the Queen so trembled that she almost fell out of her chair ; and the King became greatly troubled and astonished. "If you would know more," the Prince went on, "let search be made for the Queen's villain, and enquire of him." Whereat, without more ado, the Queen fell face forwards on the floor.

So in great haste the King sent, and search was made. And



Summer Time."

From a Drawing by Edgar Wilson.



THE HELPING HANDS.

in a short while the body of the Princess was brought, having no hands, and looking as if she had not been dead a day. And the Queen's villain was brought, looking like a dog that is already hanged.

The King was overcome with rage and grief. But the Prince said to him, "Wait now, and you shall see a marvel!" Then he opened his doublet and called, "Oh, lady-love hands and milk-white fingers, where are you?" And out sprang lightly the two little hands from their nestling place at the Prince's heart.

"Now," said the Prince, "little hands, let us rub back warmth into the heart of our mistress, for she has fainted from weakness and loss of blood." And at once the hands of the Princess ran and laid themselves over the Princess's heart and began rubbing.

Soon the Princess sighed; soon she opened her eyes; and as soon as she had sight of her two hands, she caught them up and kissed them and put them on again; and, springing to her feet, she clasped her old father round the neck and began kissing him.

So the Prince received the hand of the Princess in marriage; and into her hand he put all his happiness, and there it stays to this day. But the Queen and her villain were put into one tub, which only opens from the outside, and there they stay till somebody comes foolish enough to let them out.

LAWRENCE HOUSMAN.



A LEGEND OF LYRICS.

IN olden days there lived a King,
As great and wise as anything,
A perfect singularity
For charity—for charity !
His bump of blind benevolence
Was quite abnormally immense ;
His organ of depravity,
A cavity—a cavity !
And well he ruled a happy throng,
Until that King composed a song,
Of which, if all reports are true,
He wrote the words and the music too !
The words—
He wrote !
The tune—
Each note.
The words and the music too-too-too !

He ordered men of all degrees
To sing his song in proper keys,
For tenors' ordinary tones,
And baritones—and baritones !
If any man refused applause,
He cut him up with rusty saws,
Seduced from his humanity
By vanity—by vanity !
For critics jeered at tune and words,
And found the "second" full of thirds ;
But that is what beginners do,
Who write the words and the music too !
The words—
Don't rhyme !
The tune—
No time !
The words and the music too-too-too !

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES.

At last a great revolt arose,
And soldiers sent against his foes,
 When out of royal scrutiny,
 Would mutiny—would mutiny!
He burnt his song and concert grand,
And all the peoples of his land
 At once resumed their loyalty
 To royalty—to royalty.
But since he could not have his way,
He quite forbade each novel lay,
And palace bards, no matter who,
Must steal the words and the music too!
 The words—
 Quite tame!
 The tune—
 The same!
The words and the music too-too-too!

ADRIAN ROSS.

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES.

THE Masters George and Reginald Bulph were aged respectively eighteen and nineteen. They were fine strapping boys, both of them, and brimful of health and animal spirits.

On the particular evening of which I write, the health and animal spirits were there right enough, and yet, in his innermost heart, George Bulph felt depressed; also Reginald.

It was the third evening of their residence in the new country house to which their parents had, in their old age, moved from Town. George and Reginald, being dependent upon their parents for the wherewithal to live, had had to move with them. And George and Reginald did not like the change.

There was only one expression for the situation, and George had used it the day before. It was "Durn slow."

To-night the two had fidgetted about so much, that at last their mother laid down her knitting, took off her glasses, and,

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES.

looking up, said "Good gracious! you boys, can't you settle down to something? You'll wake your father in a minute." (The Source of all Wealth was snoring on the sofa.) "Why don't you play some game together, or take a book, like ordinary people?"

The suggestion that George and Reginald should waste their time by reading made George and Reginald smile.

"I tell you what," said George tentatively. "We might go for a walk?"

"Well, do anything rather than stay here yawning," said the mother; "only you must be back by ten. When you are out later, your father and I get nervous."

"All right, Ma," cried both.

"Good biz!" said Reginald, as they left the house; and George nodded assent.

The truth was that the Masters George and Reginald Bulph had both been pining for congenial female companionship. That had been the secret cause of their depression.

Once outside, George voiced the common thought. "We might meet some nice little girl to go for a walk with," he suggested.

"No such luck in a beastly hole like this," said Reginald (who had a theory that the unexpected would always happen).

The two then moved on in silence for some three hundred yards.

"Why . . . what's that there?" suddenly cried George, pointing to a female figure that flitted along at the end of the dark lane. "Looks jolly nice."

"Let's follow," said Reginald; and they both began to run.

"I tell you what—stop a minute," cried George, before they had gone far. "Isn't it rather rot, the two of us going after one girl?"

"Yes, you stay behind," assented Reginald, still running.

"No—now look here, none of that," said George, catching hold of his brother by the arm and pulling him up. "I spotted her first."

"Nothing of the sort. You happened to be the first to shout. I saw her long before you."

This was immensely difficult of disproof.

"Well, in the meantime, while you are squabbling, you selfish beast, the girl will be out of sight."

The maiden was, in fact, disappearing in the gloom.

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES.

"We'd better toss, then."

"No; she belongs to the elder."

"No, I'm dashed if she does."

"Well, then, toss, you obstinate fool!"

"Right you are. Here goes! Heads or tails?"

"Heads!"

Heads it was.

"Threes, then," said George.

"Go to Heaven!"

But it had to be threes, for George, though the younger, was the more muscular.

So the coin rose again.

"Heads!" cried George.

"Yah, it's tails!"

So Reginald won.

He was off like a shot. He did not even wait to hear some entirely novel combinations of swear-words, designed by his brother George. The pretty impromptu performance was entirely lost on him.

As he neared the object of his quest, he slowed down.

By Jove! she looked nice. A coquettish hat, decidedly; and an interesting figure—a most interesting figure.

It was a stroke of luck.

He tried several times to get a glimpse of the face, but was unsuccessful.

Finally, as bold as brass, he walked to her side. "Good evening, little sweetheart," he said, as he came abreast.

"Good evening, Master Reginald," answered a well-known voice.

For it was Cook.

And Cook had been with the Bulph family for close upon thirty years.

"Well?" said George, savagely, when his brother returned. "You're back pretty soon."

"Yes: didn't fancy her," said Reginald.

But Reginald could not sleep that night. For—horrible thought—*Would Cook tell Ma?*

Life is full of such little worries.

WALTER EMANUEL.

L I F E .

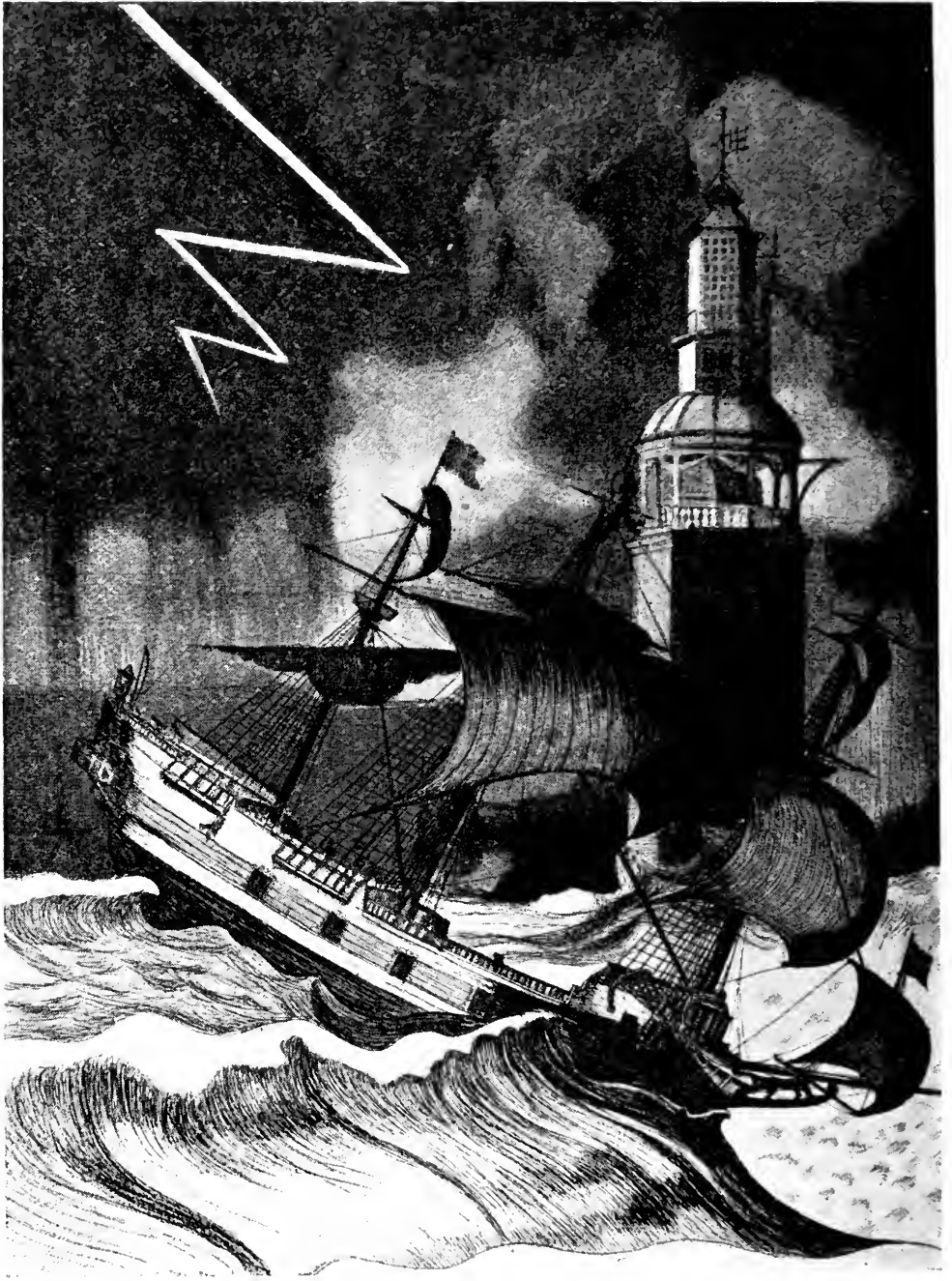
SUCH a lot to do !
Such a little time !
Hardly know who's who—
Such a lot to do !
Simply hurry through ;
Breathing is a crime—
Such a lot to do !
Such a little time !

People touch your hand,
Pass and say " Good-bye ! "
Scarcely time to stand !
People touch your hand—
Wonder where they land,
Finding time to die !
People touch your hand,
Pass and say " Good-bye ! "

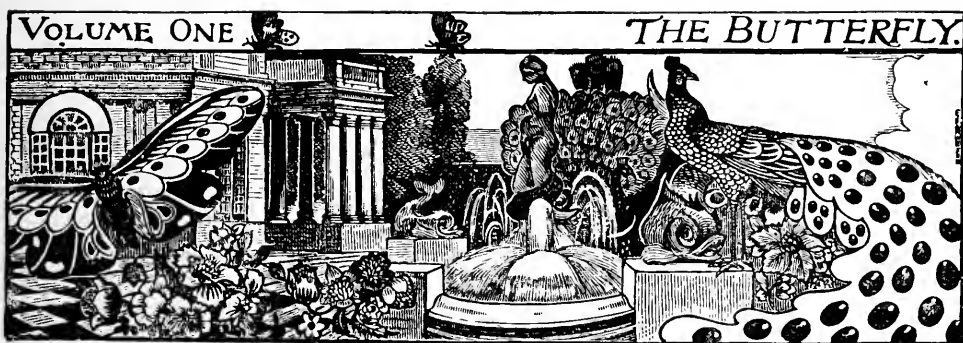
Such a lot to do !
Seldom do it well !
Poor old worried *you* !
Such a lot to do !
Just a passing view—
Then the narrow shell.
Such a lot to do !
Seldom do it well !

FRED. G. BOWLES.





Making for Plymouth.
By Edgar Wilson.



A SENSE OF HONOUR.

MR. EDWARD STEYOR kept his glance upon his partner; it was amazed and horror-struck. He opened his mouth, as though to speak upon the impulse, but was silent, containing himself by an effort. There was certainly no doubt as to what Lady Henshawe was doing, and he grew cold to his finger-nails. Somehow he had the feeling that he too was personally involved in this shame.

Steyor was young, suave and quick-witted; he had a sense of humour as liberal as any of his fellows; but he had a predilection also for proper form, from which he esteemed a departure to be almost unpardonable. He certainly knew very little of women, and honoured them as highly as he admired them. The pedantry of inexperience constrained him, and he was unable as yet to shrug his shoulders and laugh, like well-matured cynics of the world. It was with a commingling indignation of impatience and terror that he passed the remainder of the game. He wondered that Lady Henshawe's movements were not plain to the others; she was so open with her deftness. But Graham looked at his cards or about the room indifferently, casually, and pleasantly jested at nothing.

Lady Henshawe raked the counters to her greedily with her twitching fingers. Steyor, gazing on her with puzzled disgust, marvelled now how he could ever have considered her handsome. Nay; he had been drawn by her good looks, and was in peril of being reckoned her admirer and squire, which was the very explanation of this present partnership. But now she had the face of a hawk—no, it was something of the vulture that peered out of her deep eyes. The colour flushed handsomely in her cheeks as her glance fell upon him, and she smiled as if inviting

A SENSE OF HONOUR.

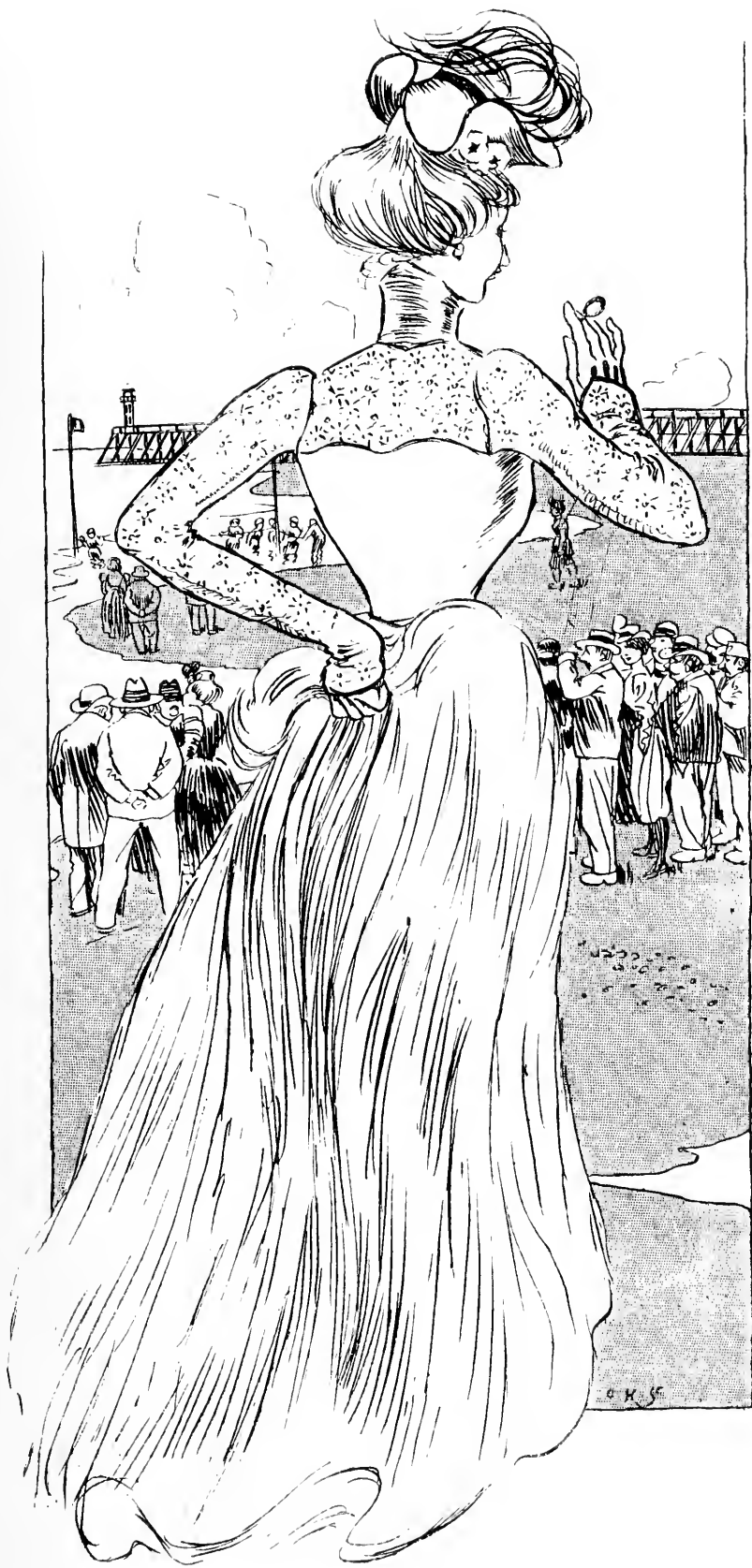
him to share her triumph. Steyor rose impatiently, and turned away. He could not trust to word or look before the company. Had he spoken, he must have exposed the brazen woman, with her leers, and her meretricious eyes, and her abominable dishonesty. The whole of Steyor's poor little world was cracking like an egg-shell. He began to doubt all women, since this one that he had set so high was come down in the dust. She was clay, clay to the crown of her pretty head, and he no longer wondered why Henshawe wore so stale a look, and went about so dismally. He must have expected to find her gold, and been miserably disillusionised. Steyor felt a sympathy now for the man to whom he had before magnanimously extended a jealous contempt. He heard Lady Henshawe's light laugh merrily sounding behind him. He had thought it music once; it was still music, but the music of the treacherous syren, that signified ruin to the unwary.

Steyor was still so earnest that he could not bring himself to let a wrong rest. Graham and Lord Marley had lost their money, and this must not be. He saw no way but the one out of the difficulty. He was not at all anxious that his discovery should become public and the others share the knowledge of her frailty. Let the world keep its illusions; he would not undeceive it. Surely it should suffice that he, and, no doubt, Henshawe, were witnesses to that desecrated temple. She had profaned her own shrine, and he cared not if she should know that he thought so. Indeed, when he considered the circumstances, she could not avoid knowing it. For he must of necessity see her, and get her to retrieve the situation. One of them must explain to Graham or Lord Marley that there had been a mistake, a miscalculation, and himself return the sovereigns which were now clinking in Lady Henshawe's purse. That job would, of course, fall to him, and though the prospect did not exhilarate him he faced it without disturbance. He caught the criminal reeking with her crime, as it were—that is to say, she was occupied in counting the gains so evilly won—and he noticed with a sardonic smile, which was almost compassionate, the quick motion of her hands over the gold upon his interruption.

“Oh, I thought it was—I shouldn't have chosen the library, but I was so anxious to add it all up,” she said.

“It seems a great deal,” said Steyor without emotion.

She regarded the pile of money wistfully. “Yes, a good deal,



A Trouville Butterfly.
By J. W. T. Manuel.



A SENSE OF HONOUR.

but not really so much as you'd think," she said apologetically, and added, after a momentary pause, "I suppose I'd better divide it."

"Why should you?" he asked bitterly. "You have won it yourself, Lady Henshawe."

"Do you think so?" she inquired quickly. "Do you think that it was my play? Of course, I know I did play well. But—I think things ought to be divided, don't you? I don't think you can go in for who plays *best*," she added regretfully.

"Nor do I," he said drily. "It was not a question of play, I think."

She stared at him. "What do you mean, Mr. Steyor?" she asked, with all mundane innocence burning a full steady flame within her profound eyes.

"I think we had better not talk of play, but rather of dexterity of wrist," he said, angry that she should prove such a hypocrite.

"Oh!" she flamed forth indignantly, "You mean to say I cheated. I am not so simple as not to see at what you are hinting. It is the most disgraceful charge—most infamous. I never could have believed it of any one, particularly of *you*."

"But I saw you," he protested; "I saw you twice."

"You are horrible," she cried with a sob, and, breaking into frank tears, she pushed the gold from her with a gesture of abandonment. "Take the horrid stuff away. Throw it away—I want never to see it again, since it can cause such scandalous lies about me."

She put her face in her hands, looking a very handsome picture of despair, and Steyor hesitated. Indeed, for a moment, he doubted. After all, had he been making the most terrible mistake in the world? But he was a very sober fellow, and possessed strong common-sense. What he had seen with the witness of his two eyes could not be open to question. And these tears, this indignation, merely served to multiply her sin.

"That is precisely what I am about to do," he said evenly, and began slowly to gather together the coins.

Lady Henshawe watched him between her fingers. His features were set and stern, and his colour was high. It was very painful to him, and he wished heartily that scattered money was easier to pick up. Presently she spoke, and now her voice

A SENSE OF HONOUR.

rang differently, not piteous and reproachful, but hard and angry.

"I don't know what you mean by this insult," she said haughtily. "It is not the sort of thing I am accustomed to, as you may guess." He bowed his head without reply, and went on gathering the gold. Her breath came with a gasp as she watched him draw towards the end, and she broke out passionately, "I certainly didn't expect such a thing from you, especially considering you would have had half of it."

She concluded with another sob, and Steyor gazed on her in bewilderment, astounded by this lamentable confusion of mind, as well as the confession itself. He could find nothing to do, save to stammer "Me!"; but, recovering, he followed this up by a more pointed reply:

"May I ask," he said with courteous and ceremonious irony, "if you were proposing to divide the—the plunder with me?"

"Certainly I was," she exclaimed irritably. "I should have had to, if you hadn't seen me. But as it is, I don't see any reason why I should, as you did none of the work."

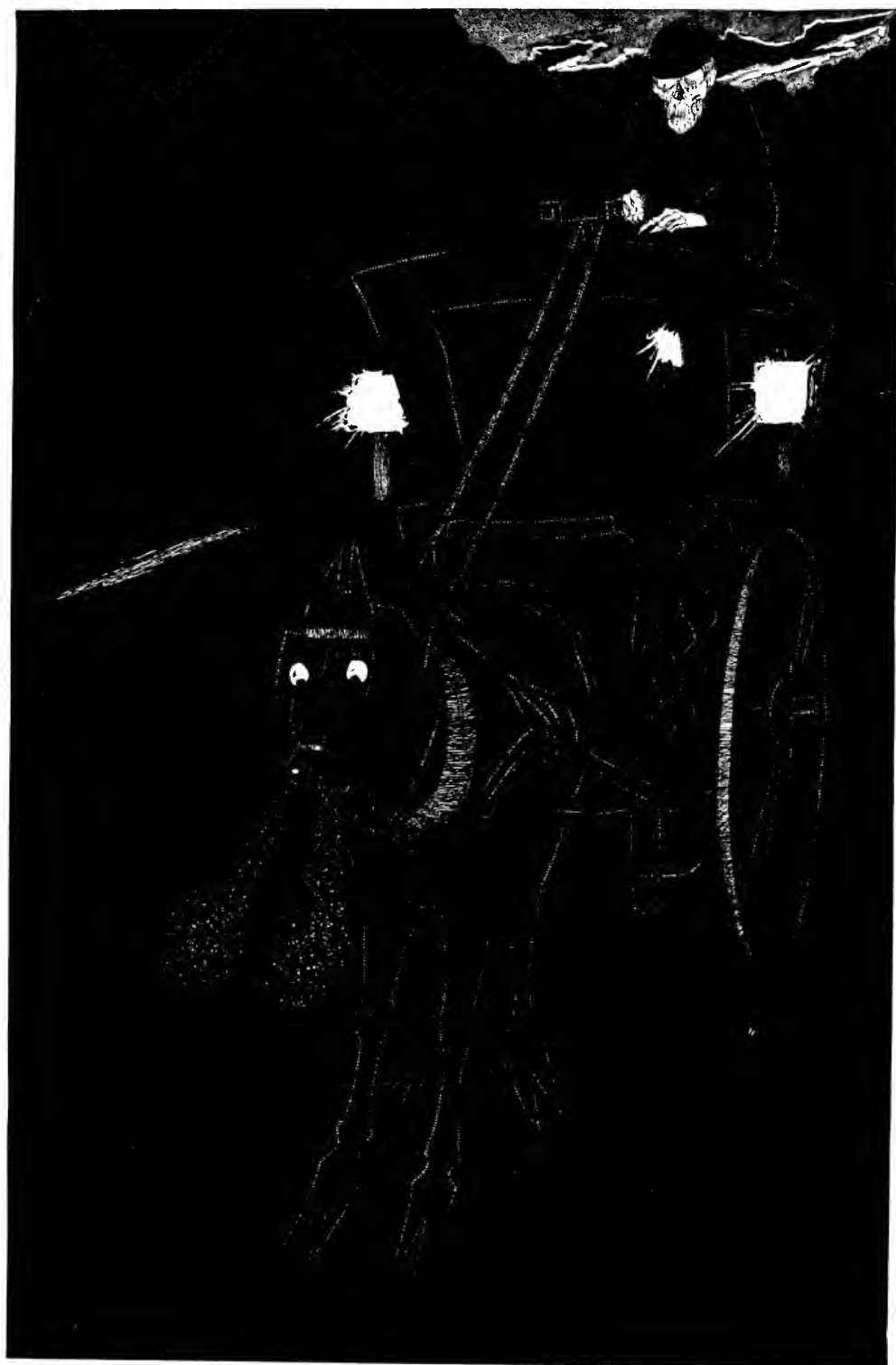
Steyor's faith in the divinity of women, which had been roughly shaken, toppled in ruins. These revelations yawned before him like a horrible abyss, of which he had been previously ignorant. He was not aware of any reply that could be considered adequate, so he held his tongue. Lady Henshawe had risen, and now came close to him; the last of the sovereigns was in his pocket. She laid a slim white hand on his arm, bending her lovely eyes on his, as though she would seek out his very soul.

"You don't really intend to shame me, Edward?" she pleaded softly. The helplessness of these accents, no less than the use of his Christian name, took him aback. Steyor began to find his control go; his purpose wobbled under him; and the first evidence of this might have been seen in his wavering eye. He did not look at her; indeed, he dared not—he was too sensible already of that white hand upon him.

"I have no desire to shame you, or to hurt you in any way," he murmured manfully.

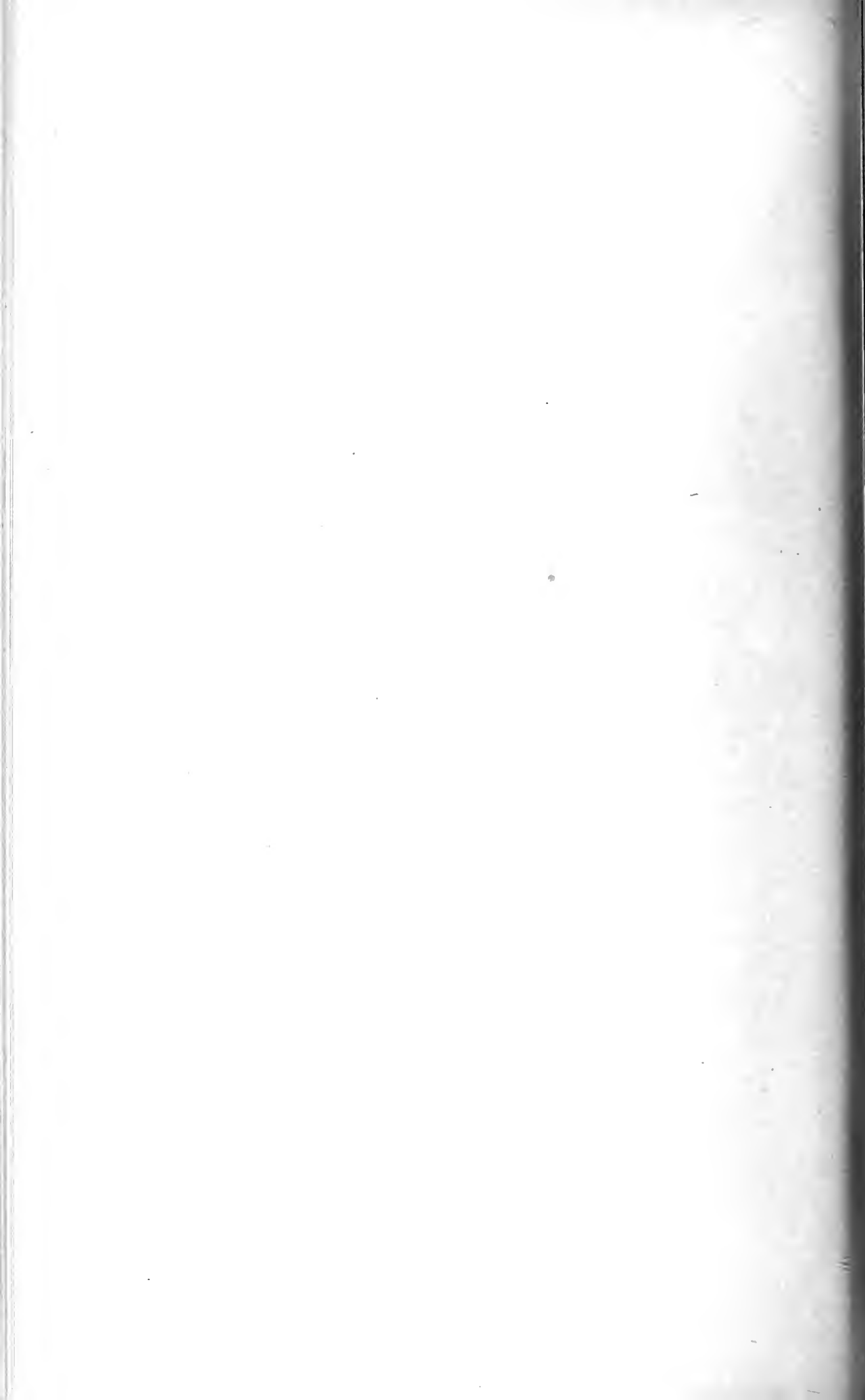
"Then why do you vex me like this?" she said coaxingly, as one would woo a naughty stiff-necked child into compliance and a good temper. Steyor felt the danger.

"I must do my duty," he said. "There are some things a gentleman is bound to do."



The Cabman of Harley Street.

Bu S. H. Song



A SENSE OF HONOUR.

Steyor had yet to learn that there is a good deal of doubt as to what these things are; but he was young, and confident in his definitions.

"How can you—how have you the heart?" she said with a sigh. Again Steyor found silence his safest refuge, and he mastered his resolution to turn about, as though to end at once a most unpleasant interview.

"Then you are resolved to betray me?" she said faintly.

"The word 'betray' does not come into the question," answered Steyor coldly. "I shall make some excuse for returning their money to Mr. Graham and Lord Marley. No doubt the sum will appear to be mine."

If this were magnanimous, Lady Henshawe did not appear to be affected by it. Instead, she resumed incontinently and inconsequently—

"And to think it possible that we were walking in the rose-garden only yesterday! It seems incredible. And you said that you loved such flowers; and I thought——" she broke off, "Well, it doesn't matter what I thought," she ended sadly.

He moved away with determination, but unexpectedly, and by a swift and graceful movement, she put herself before the door.

"After all, why should I give way to your bullying?" she demanded imperiously. "I demand to know by what right you have taken my money. I will call them in, and let them know. I dare you to bring any such odious charge against me. You shall not leave the room with my money!"

This new turn to affairs startled poor Steyor. He still held himself in hand; but he had not anticipated the possibility of being invited to use physical force against her. Yet he couldn't get out unless she moved, and now she had her slight back to the door, her shoulders braced, and her skirts spread about her as a hen defending its own or defying the outrages of an enemy. He sank into a chair.

"I am quite at your disposal, Lady Henshawe," he said with outward coolness that was remarkable, in view of his mental conflict, "I am in no haste," and ostentatiously he took down a huge volume from the shelves. But this, indeed, was as much to cover his own private emotions as to impress her with his iron inflexibility. The scene was wearing him severely. He was conscious next that Lady Henshawe stood at his elbow; he

A SENSE OF HONOUR.

feared again to feel the thrill of her touch. But this time she was in another mood, though still pleading.

"Mr. Steyor, please give me some consideration; I only want to do what is quite fair. Let us each take half, for there's some more in my purse, which I——"

He uttered an exclamation of disgust, which brought her to a pause. "Do you not see that you make the case infinitely worse?" he asked, almost irritably. "And can't you see that what you ask is, and always has been, impossible? Did you think I was a blackmailer?"

Lady Henshawe did not answer this interrogation, but, driven from one position, she desperately took up another. It was her last, and she spoke now with the air of one that offers to come to terms.

"Let us not be foolish, Mr. Steyor. Let us make a compromise. If you let me have the money, I will take upon myself all responsibility."

Steyor could have laughed, if he had not been so hurt and sore and sad. "You forget," he said, "that the responsibility must be mine also. It cannot be shifted. I was your partner."

"You never shall be again," said the lady spitefully, and with that last outbreak surrendered.

Steyor hurried away in terror, lest he should be pursued, and found his way to Lord Marley in the billiard-room. Lord Marley was idly knocking about the balls, a cigar between his teeth. Steyor's errand became to him suddenly very difficult, but he had no lack of courage, and he persevered. Lord Marley listened indifferently.

"A mistake of £20, eh! Gad, Steyor, that's a big mistake to make! How did you do it?"

He made a stroke, cocked his eye on the younger man, and burst out laughing.

"My dear chap, don't be so damned quixotic another time. Do you think we don't know Betty Henshawe? Bless you, it's an old story, and we usually pool our losses. I wondered if you'd catch her out; she's pretty smart."

Lady Henshawe, however, did not take the episode so well, for, as she explained it with some differences to her friend and slave that night, she passed criticism on Steyor. "It was horrible of him, wasn't it?—so caddish. One wouldn't know that sort of person, you know, if other people didn't. Besides,"



MS.



SONG.

she added after a pause, "he's very good-looking. Besides," she amended thoughtfully, "he's rich": and then she broke out with genuine indignation, and as if the idea had just occurred to her, "And he didn't even offer to pay me himself."

MARRIOTT WATSON.

SONG.

MAIDEN, up where the fern in feather
Airily fledges
Shadowy ledges,
Must we walk on the heights together.
Over the heather,
Up to the snow?
Cliffs are bare and crags are bright,
Mountain lovers stay in sight;
In the woodland dim below,
None will see and none will know
When we kiss,
Just like this—
Kiss with heart and lips aglow,
So, and so, and so, and so!

High in perilous wildernesses,
Rough are the boulders
Under your shoulders;
Here, in mossily soft recesses,
Wreaths for your tresses,
Bourgeon and blow!
Through the dimness of the dell
Sunbeams look but do not tell;
Only on the grasses throw
Golden meshes to and fro.
You they hold
In their gold,
Clasp and kiss and let you go,
So, and so, and so, and so!

ADRIAN ROSS.

BY THE SILLY SEA.

Reports as to what the wild waves are saying appear to be immensely popular at this time of year; so, following the excellent journalistic rule of never seeing a successful feature in a rival paper without immediately annexing it, we have decided to hang the expense, and to engage a staff of special sea-side correspondents. We now print his first budget of news.

MURLBY.



THIS charming little resort is growing more and more popular. Last year there were only two visitors. This year there are three. The seat which has been placed on the parade is a great success, and even those members of the Corporation who were opposed to the enterprise at the time of its inception, now acknowledge that it is an additional attraction to the town. It is seldom without an occupant.

Much indignation has been aroused among all classes in the town by a dastardly outrage in the Victoria Diamond Jubilee Recreation Ground. Two of the new blades of grass have been wantonly trodden under foot. No pains will be spared to discover the miscreants; it is pretty generally believed that it is the work of agents of a so-called rival watering-place, distant not two miles from Murlby.

BRIGHTON.

This place was thrown into a state of intense excitement on Sunday last, when a Christian was seen to enter the town.

BALLYROO (IRELAND).

A fire broke out at the new Fire Engine Station yesterday evening, and, owing to the fact that the engine was inside, the station and the engine were destroyed.

Such a spell of fine weather as we are at present having has never been known before. We have had no rain since yesterday.

TORQUAY.

It was so hot here to-day that many residents and visitors put on thinner under-things.



The Black Prince.

By J. W. T. Manuel.



BY THE SILLY SEA.

DARTMOUTH.

Some haze rested on the water this morning, but really no one could blame it, the weather was so hot and tiring.

REIKJAVIK (ICELAND).

(*Here's enterprise!*) It is nice and cool here.

FOLKESTONE.

This morning there was quite a little excitement on the Lees. A lady had just left her bathing machine, and had scarcely entered the water, when she suddenly emitted a series of heart-rending shrieks. Some by-standers at once rushed to her assistance, when it was discovered that, in stepping into the water, her costume had got wet.

Our visitors, and even the inhabitants, have been favoured with delightful weather lately.

HICLIFFE.

Two children were drowned here yesterday. This place is becoming more and more popular with fathers of large families.

FELIXSTOWE.

It is very hot here. A lad, while throwing stones on the beach, hit (accidentally, it is said) an elderly, stout gentleman in the abdomen. The lad is now in the Cottage Hospital, but is not expected to recover.

WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

Some amusement, but more annoyance has been caused in this town by a misprint in one of the London papers on Monday last, when four of the commodious steam-boats of the popular Belle line were described as arriving here loaded with human frights.

A party of three gentlemen and two ladies were upset in a pleasure-boat yesterday through a surfeit of tinned lobster.

BEXLEY-SUPER-CHIC.

The roads about here are becoming unpleasantly loose owing to the continued heat, and cyclists are beginning to ask for rain, and, as they are a numerous and influential body, it is expected they will get it.

BY THE SILLY SEA.

Much annoyance continues to be expressed by the visitors to this exclusive little resort, that the townspeople should be allowed to use the esplanade on Sundays.

There is no appearance of an early break-up in the prolonged delightful meteorological conditions, which therefore continue to prevail.

MARGATE.

It's very 'ot 'ere.

LLANDUDNO.

After all, the supposed gentleman who was found drowned near here, on Tuesday last, turns out to be only an artist.

DRERE.

Much has been done to remove the reproach of dulness which, has been so unjustly levelled at this little town. For the last two days, a monkey-organ has delighted dozens on the beach, and every Saturday a man comes round with toffee and brandy-balls. Next week we are to have an Organ Recital at St. Saviour's, and other attractions (including a Church Bazaar) are to be announced shortly. As a visitor recently remarked, this town is getting quite Continental in its gaiety.

ILFRACOMBE.

The Circus arrived to-day, and, owing to the great heat, the wild cats are especially so.

CROMER.

The annual Illuminated Procession of Cyclists took place yesterday evening. An untoward incident, was the burning of one of the cyclists (an excursionist from London), who accidentally caught fire. The sadness of the episode was only compensated for by the prettiness of the effect.

BLACKPOOL.

The heat is still intense. A Liverpool gentleman, down here for rest, shot an organ-grinder to-day. This is the first murder of the season.

SHRIMPLEY.

This place is crowded, and hundreds of pleasure boats make the journey every day to the point called Sick Ness.

BY THE SILLY SEA.

An interesting event took place this morning, when the wife of the respected 'Town-crier presented her lord and master with twins, who immediately started crying.

SCARBOROUGH.

Quite the most popular amusement for several weeks past, at the Queen of Watering-Places, has been the performance, on the sands, of the quartette who went by the name of "The Sweet Dreamland Faces Quartette." It is no exaggeration to say that all female Scarborough was in love with these handsome masked Pierrots. Indeed the infatuation of certain high-born ladies was little short of a scandal, and some are now said to have seriously compromised themselves. Speculation has all along been rife as to the identity of the mysterious musicians. It was reported (and they did not deny it) that they were the bearers of names not unknown to Debrett, and that the thing was being done for a bet. To-day, however, they were all four arrested by detectives from London, on a charge of robbing their employers' tills. The affair has caused a painful sensation in the town.

HAYLING ISLAND.

It is very hot here, and the whale, which was captured recently with such difficulty, is now having its revenge. The whale has gone bad, and the visitors are leaving.

CLACTON-ON-SEA.

There was a break yesterday in the spell of glorious wether.

PORTLAND.

This retired spot continues to be patronised as much as ever. In fact, its popularity seems to increase rather than to diminish. Visitors are not slow to realise that there is plenty to do here, and, once on the spot, find it difficult to get away. Few stay for less than three years. The costumes to be seen on the beach are really wonderful.

TROUVILLE.

(*More enterprise!*) The weather here is brilliant, and hundreds of people during the past week have been bathing in glorious sunshine, but in very little else.

PSAULMSLEIGH.

Some clergymen staying here having noticed with disgust

BY THE SILLY SEA.

children running about on the beach, and altogether enjoying themselves, a children's service has been instituted.

MACKRILBY, N.B.

The movement on foot for adopting the Free Library Act here still lags. The inhabitants fail to see the necessity for increasing the rates when they can use the station book-stall free of charge.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

The local doctors have lately had to treat an enormous number of gentlemen visitors for strained eyesight. The evil has, in fact, been gradually assuming the dimensions of an epidemic. It is caused by the sea receding so far. At low tide it is almost impossible from the Esplanade to see the ladies paddling.

HASTINGS.

An excursionist from London yesterday saw a whole school of sea-serpents playing off the Parade, and it required the services of no fewer than five police constables to take him to the station.

RHYL.

This morning a pleasure boat containing a curate and two friends was overturned on the Marine Lake, and the occupants thrown into the water. Fortunately the lake is shallow, and all three succeeded in scrambling out; but much amusement was caused to the onlookers by the behaviour of the curate, who, though on the preceding Sunday he had given a glowing account of Heaven, showed the most palpable unwillingness to enter that place.

YARMOUTH.

The company here is still select.

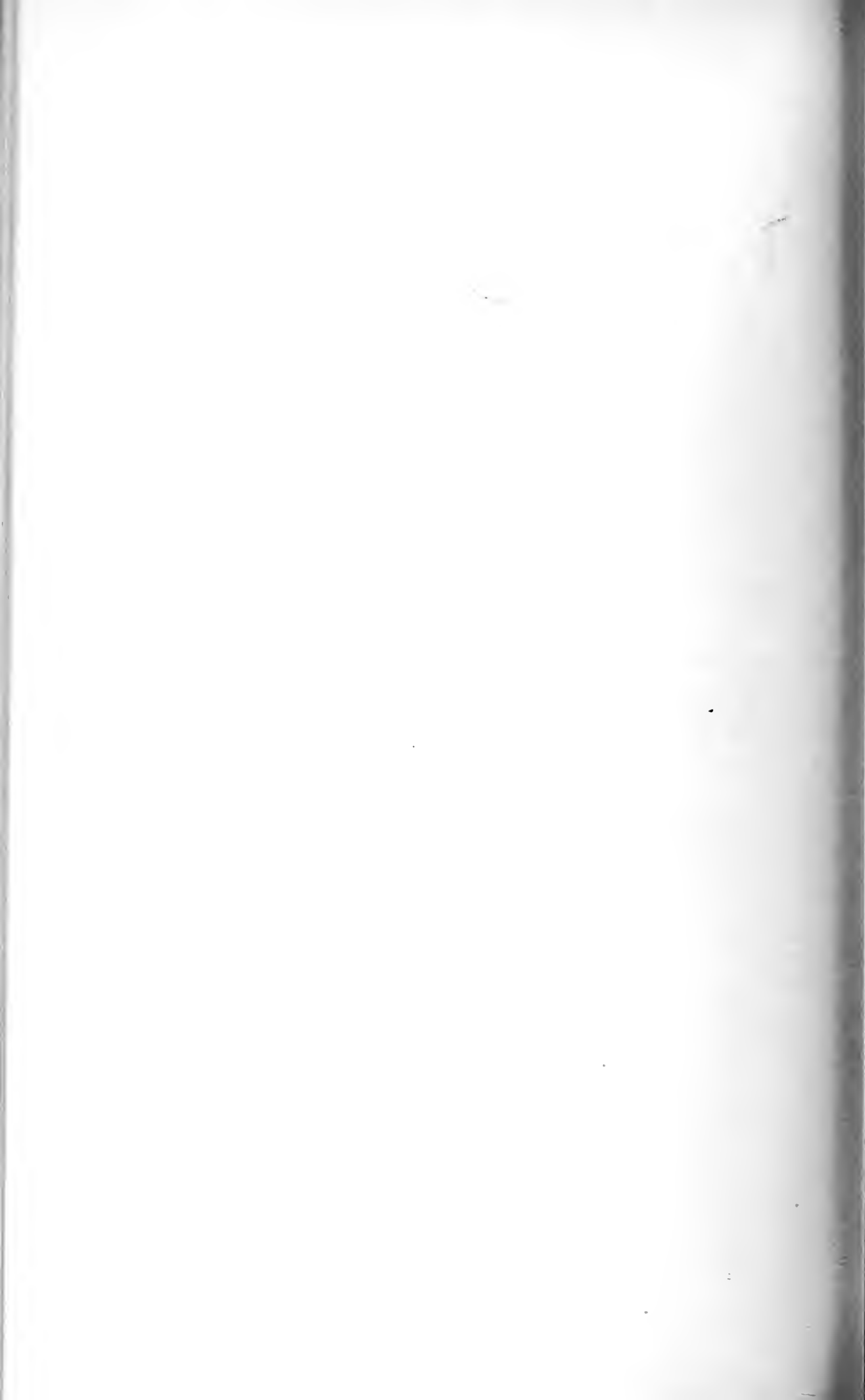
A crowd of about 2,000 persons witnessed a dog-fight on the Esplanade this morning.

The *élite* of the town were present yesterday evening at the Torchlight Carnival. Immense fun was caused by the use of ladies' tormentors, and a bizarre effect was caused by the two sexes, in many cases, wittily changing hats.

WALTER EMANUEL.



The Beauty Spot.
By S. H. Sime.



SHUTTLECOCK.

I HAD been aware of a scraping vulgar noise, ever since I had sat down in the tram, but I had not been listening. Suddenly it struck me that the voice was very insistent and then I began to notice that, though it ended almost every sentence on an interrogative note, the answer was very rarely forthcoming and that, when there was an answer, it was to the last degree hesitating, doubtful and vague. I turned to look. On my right hand sat the woman who was speaking. She was turned away, to face her companion, and I saw nothing but her back. She was dressed in a shabby black jacket trimmed with moth-eaten fur, and her hands were partly hidden in a nameless bundle of ribbons and greasy velvet, which had once been a muff. Her colourless hair, with streaks of dirty grey in it, was wound in a sprouting wisp aimlessly about her head, which was topped by a bonnet of the same nature and origin as the muff. Her clothes had that ropery, formless appearance suggesting the water-weeds which still survive in the dye-impregnated hollows of a clough near a manufacturing town. Her voice and her appearance were in harmony.

I could not at first see the person she was addressing, whom her figure hid from me, but I listened with a qualm of nausea to her monologue. All the people in the tram were listening too.

“They didn’t seem to want to let yer go, did they? But I was determined to get yer! Ye’re all right now, ain’t yer? Yer look a deal better than yer did. Yer don’t look *right* yet, and may be yer never will. Lor! yer *was* ill, wasn’t yer?”

There was a pause. Then: — “Wasn’t yer ill, that’s all?”

Another pause. Then very feebly and slowly came the answer:—

“Yes—ah—ill?—Yes.”

“Ah yer was! Very ill yer was! Nigh upon dyin’! I’m sure I never thought yer’d get yer senses again. Yer was that silly. Yer didn’t know yer own darter, nor no one, yer know. Yer was wild! But yer better now, ain’t yer? . . . They didn’t want to let yer go, yer know, because this is the place where yer was born. But Lord; what’s that got to do with it? Yer *relations* is elsewhere, and what’s the *place* got to do with yer?

SHUTTLECOCK.

So they ast me if yer'd anyone elsewhere as 'ud be responsible for yer, and I said, Of course ! There was yer darter. She'd be responsible. Yer remember Lizzie, don't yer ? Eh ?"

She leaned a little forward and I caught sight of her companion's face. It was expressionless but for a stare of bewildered anxiety. He was an old man, perhaps seventy, with handsome large features, and very wide-open eyes, of the colour of lapis-lazuli. His grey hair was rather long, and his beard was untrimmed, which added to the forlornness of his expression. His mouth was open, but when she questioned him, and he turned his anxious eyes on her face, he made a determined effort and closed his lips, looking at her as if her last question had aroused in him the will to understand and reply. But while he was struggling for recollection, her inconsequent mind was attracted by something else, and she rambled on, her voice getting hoarser with constant misuse. . . .

"That coat fits yer wonderful, it do ! Yer look none so bad in it after all. It fits yer, I say, wonderful, don't it ?"

The old man slowly dropped his eyes to his sleeve and murmured: "Fits ? ah ! yes, it fits."

By this time all the tram was interested and all eyes were turned on the wretched remnant of which the woman was so proud. It had been made for a much smaller man and the sleeves seemed to have been ripped up nearly to the elbow, and were now fastened by large white pins, skewer-wise, shewing the undercoat in the intervals, gaping. It was rusty and tattered and ignoble, and shamefully inadequate to cover the fine old man's body. He began to pull at the scanty tails and tried to cover his threadbare knees with them.

The woman, finding they were observed, faced her opposite neighbour and went on complacently. . . .

"I got that coat for him by guess. I got it myself on the way. I knew 'e wouldn't be allowed to take away no clothes, and it's cold, it is, and 'e been in the house so long ! The doctor, 'e said as 'ow 'is lungs was not over safe, so I 'ope I'll get 'im 'ome without 'is fallin' any worse. I'm a-takin' 'im 'ome to 'is darter, I am. 'E's on'y got one darter, and she's a bad 'un ! She drinks somethin' awful, and when 'e was so ill, she neglected 'im quite, and said she 'oped 'e'd die, and she'd be shut of 'im. And then, what d'you think ? She giv' 'im the slip, she did, and 'e went on the parish, and 'e's been off 'is 'ead ever so long, and 'e's none so sensible now ! But 'e's 'armless, they say ; and



A *Lithograph.*
By *L. Raven Hill.*



PESSIMISM.

I've found 'er out, and I'm bringing 'im back to 'er now, to look arter 'im."

The woman turned a contemptuous glance on the old man. A gentleman opposite asked indignantly:

"But why are you taking him away from the shelter of a home, and the care of a doctor, to hand him over to his cruel daughter?"

The woman's face was suddenly irradiated with a triumphant glow. Her scraping voice became a snarl:

"I've *found* 'er, didn't I say? She took my 'usband away, months ago, and I've been looking for 'em ever since, and I've 'ad precious little to eat, and not much to drink all the time, but I said I would find 'em, and I 'ave! Jim's quite ready to leave 'er. 'E would in a minute, if she didn't manage to get a bit o' money still to give 'im. And now I'm bringin' back the old man, and she'll 'ave to keep 'im, and she won't like that! And Jim'll go like a shot, you bet, and she won't like that! No, she won't, she won't! But I swore I'd do it! I——."

Here the conductor called out "Market Street!" and the woman got to her feet hurriedly, with her face as suddenly composed as it had been suddenly contorted by malice and glee. She helped the old man gently enough to his feet, and as he stepped out, I heard him say:

"Are we going back now? We must be quick, or we shall be locked out. Be quick! Be quick!"

H. M. S.

PESSIMISM.

WHAT though the reaper sing among the sheaves,
And sunshine be, and winter tarrieth?
The silent Reaper follows fast, and leaves
No vestige down the midnight of his swathe.
Oh, who hath ever seen the barn of Death?

What though the peasant watch with careless eyes
The golden corn-land blackening in blight?
Is he so poor that in his patience lies,
Awaiting through the sifting years of spite,
The priceless jewel of an endless night?

A. BOYD SCOTT.

GREAT AUNT JANE.

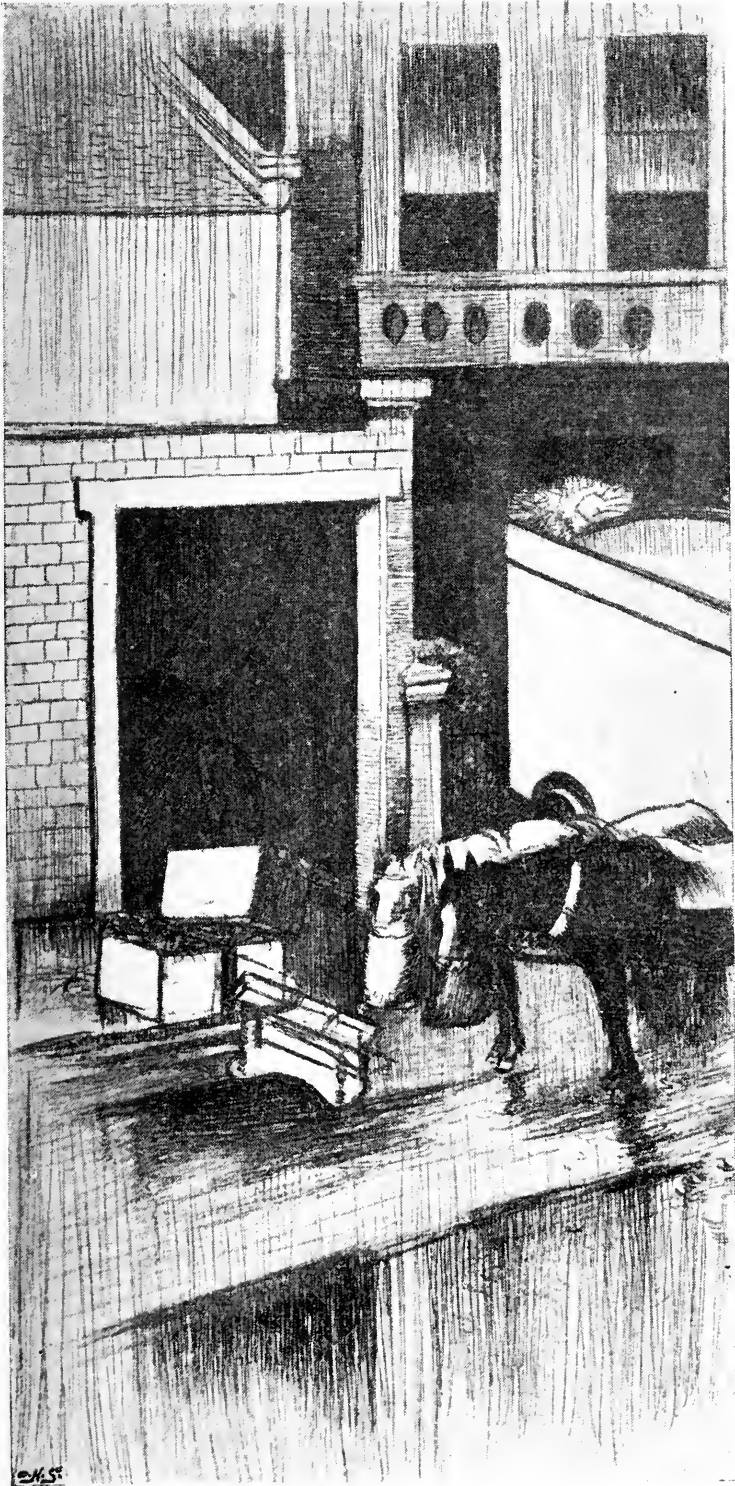
SEEMINGLY surrounded by woollen pictures, samplers of needle-work, boxes of shell work and bead work, mahogany chairs, seated in stiff high-backed chair, with her feet on a foot-stool embroidered with sunflowers, I see in my mind's eye my Great Aunt Jane.

She relaxed a little, when I first arrived as a small boy, from her perpetual attitude of severe criticism towards the outer world; she majestically turned her back on frivolous pastimes, and the Pope Joan board was a rare excitement which she was not sure was right. To be certain, when Great Uncle Henry Edward was alive she sometimes allowed her great family silver candlesticks to illuminate a Chippendale card table and indulged in cribbage or whist, for counters. "Mr Pipshaw," I once reminded her, "said you were fun when you and he were young." "Mr. Pipshaw," said my Great Aunt, "was a festive young man, and is no judge of what I was when he was young; Mr. Pipshaw was very indiscreet on several occasions, and a great trial both to his family and mine, and that's enough."

Great Aunt Jane always closed arguments in this way when she had done speaking, and never paid attention to any other view, regarding the subject as closed. "'There are only two ways of looking at the question, the right and the wrong; Albert Henry, you may go to bed.'" I was thus not infrequently sent off at the close of a sentence to my room, and Great Aunt Jane, the Cat and the Cuckoo clock, remained to be sentinels into regions of the night I had never been allowed to explore. "Early to bed (eight o'clock that meant) and early to rise," said Great Aunt Jane.

"Miserable sinners," said my Aunt at her morning devotions, in a loud, solemn tone; and I am sure the servants and myself felt the force of the remark from her more than in any church — she looked as if she meant it, and she did.

My bedroom, when I was allowed to go on a visit to this particular Aunt, was delightful: an old inlaid chest of drawers, a row of chintz-covered chairs in regular order against the wall, and a high four-poster bed, with sweet-smelling sheets and hangings of faded stuff with a peculiar pattern on it. I used to count dots on the pattern till Aunt Jane came to blow out my bedroom candle—snuff it, I should say—and she would lay a withered hand upon my hair for a minute and say, "I hope



Quarter Day.
By Edgar Wilson.



GREAT AUNT JANE.

you said your prayers, Albert Henry, now go to sleep," and leave.

There was a coloured print of Joseph and the many-coloured coat in the room, and after the candle was out I used to try to remember the order in which they came, and wonder why it looked like a cricket blazer, and why the brothers were all so fierce and had no family likeness to Joseph, and turn over and go to sleep. . . . The smell of the garden came in through the open window and I was awake, and it was a sunny day. I only remember one day that wasn't sunny during my visit, and then I was set to stick seaweed in a big book and sit on it to make it flat, and as it rained I stayed up a little longer in the evening while Great Aunt Jane made her conversation suitable for improving the Young Person, and dropped in occasional anecdotes about dreadful deaths through playing with fire, or over-eating, or contradicting our elders, enforcing them with points and knocks on the ground with her ebony stick.

I recollect breakfast so well. "Punctuality is the soul of politeness," my Aunt would say. "Tea or coffee, Albert Henry? and as coffee's bad for you, and tea is, in my opinion, unsuitable for young people, you may have two lumps of sugar in your milk instead." I would take the knitted cover from my egg and eat it, with one eye on Aunt Jane. "In my young days I broke my fast in the nursery," said she, "but the young are so differently treated nowadays, allowed this and that till you might think the whole world had been created for them; we had no gushings over us, young man, we took our chance. What was good enough for our parents was good enough for us." I wondered what Aunt Jane was like when she was a little girl, not that I ever thought that she had been really little, but I wondered if a little, ever so little, "gush" wouldn't have been good for her. I once mildly hinted at it. "Fiddlesticks," said she, and that settled it.

Still she was very kind, this Aunt of mine; she gave me a paint-box, and told me how to scrub the colours into the saucers, and how I was to be careful of the one camel's-hair brush, and what colour flesh was, and how to mix green, and any amount of useful art knowledge like that, for which at the time I was very grateful.

I so well remember the last time I saw her; she was in bed and I was allowed into her room, where I had never before been. There were more things in it than I expected—the doctor

AFTER THE RAIN.

among them; and a row of other Aunts, weeping foolishly, I thought. Aunt Jane looked the same to me as ever she did. I noticed the black cut-out portraits in little frames on the wall, and then I was brought up to her. I think she looked pleased, "Shall you miss me, boy?" she said. Then I knew, and I cried and tried to look severe through my tears. We had always been severe people, this Aunt and I, and I thought the other Aunts showed up in a foolish, sentimental light under our searching glance. "We have got along well, Albert Henry," she said, "goodbye"; and she kissed me, to my surprise. As I was being led away I heard her say, "I'm dying, I suppose; well, what was good enough for my parents is good enough for me." And I went out.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.



AFTER THE RAIN.

'The rain is done, but the skies and the streets remember;
'The pavement's dark and sleek with a silky sheen:
'There's fire in heaven, the sun is a smouldering ember,
'The wind blows up, and away from its anger lean
'The lime-boughs fretted with sunlight, the plane-boughs green;
'The rain is done, but the skies and the streets remember.

'The clouds that were grey are rosy; there's fire in heaven,
'The wind that huddled them raggedly to-and-fro
Herds them no longer, but lets them their own way go,
By a breath instead of a bitter chiding driven:
'The puddles are all afire in the street below;
Like a rose of a hundred leaves the West's aglow—
'The rain is over and done; there is fire in heaven.

NORA HOPPER.



STORIES TOTO TOLD ME.

ABOUT WHAT IS DUE TO REPENTANCE.

ASTO D'AIMONE; and the end of an awe-full afternoon. The hot air throbbed in paralysis and apprehension. In battalions, wild, black-purple clouds rolled up, massing in a saturated mist of sulphurous red and sombre grey.

I was standing by the window. I did not care to move or speak: I felt the elements to be marshalling for horrid war.

"You know, sir, that you have not been making me very easy," Toto said. He was inclined to show contempt at what he called "these strange places" through which it was my will to go; and I had visited him with my displeasure.

I answered not a word. I waited for the breaking of the storm. I could hear the wind swishing through the olives, whipping branches into smoke.

"Eccellenza! Pardon!" He was unhappy, evidently.

I told him to be quiet. I did not tell him that I was sick with terror at the imminent thunderstorm.

A sword-like flame split the heavens, and set them all ablaze. The world became black shadows, which floated on the blue of fire. On the instant, a crash followed, shaking the solid earth as a heron shakes a lizard; and, with a scream, new winds awoke and fled on beating pinions.

"Pardon, sir, pardon!" He flung himself upon the floor.

I bade him count his beads. I was counting mine in my trousers pocket as fast as ever I could go, leaning against the window, and looking out to sea. He came and stood near my right elbow.

"Of your kindness, sir, pardon!"

Sleet and hail raged and hissed like steam.

"I pray you, sir, be merciful!"

In the south-east there came glimpses of Monte Gargano; and when rivers of flame rove ravines through mountains of black cloud, one saw the Tremiti dotting a sea of blinding blue.

STORIES TOTO TOLD ME.

"Sir, I confess myself to be a wicked boy."

The earth trembled and was afraid. The waves of the sea rose high, and dashed against the towered rocks. The winds rushed shrieking down to catch the whirling spume, but the blighting slash of hail scattered it and beat it low.

"Sir, I offer a promise to amend my naughty ways."

Lightning and thunder flickered and roared continually. The sea and sky rushed hither and thither in a black obscurity, which, splitting, gave brief vistas of vivid blue.

"Sir, pardon!"

I was speechless—counting hidden beads with fervour; and motionless—drinking the din and tumult through eyes and ears.

Toto went to the distant corner of the window. He gave me such a look!

Far away the Diomedan Islands flashed in view, riding on the waters like a school of dolphins. In another moment thunder-clouds came hurrying to blot them out.

Toto said nothing more aloud. He leaned against the window, muttering little things sometimes.

* * * *

The tempest was in its agony, ready to flee away and be at rest. Hailstones melted into rain, which fell in steady sheets. Overhead, the sky was greyer. But far away, and farther, sea and sky were frayed and torn by heaving gusts.

Toto quivered as to his shoulders, but his face was hidden—pressed upon the window pane.

The storm was leaving Vasto. Already there was a space cleared in the atmosphere, where the sea sobbed sullenly, convulsively, like the throats of beaten women after rage. But in the distance all was black, and fierce storms swept and circled there in monstrous curves.

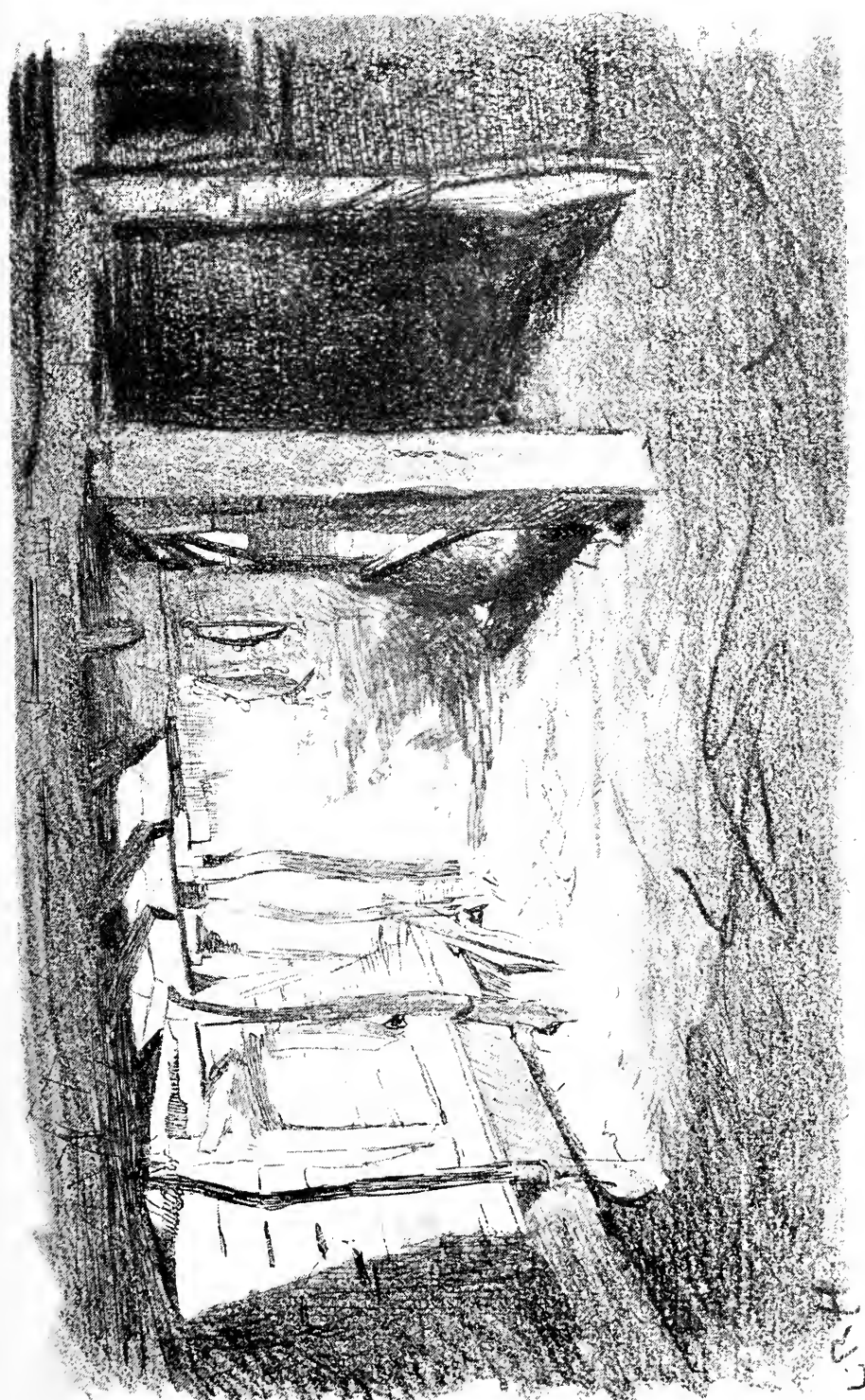
"A-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!" Toto gasped.

I beheld a whirlpool of clouds, which drooped like swaying tassels of mist, and a whirlpool of waves, which soared in hissing spray. They rushed together, seeking lips, and, twining, writhed close-clipped hither and thither tortuously over a boiling, seething sea.

A flash of lightning, like a brandished sword, cut the rocking, rolling column, and drove the storm away, and yet away.

"Sir, Sir, the day of the week, if you please?"

"Thursday."



The Old Calf Shed.
By L. Raven Hill.

STORIES TOTO TOLD ME.

“ Ah !—And of the month ? ”

“ Don't know. Beginning of October. Third, I think.”

He did quick calculations with his fingers. He gave himself a little shake of satisfaction. He returned to his station at the window.

The storm was away at the back of Gargano, and thinning into dissolution. I was aware of a wet gleam from behind my tower; and, down the precipitous cliff beneath, waves rolled with crests ashine.

Toto was muttering, “ The day itself—forgiveness—who could now refuse ? ”

I concluded my more private affairs with extreme alacrity, *O clemens, O pia*, etc.; and observed that a person, who knew anything worth knowing, but omitted to let another share his joy, deserved to be hanged. Indeed, hanging was too good for such an one, I said.

Toto revealed himself in all his majesty. He arranged his right hand in a suitable manner—the first and second fingers stretched out straight, the third and fourth laid back on the palm, the thumb erect, and competent to wriggle when occasion called—and he preached in this wise :

“ After the blissful vision which has been vouchsafed, your Excellency must be aware that the Padre Eterno takes no shame at showing mercy and kindness to a sinner who is truly contrite.”

I admitted the being aware of that.

“ Then your Excellency shall also know that, as soon as Giuda cognominato Iscariote had sold his Master, a pain across the chest took him, and made him very sorry, and try to make good the damage which he had done; but then it was too late—it is always too late—and the thing went on. Nevertheless, there was that one moment of repentance on the part of Giuda cognominato Iscariote—a super-excellent trait in any one, as well as a merit of sorts.

“ It passed. It was written down in the book of the deeds of his life—written down by the angel guardian of Giuda cognominato Iscariote.

“ And the next moment there came an arch-dæmon, looking very noble, but a blackamoor; and His Wickedness climbed and clung upon the neck of Giuda cognominato Iscariote, and made him see a tree, and find a rope all ready to his hand, and he gave him not a moment in which to think of praying for a prayer and so he

STORIES TOTO TOLD ME.

simply hanged himself, which made him repent in the twinkling of a finger, for the rope was old and frayed—just the kind of rope those dæmons love—and when he leaped it throttled him, and broke, and dropped him deftly down to hell.

“This was a shocking thing, also a thing on which one had no right to calculate. It was so upsetting to the plans; and the angel guardian of Giuda cognominato Iscariote was taken unawares. Oh, he was bad, that apostle!—undoubtedly very bad indeed—an unscrupulous rascal, a bandit, a beastly Jew, and a skinful of covetousness and greed, also a *felo de se*. But still there was that one moment of real contrition. In fairness, there was something due to him for that.

“And so the charitable angel spread his white-winged arms, and swam in the air right up to Paradise, as swiftly as an arrow feathered with a sea-gull’s plume; and he passed through the gate of pearl, speaking neither to his brothers nor the shining gods, for his errand was an urgent one, and he pierced the radiant throng of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, flying onward, always onward, to the duomo in the heart of heaven, where he went and begged the favour of an audience of the Dweller in the Innermost, to Whom he wept, and told a pitiful tale of how he had a man to guard, and how that man had somehow tasted sin, and, liking it, had plunged therein as in a bath, and soaked his soul for years and years, until it softened and became a limp rag of a thing, and weak and feeble, having no more the strength to rise erect and fight the battle of a Christian man against temptation, and the dæmons of the depths; and, by-and-bye, he found himself almost incapable of doing well, being sin-saturated; till, at the last, he crowned a wicked life with a crime too monstrous to be named in words—it would be within the knowledge of Omniscience. Furthermore, the angel said, after this crime, the man had made the experience of a moment of efficacious grace, from which he drew a sufficient quantity of goodwill to repent him truly of his sin—there was his confession before the accursed Jews to prove it—and, after, in a wild spasm of remorse, he had hanged himself with a silly sort of rope, the first that came to hand, but rotten, which had played him the trick of breaking, and dropping him down to hell.

“That was the whole affair, the angel said; and, having performed the three profound prostrations prescribed by the ritual, he arose and spread his hands, palms upwards,



AT EARL'S COURT.

JOHNNY (to savage person who has just concluded a selection from native opera): "By Jove, old chap, jolly ripping! But say—can't you play us something out of the 'Gaiety Girl'?"

By J. W. T. Manuel.



STORIES TOTO TOLD ME.

weeping and praying la Supreme Maesta e Grandezza to show mercy, and give a righteous judgment, because of the moment—just the bare moment—in which the miserable man had been repentant.

“And the Padre Eterno loved that angel for his gentle, tender heart; and He deigned to make it an order that once in every year, until the world’s end, upon the day which is farthest from the Birthday of the Chalice—that being the anniversary of his monstrous crime—to Giuda cognominato Iscariote should be conceded the inestimable and envied privilege of being withdrawn from the flaming pit of hell, where never water is, and of being dipped by his angel guardian in the middle of the sea, whereby his burning pangs might be assuaged for just twice as long as he had been repentant, according to the Scripture, where it is written, *‘good measure, shaken together, pressed down, and running over the bushel.’*

“Sir, you have here the day itself; and the portent has been shown before your eyes. For you have been grieved by the stillness of the stifling heat, and have seen how the sky has frowned, and blazed, and shaken, and how the sea has hissed, and seethed, and boiled at the apparition of that one loathsome little red-hot atom, who came, cloud-covered, from the pit of hell, to get his yearly dose of coolness.

“And, sir, I too have had a moment of contrition, which began more than one hour ago, and it will last as long as I do. Dear Don Frederico, I do assure you, sir——”

I gave him a cigarette in sign of amity.

I was very happy to have seen a waterspout. And there came my lord the sun, beaming like a bride at nightfall, in her crown and yellow veil.

BARON CORVO.



WORD-MAKING.

SOME day soon a society will be formed to protest against the sort of words which science is foisting on the English language. There are really only two sources of new words—slang and science. With slang we need not quarrel. The words it is responsible for at least supply a “felt want”; if they were not the fittest, they would not survive. They may be ugly, but they are brief and expressive. It is impossible to say so much for the terms which men of science continue to provide. One has only to remember that the three principal music-halls in London have been advertising three inventions of very similar design. One was called the “Animatograph,” another the “Cinematograph,” the third the “Biograph.” The first two words are nothing less than horrible; the last ought to have been barred out of the language, on the ground that it infringes on the rights of the old-established word “biography.”

It is needless to multiply instances. Science advances by leaps and bounds, and for every leap we have a new “phone,” for every bound a new “graph.” One trembles to think of the number of “graphs” which help to render turbid the well of English undefiled. At the outset, no doubt, the intention of science was wholly praiseworthy. It desired to endow the language only with words that could point to a pedigree. The mistake was in making so restricted a selection of ancestors. You cannot expect an indefinite offspring from “tel,” “scope,” “graph,” “chron,” and one or two more. The thing is becoming a problem in permutations and combinations. Some day there will be contrived a complicated affair which relates to light, sound, writing, and time; and Mr. Edison will go to an asylum in despair at the impossibility of finding a name which is not a greater catastrophe than the invention is a boon.

So far, we have had to bear with these extravagances for the same reason which, if a misguided father calls his boy Jeremiah, impels the rest of the world to call him so too. It is one of the fundamental rights of a parent to christen the child which he has brought into being. So, if you invent a new machine, you have just as much right to name it a “phonoscopograph,” as Mr. Jones, the explorer, has to take an unfair advantage of his position as first-comer to name this promontory “Cape Jemima Jones,” or that hill “Mount Charlie Jones.” Discoverers and inventors have the monopoly of putting undesirable words on

the market. Slang has to pass through a certain process of selection; but these polysyllabic monstrosities are smuggled into the tongue by being made the indispensable condition of things we cannot do without.

It cannot be too strongly insisted that this subsidised introduction of illicit words is a gross injustice to the genius of the language, whose preference is for simplicity. Though "telegraph" is a fairly inoffensive sample of scientific Greek, even it is being gradually ousted by the semi-slang word "wire," which already possessed a distinct signification of its own. The same process is to be seen at work in the conversational curtailment of the word "photograph" to "photo"; and no doubt some day, when the Select Committee on the Telephone System has its way, telephoning will be so popular that the man in the street will be forced to devise an alternative term of fewer syllables. The danger is that, in doing so, he will wrest some other word from its proper use, and so contribute to the general debasement of the tongue. The noun "locomotive," for example, has been quite superseded in common parlance by the handier "engine." Nothing is more certain than that in the race between a brief slang and a long scientific term, the slang wins. That is not an instance of popular perversity. It is simply a warning to our word-makers to leave their Greek dictionaries on the shelf, and remember that, in charging extra for words of more than ten letters, the Post Office accurately represents the intolerant mood of the age.

Is it, after all, necessary to go to ancient Greece when we want to give a name to a modern idea? The curious thing is that the more modern the idea the more ancient the name we give to it. Latin was good enough for Dr. Johnson when he desired to coin something uncouth and unnecessary; but does any invention of the last twenty years bear a name that is not oppressively Greek? Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel? If we must be etymological at the expense of beauty, why not try Saxon roots? But, really, why be etymological at all? The English language is in the happy position that nothing comes amiss to it. It picks from the gutters as well as reaches from the clouds; and among its children the misbegotten and the adopted are not the least lusty and well-favoured. One sighs sometimes for the bold method of the quack advertiser, whose designations for his wares are at least brief and to the point. The English language still has

TO GO INTO A WOOD.

infinite possibilities, even in three letters. The word "bus" has a pedigree of a kind; but is it any the better for it? Would we use it any the less frequently, or would we prefer to travel by tram-car, if its parent (from whom it descended by the primitive method of fissure) had not been a Latin dative? Surely it would be an act of grace in the inventor, who alone can dictate to the dictionary, to use his prerogative in the interests of simplicity, and not of confusion.

A good case might be made out for the institution of a Censor of Words, whose function it would be to admit to the liberty of the language only words that were suitable, that were not unduly long, and that were necessary. If one may not use bad language in the street, why should one be permitted to enshrine a permanent horror in the English language for the discomfiture of posterity? Why, in these days of haste and abbreviations, should the best electrician on earth have the right to adorn the stretched fore-finger of all time with jewels five syllables long which suggest the taste in personal adornment of the Chicago millionaire?

J. W.

TO RIGHTLY GO INTO A WOOD.

If thou would'st go into a wood,
Go not with boist'rous laugh and noisy tread;
Step softly, as a pilgrim should
By the worn shrine of the renowned dead.

To bird and beast doff thou thy hat,
Though thou the owner be, the wood's not thine;
Wipe thou thy shoon on mossy mat;
'Tis as a guest thou comest here, in fine.

GERTRUDE E. M. VAUGHAN.

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